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THE POLICY OF NON-INTERVENTION.

To make a bad policy popular, it is necessary to associate it with generous impulses and courageous sentiments. Equally true is it of the wise and sound; good and bad alike require enthusiasm and the warmth of passion to extend them and communicate their power. Society being based upon the hearts of men, if we wish to move it, we must appeal to the passions of the heart; be the cause holy or unholy, it matters not. The same fire impels both.

Such is the power of glory and of sympathy, men will not only rush headlong to certain ruin, destroying all before them in pursuit of some imaginary good, which they are to achieve for others; but they will, with incredible subtlety and patience, fabricate for themselves compact and well-jointed systems of philosophy and faith, whose premises are laid in sheer pride and fury.

The most powerful leader of the people is he who moves them by the mightiest and most enduring of all passions, *the pride of personal liberty*, and who associates this power with emotions of brotherhood and the sanctity of religious faith. These mighty arguments overthrow all the calculations of prudence and of interest. By these only can the *spiritual oneness* of men be made the lever of political enterprise.

Whether the premises of those potent arguments, those magnificent and solid reasonings, by which the great orator, Kossuth, so moves the people, are the subtle contrivances of ambition, or the convictions of an honest mind; whether his appeals to the

pride of personal freedom, the sympathy of national brotherhood, and the sanctity of religious faith, are the rhetorical delusions of a demagogue, or the exhibitions of a truly great and self-sacrificing spirit; whether he is leading us headlong into folly and destruction, or rousing us from a pernicious lethargy; whether the fire of his soul has kindled ours in a vicious or a holy cause; in fine, whether he is making a bad cause popular, by touching the hearts of the people, or awakening in them their ancient spirit of freedom, large, magnanimous, and now *fortunate* in the power of a great empire; these questions, continually asked and agitated, are now, almost to the exclusion of all others, engrossing the attention of the people.

The leader of the Magyars, taken from captivity by the people of the United States, through the agency of their government, from the condition of a humble exile, dependent upon our hospitality, has achieved by his eloquence, delivered in a language foreign to himself, a reputation and an influence here, which leaves no room for wonder at the power he exercised by native eloquence among his own countrymen.

The event of the Cuban invasion, unequalled in the history even of republican valor—five hundred men attempting the conquest of a powerful state, and falling at the last, with a courage worthy of the highest patriotism, like men misled and deceived, and not like buccaneers—had served only to convince the people of the United States

that their courage and audacity surpassed the consecrated valor of Thermopylæ, and left them without equals for enterprise in the estimation of the world.

This unlawful and unfortunate expedition, which a powerful opposition and the authority of government had been unable to suppress, served as a warning to the more active sympathizers, that in movements of so great magnitude the preparation also must be great, not only in men and arms, but in the public mind. Success in that expedition, had it even revolutionized the island, and rescued the Creoles from the despotism under which they suffer, might have inspired our people with a wild and reckless audacity, and carried us away in a tempest of foreign wars and adventures.

While the horror of the Cuban catastrophe continued to depress and subdue us, rumors reached us of the expected liberation of Kossuth. Our government, although determined to suppress the schemes of our own adventurers, was yet willing to show itself republican before the people of Europe, by giving a rescue to the patriots of Hungary, whose remote position made it seem possible to offer them an asylum, without thereby compromising the policy of this nation.

We were satisfied with having in this manner vindicated our character as republicans, and awaited with complacency the arrival of Kossuth. We received him with acclamations, not only as a republican, but as a man of genius and notoriety, who had been the subject of all tongues in Europe. He, on the other hand, accepted what we offered, with the air of a man quite used to the approbation of a multitude, and returned our salutations in speeches which seemed to develop a new policy for the nation.

To the majority of the people, it was mere amazement to hear the language of Hamilton and Jefferson spoken freely and eloquently by the leader of an Asiatic tribe, and breathing anew into their hearts the fire of liberty, the flame of '76. "The people of the Danube were then also freemen, like our fathers, and were enacting a second time the scenes of Concord and Bunker Hill. Their orator, their inspirer and leader, driven by the treachery of a second Arnold into exile, had taken refuge among us, his brothers in spirit and faith, and now beseeches us to become his brothers in arms."

Such was the first impression made by the coming of Kossuth. He gave us no time for reflection. With all the appearance of magnanimity, he accepted what we offered, not for himself, but for the cause which he represented. More than this; he seemed to open anew the principles of our fundamental law, and with sublime reasonings led captive our understandings. From the spirit of our own laws, he attempted to establish for us a *law of nations*, and a basis of *republican* diplomacy. He touched our pride and awakened our ambition. He roused the young giant of Democracy out of the uneasy slumber into which he had fallen, after his luckless clutch at the Spanish island. He did not do this after a consultation with our sages and great lawyers, but with native logic and spontaneous eloquence.

If we adopt the principles of the Magyar, we admit also their consequences, with the reservation only that *we ourselves are to decide upon the time and circumstances of their application*.

Kossuth affirms, That sovereign states ought not to be interfered with in the regulation of their *internal* policy.

He adds, That Hungary is a sovereign state, and, consequently, ought not to be prevented by the Czar of Russia, or by any other power, from adopting a republican and constitutional form of government.

That the people of the United States, being themselves a sovereign and independent nation, ought not seem indifferent, when the liberties of any other nation are endangered by foreign intervention.

That in the grand struggle between despotism and constitutional government, it is just and necessary for the people of the United States to recognize the position assigned them by the consent of all nations, as the vindicators of the rights of sovereign states.

That America should no longer be the asylum only, but the stronghold of liberty.

That the efforts of an intelligent and humane people, suffering under oppression, and stimulated by liberty of soul, demand not only the sacred sympathy, but the aid of the people of the United States.

That combinations of arbitrary powers against the liberty of single states may be rightfully opposed by equal combinations of constitutional and republican States for their protection; and that the aid extended

to each other by *despotic* governments not only justifies, but necessitates the mutual aid of *republicans*.

That, as the combinations of arbitrary governments against the *liberties of states* are prompted and sustained by the Autocrat of Russia, the natural defender of despotism; it is both *honorable* and *prudent* for the sovereign people of the United States, the natural defenders of state rights, to favor all movements and combinations for their defense.

That the continued and legalized cruelties of despotic governments are more destructive than all the casualties of war and revolution; the duration of human life in Russia being at an average of 25 years, while in America it is 35 years.

That the massacres, confiscations, and imprisonments, ordered by despotic governments for the suppression of the liberties of independent states, ought to be regarded by a nation *who have attained to happiness and power by resistance to foreign intervention*, as terrible calamities, not only to those who suffer, but to themselves; and that the people of the United States, as the natural and able guardians of state rights, ought to interpose their powerful influence to prevent the perpetration of crimes against the laws of God and of nations.

In his reply to a political deputation, he declares that the curtailment of his own rights as a citizen of Hungary by the Austrian government, and his personal sufferings under a despotism, were his first initiation into the great society of freedom, and made him the head and organizer of a constitutional revolution in his native land. He comes before the world, not as a constitution maker, but as one who claims only freedom for his state, after having in person undergone the ordeal of political slavery.

Believing that the first course for the regeneration of Hungary was freedom of thought, he proceeded to write and circulate a journal of the proceedings of the Hungarian Parliament. For this he was three years unlawfully incarcerated, and only set free by the refusal of his Parliament to grant supplies until his sentence should be reversed. From that time forward he employed himself in the political instruction of the people, first by a newspaper, and, when that was suppressed, by lithographed letters, and finally, by social eloquence. By this course

he formed for himself a national party, and became a leader of the people in his native land.

Shut in at length, on all sides, by the jealousy of a foreign government, he turned himself toward the material interests of the people, and was here checked and hindered in the same manner. His countrymen began now to understand him, and to feel an ardent sympathy and respect for his proceedings. His friends became the majority of the nation, and began a system of political and social reform, extending important benefits to the lower and middle classes of the people. The opposition of Austria, and her direct interference in the domestic affairs of Hungary, gave rise to serious difficulties, and finally to a war between the Emperor of Austria and the people of Hungary. The failure of the war is attributed principally to the *intervention* of Russia, directed against the republican tendencies of Hungary, as the Czar himself declared; and secondly, to the treachery of a leading general, whose surrender demoralized and disorganized the Magyar army.

The history of this man is a cycle. At first, a humble citizen, he interests himself as a lawyer in the constitutional code of his nation. That nation was an independent member of the empire of Southern Europe, as the colonies of New-England were of the empire of Great Britain. He discovers alarming violations of the internal law of his nation by the imperial power, whose policy it is to consolidate the members of the empire, under the direct government of the Centre. He becomes an advocate of state rights. He attempts, in public, the vindication of the *internal* freedom of Hungary, against the arbitrary consolidation of the Centre. The power of the Centre imprisons him. His nation releases him. He then discovers the *first secret* of republican liberty, freedom of opinion, violated first in his own person.

Without power to enforce his principle, after many unsuccessful attempts to establish it, he would at least render aid to his countrymen by plans for their material interests. Here, also, he is met by despotism, and discovers, in consequence, the *second secret* of popular freedom, namely: that the citizen should be free in business and industry as well as in opinion.

But one more step is needed for so phi-

losophical a mind, to make him a practical republican; he must assert *the freedom of self-defense, or of arms*. He does so, and is defeated.

Observing that, if it had not been for combinations of despotic powers, Hungary would have vindicated her ancient right of self-government, and himself be in the enjoyment of a free citizenship, instead of exile; he considers, *that the freedom of the humblest citizen of a sovereign state is dependent upon the conduct, not of himself alone, or of his companions in arms, but of the entire constitutional and enlightened world*; that there is a membership, a brotherhood of congenial governments, as well republican as despotic; that as despotism had hitherto beaten republicanism in detail, crushing, one by one, the disjointed members of its great enemy, a time must arrive for the union of free states; and when the day of union should arrive, Hungary would be able to maintain her independence, and become a powerful member of the grand fraternity. Acting upon this thought, he makes the tour of the world, seeking every where the aid of civilized nations, and calling upon them to recognize and stand by each other.

Thus do we seem to ourselves to have explained the most wonderful phenomenon of modern days—that the chief of an Asiatic tribe understands the practice and philosophy of the American Constitution; is able to give them eloquent lessons in the purest doctrines of modern polity, the doctrines of state sovereignty, and of the inherent liberty of the citizen.

Here, too, we conceive, must lie the secret of his popularity and power as an orator and writer, in the fact that he derives the great doctrines of American republicanism, not from books, but from personal suffering by their violation.

He is then *no* rhetorician, appealing to the passions of men, in order to obscure their understandings. The motives of his eloquence are *not* based on pride and fury. He has *not* fabricated a system upon false premises, but upon sincere and manly experience. He appeals to us as free men, not to flatter, but to reprove our inattention to affairs in which we have a vital interest; and it is by a truly honest enthusiasm that he overthrows, for a time, all the calculations of interest.

A man without courage or talent could

not have so interested the affections of three powerful nations. Without virtue, he could not have maintained the reputation of a pure and upright statesman. Without genius and originality, he could not have led a party toward national reform; and unless inspired with the great sentiment of patriotism, his own sufferings would not have suggested to him those of his country. There is nothing vain, trifling, or theatric in the man. His exterior is modest, but profoundly serious, and his countenance bears marks of the highest order of reflection. All things considered, Kossuth seems to us by far the most imposing character of this age; a character whose deeds have reacted upon itself, and converted enthusiasm into an earnestness almost superhuman. His coming to us begins an epoch, and throws a new light upon our own future and that of the world. Hitherto we have thought only of ourselves and our internal relations; the time has arrived when we must take our position before the world as one of the brotherhood of nations, and employ our powerful influence for the establishment of a law of nations congenial to our own institutions.

Kossuth is a thoroughly educated and a thoroughly philosophical republican, even amongst ourselves. He declares that there can be no freedom while the central power absorbs that of the citizen, or of the states, or of the municipalities. He speaks of the sovereignty of the people as an individual right, inherent in the citizen, and as that from which all other sovereignty originates. "The People," he says, "must be a sovereign in his family"—by which opinion he abjures aristocracy—"in his country"—by which he would have the central power a mere elected agent of the citizens—"and in his state;" by which he defends municipalities and states from the domination of the centre, and lodges the supreme power in its original source, the heart and mind of every intelligent member of the state. Kossuth seems to be of opinion that there will be no peace in the world while nations are oppressed; that is to say, while the rights of the citizen are denied. He observes that "the cheer of humanity which has greeted him, even from Sweden to the United States, is a revelation of the fraternal, the brotherly sentiment of distant nations," and persuades him that there is a "*solidarity*, an *identity*, in the destinies of mankind."

Surely, similarity is the principle of union, even among brutes; much more then among men, who in nothing so much associate, and are bound together, as in moral sentiment, in religion, and political feeling. The citizen of republican Hungary is properly in close sympathy with the citizen of the United States, because they are of one mind and one conscience in regard to national affairs, and each regards the other as prospering for the common good, or suffering for the common cause.

The great exile professes to have no regard for his own personal grandeur, but only for the correct representation of principles. Nor does he appear as the attorney or diplomatic ambassador of his nation, representing *interests*, in the capacity of an agent. As he was the first and greatest sufferer in the cause of freedom, he is its proper representative. If the crown of Hungary is ever tendered to him, he can put it aside, and say, "It was the desire of personal liberty, of the freedom of a citizen in his state, that prompted all my conduct. I have attained the height of my desire. To receive a crown would be to resign that for which I gave my life."

He wishes his country to become what it has been, the bulwark of European civilization against Asiatic despotism; the vanguard of freedom against the power of the East, which advances out of Siberia and the Ukraine to overwhelm Europe. Russia is to Europe what Media and Assyria were to Tyre and Jerusalem; what Persia and Tartary have been at times to the entire East; what the Empire of Bajazet once was to the Christianity of the West, when Greece and Hungary defended Italy and Germany single-handed against the Mohammedans.

But the aspirations of the illustrious exile are by no means romantic; he asks help, but he does not demand a crusade. He asks of England and America to reinstate Hungary by aid and protest in their own behalf, and to give her a listed field, and fair play, to make *herself* the champion of state sovereignty in Europe.

The Czar, throughout his empire, commands an army of a million of men, which can be augmented to a million and a half. By extraordinary efforts, he could concentrate a third of this number upon the frontiers of Hungary. The Magyar population have been lately estimated by the Austrians

at more than three millions; and as they are soldiers by profession and preference, a single call will bring an army of half a million into the field of the Maygars alone. It is only by the combination of two great powers that Hungary has been subdued. It was as though England and France had combined together for the suppression of the American colonists, numbering also three millions.

It cannot be denied that the policy of the exile, or, rather, our own acquiescence in that policy, might hasten the general catastrophe of revolution in Europe, and, by a remote possibility, even in the British empire. But we cannot suffer these conjectural catastrophes to stand before us in the path of duty, if that be clear. As a nation, we must regard *our own interests* as the paramount interests of the New Continent, were Hungary obliged thereby to wait ten years longer for her own release. Possibly it is the will of God that Catholic countries shall be always despotically governed. The protestantism of Europe is identical with its republicanism, and it may perhaps be a condition imposed by nature upon men, that they shall abjure the Jesuit before it is possible for them to shake off the despot. The liberal party in Hungary, we are assured, is Protestant; but they are immersed in a majority of superstition, and have the Jesuitical power and the empire (now transferred to St. Petersburg) united against them. If, on the other hand, constitutional monarchy, and not republicanism, is the goal toward which they move, their success in that direction, for a population mixed and discordant like that of Hungary, is perhaps still worthy of the powerful and hearty good will and effectual influence of republics. The existence of such a monarchy would indeed depend upon the character of the sovereign, who might be a Charles X. or an Alfred, with a mighty difference for the nation; destined in the one case to become the slave of Russia, and in the other to be gradually moulded to a form of law and liberty, moving toward the same point, with England and France in company. But upon such points as these it needs but little to *seem* wise, and the knowledge of a god, to arrive at any valuable conclusion.

It is now an open question to the people of the United States, whether they shall or shall not exert their powerful influence in the

cause of state rights and free citizenship for all the world. If they take the position offered to them by all republicans, it will involve them in considerations of not less magnitude than those which occupied the framers of the Constitution of the Union.

Before entering upon the question, whether we shall or shall not exert our direct influence in the cause of state rights and free citizenship—a question which no man shall gainsay our title to agitate and to pronounce upon, in our own honorable right as the equal of all good citizens in the great republic—as a member, by our voice, and whatever ability may be ours, however small, of the governing and sovereign people of America, the mightiest power on which the sun has ever shone—exercising this right, as we desire the glory of our country and are prospered in soul with its prosperity, strong with its strength, and honored in its good name; before entering upon a free discussion of this topic of the century, which hearts more than heads are threatening to decide for us in hot haste, while we deliberate; it is necessary to dispose of certain *moralities*, that have thrust themselves in of late among the great arguments of polity, like ghosts at a banquet.

The doctrine of unconditional peace, and of negro equality, have arisen, to vex and complicate the formation of our foreign policy.

A "Society of Peace" has been formed, which proposes to substitute arbitration for the sword. But there are some things which cannot be submitted to arbitration, such as the freedom of the people and the liberty of states. Arbitration by kings or despotic presidents will not set forward the cause of state rights, nor restrain the arms and diplomacy of a powerful empire. Though "the state of peace be natural to men," so also is the state of war; nor was there ever a good cause without its soldiers and its martyrs. Submission to despotism is the death of manhood, and there are millions, says Kossuth, who would rather die than be enslaved. It seems to us to be a condescension on the part of reasonable men to argue the "peace question," as it is called, at all; when it appears that a "series of resolutions" will not take us into the Millennial epoch. Freedom, like the kingdom of heaven, "is taken by violence, and the violent taketh it by force." Of all nations, those who are readiest to sacrifice life

in the cause of popular or of constitutional freedom, are the longest lived, and the most peaceful and humane in social life. Human life is ten years longer in the United States than it is in Russia. An addition of ten years, from the age of twenty-five to that of thirty-five, the best years of human life, secured to us by our superior freedom and refinement. Had a million of men perished in the war of Independence, that loss of life would have been but a small fraction of the increase of population, and of life itself, consequent upon the freedom of the American States.

Nothing, on the other hand, is more advantageous to a man, and, consequently, to a nation, than a reputation for martial courage; nor is any trait more commonly associated with generosity and delicacy of character. Christianity, the gentlest, has been, since its rise, the most valiant and victorious faith; and its founder has expressly told us that "he came not to bring peace, but a sword."

Republicanism, itself the fruit of war, removes almost all the causes of internal irritation, and, consequently, of civil war, from a nation. But the opposition of its principle to that of despotism places it in an attitude of opposition toward all governments based upon their violation. By their very nature, despotic empires extend their boundaries. Conceding no inherent rights, and acknowledging no liberties, their rulers regard it as a duty, and find it in practice a necessity, to enlarge the circle of their control; and if a power like Hungary rises upon the edge of a despotic empire, imperious necessity urges its subjugation.

For is not republicanism—the acknowledgment of a right inherent in the citizen, not only to govern himself, but to form his state—the most contagious of all systems to the nature of men? Were it once discovered by the subjects of the Czar that freedom adds years of happiness to human life, that it gives splendor to youth, and wealth and wisdom to maturer years; would they not cast themselves headlong into the gulf of revolution, to secure these blessings for their children? They could not be men and do less than that.

In a word, it is not the peace question which at present agitates us, but very strictly the "war question;" and until the sword of despotism ceases to wave as now, naked and glittering over the heads of the people,

the peace question, for republicans at least, is a remarkably futile topic of eloquence. A truce, then, to these idle and, as they waste our time and stultify us, these vicious abstractions. Whether the people of the United States shall throw their powerful influence into the scale against despotism, as the patrons and defenders of state rights, is a question of prudence merely: to do this may be wrong and ruin to-day, and necessity and safety to-morrow. It is a question of time. If it appears that their aid is effectual and beneficial to the cause, the people of America will not fail to render it. Why then have we not already taken a step forward in this direction? Is it because we have been taught from infancy to despise and fear ourselves? Has our education from infancy led us to believe that we are in need of Europe, and not Europe of us? Since the mighty truth has struck them, that the Western Empire is even physically greater, in resources, in wealth, and in military power, than either Britain or the Czar; since they have seen that the stalwart youth whose hand is equally familiar with the axe and the rifle, who knows no master but his God, has maintained, thus far, a silence not of indifference, but of prudence and necessity, in regard to foreign affairs; that the secret of the future is in the heart, not of kings, as in the old time, but of the fiery manhood of the West; the people of Europe look toward America with eyes of supplication, and stretch out their hands toward us and heaven. A veil has fallen, under which the mighty toil of men and angels went on so long in darkness, and the dazzling beauty and vast proportions of the work are at once made visible. The genius of the nation, whose shrines are in the hearts of all just men, advances modestly toward the glorious seat founded for her by the wisdom of our fathers, and, ere she assumes it, looks fearfully upward, as if supplicating the Most High against the pride of her exalted state.

Educated by the literature of Europe, have we not hitherto lived one life and dreamed another? Has not the ridicule of experiment attached itself to our institutions? Have we not fancied our very skin to be a temporary clothing?

Reality has been theory, and fiction the sole thing to be revered. A nation of soldiers such as no battle-field has yet seen, we are awed by the thunder of foreign cannon,

wonder-struck at the spectacle of foreign wars. More intellectual than any nation, we have allowed ourselves to be stultified by Teutonic obscurities, which would merit our contempt, had they risen amongst ourselves. Scientific as it were by nature, and with ease reaching the most labored conclusions of antiquity, we crowd and weaken our mental faculties with foreign criticism. A nation of beautiful women and of men with the vigor and nerve of heroes, we ravin and devour a literature of obese aristocracy. Freed from the vicious circles that hedge in the nobleman, and make him the slave of form and physical delicacy, we establish a puny exclusiveness, confessing our inability to sustain ourselves.

The doctrine of negro equality stumbles us on the very threshold of this argument.

If we assume the position of defenders of State sovereignty, we must cease to interest ourselves in the internal affairs of any State but our own. If, in defiance of this fundamental doctrine, we intervene between the two classes of inhabitants in the Southern States, and make war upon our fellow-citizens, to procure the election of the negro slave to an equality of position with ourselves, it will be a final period not so certainly to the union of the States as to their freedom, after so imperial an usurpation of the central power.

No persons of the sect called Abolitionists, however numerous and patriotic they may be, can favor the movements of Kossuth, if they have a right appreciation of his doctrine. The unnatural violence required for the enforcement of extreme ideas compel all ultraists to assume a despotic tone, and to show a spirit of usurpation.

Leaving all such discussions as, in fact, irrelevant, let us adhere to the guiding principles of State sovereignty. We cannot at once accomplish all the decrees of destiny. The work before us is already too great for our genius and our power.

While we are deliberating whether to give aid to the republics of Europe, the news arrives of the usurpation of supreme power by the President of the French Republic. He arrests a fourth part of the people's representatives; he offers universal suffrage to the people, and a new election for himself.

Every step taken by this man since his election has been a movement toward imperial power. It was the *virtual* suffrage of

the people that made the first Napoleon Emperor, and it seems probable that their *actual* suffrage will confer the same dignity upon his nephew. It is clear the republic of France is a *form* only, while ours is a reality; that is to say, it exists in our individual hearts and wills. We do not establish a republic by our *vote*; it is *already established in us*. We are *born* and educated freemen; our liberties are not conferred upon us, nor outwardly guaranteed to us. *We are* the sovereigns, our rulers only the *agents* of our sovereignty. If a choice were given to us, by "universal suffrage," whether this or that man should be our emperor, we should reply simply, "We have no need of either." In our families, our villages, our States, we exercise sovereignty. "Where, then," exclaims the Frenchman, "is the guaranty of your freedom, the sanction of your laws?" "In our weapons, Messieurs; we are familiar with the use of arms from infancy, and we learn by heart the Declaration of Independence."

In France, all interest and all power emanates from the centre; the people revere Paris, they despise each other, they have no confidence in themselves. Either by nature or through inexperience, they suffer the power of the state to fall away from them toward the centre. In America, on the contrary, each man is the state. *L'etat c'est moi*, "I am the state," says the surly Democrat: and he is indeed the state; there is at least no other state. In him lies the family, the sovereignty, the church, and the empire; his heart is a focus of grand passions, and a radiating centre of all powers: and thus are we, the people, a well-founded republic, a well-developed organization, firmest and broadest at the root, whose vitality is in millions of living centres, cohering by spiritual unity.

Our faith in the republicanism of Europe has been shaken by the unfortunate issue of successive French and Italian revolutions. We discover at last that, though the educated talent of Europe is eager to follow our brilliant and successful essay at republicanism, the masses of the people, through ignorance or incapacity, either do not understand or fail to sustain these movements. Society has profited in a thousand ways; population has increased; trade, industry, and knowledge have advanced; but the idea of self-government and individual interest in the

state has not reached the lower classes of the interior.

Were France in danger of the Czar, we could not now offer to engage in a *Republican* war on her behalf. The Czar, it is said, governs France by diplomacy. If it is *true* that the Jesuits, and Emperor of Russia, exercise a joint dictatorship over the French people, through Louis Napoleon, and if it happens that this Louis Napoleon is elected by the universal suffrage of the people of France during the coming year, would any aid of ours be rightfully demanded by a people so little able to manage their own internal interests? To extend such aid against the intervention of the Czar, we must first know that the nation desires it for purely republican ends. To intervene in favor of a small republican party, unsupported by the masses, would be to destroy that party by exciting the hatred of the lower orders against ourselves and it.

But we are bound, as we revere our ancestors and respect ourselves, to propagate the creed of republicanism, and to extend the glory, the knowledge, and the benefits of freedom. How are we to do this?

If we interpose directly in the affairs of other nations, it must be with a definite understanding of the true interests of republicanism in America, where at least it has a solid existence.

Let us suppose again that the news has reached us of a revolution in Great Britain, and we are called upon by a portion of the people of England to assist them in subverting the monarchy and founding a republic. We must be sure before we render aid that we shall not be received as enemies and interlopers by the body of the population, and that this jealousy may not react upon the cause we came there to support. And yet it is our bounden duty, in all things, to sustain the good cause. How, then, are we to do this?

It is necessary to make good the cause at home, or we cannot decently offer aid to it abroad. The failure of our aid would throw us backward with violence into a state of inaction and self-disgust.

By the doctrine of Kossuth and of the Democratic party of the Union, gratuitous intervention in the internal affairs of sovereign states is a crime. Why is Abolitionism a detestable policy? Because it is a policy of intervention.

Why does the Emperor of Russia merit and receive our execrations? Because he is the patron of intervention.

Why do the people of America protest against the intervention of Great Britain in the affairs of the Central and South American states, unless it be that such intervention violates the liberties of states?

If we take the position of defenders of state sovereignty, it must be with the assurance that the doctrine is well and solidly established among ourselves. Before committing ourselves to a war of principle, in behalf of nations on the other slope of the hemisphere, it will be necessary to make a review and inspection of the hither slope.

As far as we are contaminated by the doctrines of conquest and of Abolitionism, (and it is claimed by many, that a considerable part of the nation is infected by the one or the other,) so far we are incapable of engaging in a crusade against monarchs for the maintenance of state rights.

While the doctrine of a balance of power arises by necessity among despotic governments, where the predominance of one endangers the existence of all, that of non-intervention, or of state rights, as certainly originates among republics. If rights are inherent, conquest is a violation of their inheritance. Hence, we derive our favorite rule of NON-INTERVENTION, forbidding interference in the affairs of sovereign states.

Let it be supposed that the governments of Europe, alarmed at the growing power of America, in the commerce and policy of the world, had formed an alliance against us, and had agreed among themselves upon a system of secret war upon the States and institutions of the Union. They would argue the necessity of such a system, under their own doctrine of a balance of power.

The "Balance of Power," not now for Europe only, but for the civilized world, absolutely demands the breaking up of this immense and dangerous organization, which ought now to be divided into several portions, small enough to be played off against each other.

The doctrine of non-intervention, on the other hand, will compel us to oppose all such inhuman conclusions.

To carry out our doctrine in practice, as before observed, we must begin at home; and having first agreed among ourselves to hold it sacred as a rule of internal adminis-

tration, "that every state shall mind its own business," we might then demand of the world that the principle remain inviolate hereafter.

A series of powerful remonstrances, statesmanlike, and altogether high-toned and correct, could not fail to have a powerful effect, when issued by a nation of twenty-three millions, resolved upon "the maintenance of order."

The SANCTION of our principle of non-intervention, within our own limits, is the army and navy of the United States, established for the "maintenance of order." "In point of fact," as they say in England, our "rule," without this sanction, would become a dead letter.

Looking now into the policy of administration, in States and municipalities, we find the sanction of non-intervention existing in our State militia, our volunteer companies, and our constabulary force. By these we compel the observance of "non-intervention" between man and man.

It appears to a philosophical eye, as though the entire system of the Republic, domestic and foreign, is, or, for consistency, ought to be, a mere ramification of this root-principle of non-intervention, with the sanctions necessary to its maintenance. The reader will, consequently, understand us, when we suggest that the sovereign people of America, in coming forward before all the world as defenders of their fundamental law or rule, in the affairs of nations, come forward merely as *republicans*.

The rule of non-intervention, with an adequate sanction, would become the cornerstone, or, more properly, the root-principle of a body of international law. That law has hitherto derived itself from monarchical codes, pending the several adjustments of the balance of power, that is to say, during the formation of the great empires of Europe and Asia. The opposition of the two principles, each pretending to be a root of all international law whatsoever, might occasion some confusion in the affairs of Europe, but could only settle and confirm ours upon a more enduring basis. Several ugly factions would probably be annihilated by it in the heart of the Union. The party of conquest, of which Mr. Polk was the representative, could not exist. That would be a good result.

If we are indeed to begin a new epoch, as some have proposed, by reconstructing

our foreign policy—in other words, by coming forward as the defenders of non-intervention—we have clearly a work of magnitude to accomplish. For, first, we have to establish for ourselves, in the mind of the entire nation, a true policy of intercourse, not only with monarchies, but with republics. If we rush into this affair without suitable preparation and agreement, we incur the danger of committing vast and horrible blunders, such as only republics commit, like a war without a reason, or a diplomacy of threat without a navy or an army to support it. It must appear, also, that what we do is undertaken in our own behalf, for it is not permitted to nations, much less to empires, to exercise a theoretic or an impulsive generosity. Our naval forces and our arms can be neither given away nor lent without consideration. Our “remonstrances” must be weighty and significant, drawing their strongest arguments from the *salus populi*, the good of the people.

When it is considered that this new foreign policy is to come out as the antagonist of the “balance of power” principle—that is to say, as the enemy of conquest and of despotic intervention—republicanism against a corrupt world; that it is to lay a new foundation and raise a new structure of international law; that we have first to establish it on a sure foundation at home; that it must be tested first among nations, our im-

mediate neighbors, within a few days’ sail of us; when all this is considered, and the necessity added of a radical and complete reformation of the consular and diplomatic system of the United States in every climate of the globe; adding to all this a thoroughly organized office of foreign information, to be established at Washington, independent of party, and open at all times to the press and the people;—when all this, we say, is considered, we may with all earnestness urge upon the men of the Whig party—the party of order and constitutional security, the party whose creed is positive and not negative, constructive, not destructive—to consider the impending change; and, if it must come, be determined that the new policy shall be constructed in accordance with those principles which they hold to be vital, not only to their country, but to the cause of freedom throughout the world. It is no longer a time for divisions in the great party of principle. It is time that the great underlying sense and conscience of the nation should be aroused from its present lethargy, and throw off from the surface of society the scum of frothy politicians, who are manufacturing public opinion, and obtruding names for the helm of state in the coming storm, utterly incompetent. The next President of these United States, to be elected in a few months, must be the greatest statesman in the world, if he can be found among us.

CELEBRATED LECTURERS IN PARIS.

VILLEMAIN—COUSIN—GUIZOT—MICHELET—CUVIER.

It was the good fortune of the writer, when young, and at a later period, (one of the happiest recollections of his life!) to have attended the brilliant lectures of the world-renowned Parisian professors. We have had the honor to be personally acquainted and to hold intercourse with many of them, and to collect anecdotes and a correct knowledge of their character and talent. Our account, therefore, may contain something new; and, whatever else it may lack, we can yet vouch for its perfect accuracy.

If a foreigner should inquire, “What exactly are, in this country, lectures and lec-

turers?” any American gentleman could give him very proper and full information. An American would be quite at home with the subject. But ask him what they are and how they are managed in foreign countries, and especially in France; unless he has traveled much, it is probable that he may be at a loss for a reply, and that many mistakes should escape from his lips. The reason is, that a great difference exists between France and this country respecting this subject.

In the United States, the lecturers of every kind are numerous—almost as numerous as flowers in the spring. In France,

they are, properly so called, very few. In this country, every one can set up for a lecturer, whatever may be the amount of science, talent, and reputation of which he is possessed, *provided* he be gifted with fluency and copiousness of language. He is almost sure to be welcome, and to meet with public favor and remuneration; for in this country, be it said to our praise, we are fond of *lectures*, and very kind to *lecturers*.

In France, voluntary lecturers can start up on their own hook, as the Yankee phrase is; but they find very little favor and support,—that is to say, money or reputation,—unless they appear before an audience, heralded by highly laudatory recommendations of the press; for every where the flourish of trumpets has, at least for a time, an admirable and magical influence. The real lecturers, however, are the *patented* lecturers, if we may use the expression—that is to say, professors of eminence, who, after a long probation, and proofs of scientific or literary merit, are regularly appointed to a public institution, or a *Faculté des Sciences ou des Lettres*, to give a series of lectures, carefully prepared, upon the branch intrusted to them, and who are entirely remunerated from the public treasury. Every one, either native or foreigner, can attend these lectures without paying a cent. Thus it is that the professor never need feel uneasy about pecuniary compensation, and he has only to take care of his reputation for superior lecturing.

In the United States, moreover, the field for lecturing (and making money by it) is larger and wider. After an experiment of a fortnight or several weeks in some of the large cities, the successful lecturer may pursue a systematic course of travels and peregrinations over the States. Almost every where he is sure to find a taste for science or *belles lettres*, sufficient, at least, to give a few successful lectures, and to gather in his progress a certain amount of reputation and dollars.

In France, it is not so. The field is narrow and limited. With the exception of Paris and some large cities, there is no prospect of very profitable lecturing. Indifference prevails in small towns. In the chief cities of the departments, he would find the patented lecturer (*le professeur de la faculté des lettres ou des sciences*) already established, under arms, and supported by public favor and esteem, more especially because

he is lecturing gratuitously for the community at large. What chance, then, there under these circumstances? The chance of speaking to empty or very thin benches; which is, indeed, neither pleasant nor profitable.

Which is the best of the two systems? It would be out of place here to enter into a full disquisition of their merits and demerits. Both have their advantages and their defects. By the first, favor and encouragement, and sometimes success, are secured to adventurers, to quacks, and charlatans; by the other, the field is narrowed to untried lecturers, and they are smothered at the *début*, though they may be gifted with talent and information. Disheartened by the difficulty, they dare not face a formidable competition, and turn their exertions in other directions—for instance, writing for newspapers, and giving lessons. Hence, the literary or scientific market is overstocked with reporters and sub-editors, who, under other circumstances, might have been successful lecturers.

We recollect that last winter an American gentleman living in Versailles, and writing to a newspaper in this city, somewhat angrily complained of his not having the opportunity of attending various lectures for his evening amusement, and said, in the way of peroration: "Why do they not give us those interesting lectures to which I was accustomed in the States?" He was right in his complaints; but I suspect that, if he had lived in Paris, he would have found there plenty of enjoyment, and plenty of lectures of high interest.

There was, and is still, I think, in Paris, an old and venerable institution called the "Athenæum," where since 1785 there have successively appeared men of brilliant attainments in science or *belles lettres*, and where lectures are given as in this country. But the *stars* have been few; the indifferent lecturers have been almost a legion; and hence the popular favor has never strongly supported the institution, and it is living more on the glorious recollections of the past than on the success of the present time.

Some years ago, a literary gentleman struck on a new and happy idea. Availing himself of his numerous relations with the aristocracy and ladies of cultivated taste, he established *des matinées littéraires*, in which

he lectured on the various branches of literature, reading with a superior taste and skill the most beautiful extracts from poets or orators, giving anecdotes and biographical sketches of the authors, &c. After exhausting the *belles lettres*, properly so called, he delivered a series of historical lectures on France and England. For many years both were quite successful.

But the two great luminaries of science, literature, and learning are to be found in two institutions, entirely supported and paid by the Government, whatever it may be,—*le Collège de France et la Faculté des lettres*, at Paris, with which are connected, as special professors and lecturers, the most distinguished men in every branch. It is on this stage that the illustrious writers, whose names we have prefixed, have appeared, and it is there that they have acquired a great part of the glory and popularity by which their names are hallowed.

The establishment of the *Collège de France* may be traced back to the reign of Francis the First, three centuries ago. It has been modified, enlarged, and perfected, according to the progress of society and science. In our time, there are connected with it twenty-one professors or lecturers, whose duty it is to give, for six months, lectures on the Greek, Roman, French, and oriental languages and literature, upon general history, poetry, eloquence, natural history, political economy, &c. Their chairs are awarded to them for life. They may choose, on account of ill health, or other good reasons, an assistant professor to fill their place, to whom they resign the half or more of their salary. The mode of appointment is wisely calculated to secure a good choice. A professor to the College of France is appointed by the chief of the State from two lists of candidates, the one made up by the professors as a body, the other by the Minister of the Interior. A genuine and public reputation is necessary in science or literature, even to have one's name put upon the list, and, *à fortiori*, to prevail over his competitors. Those two powerful engines in the affairs of the world, intrigue and favor, have very little to do in the selection. "Has such a one published remarkable works?" or, "Has he given proofs of talent and superior acquirements?" These are the sole questions asked. An indifferent selection would be promptly and without fail con-

demned by public opinion. In fact, it would not be attempted.

The *Faculté des Lettres* (a branch of superior learning of the *Académie de Paris*) is under the direct jurisdiction of the Minister of Public Instruction. It embraces from sixteen to eighteen special professors for *les lettres et les sciences*. A professor is appointed by the Minister from a list of candidates made up by the *Corps de la Faculté*. Here the same qualifications are requisite as in the College of France. Here are found the same guaranties of permanency and the same advantages.

By the law of March, 1850, many alterations have been introduced in the system of public instruction throughout France. It has established as many *Académies* as there are *départements*, eighty-six in all. The instruction is superior, secondary, and primary. The superior itself is divided into five *facultés*: divinity, law, physic, sciences, and literature. There are seven *facultés* of divinity, (five Catholic and two Protestant,) 9 for the law, 3 for physic, 11 for sciences, and 13 for literature.

Collaterally to the *Université*, the superior learning is represented by institutions who perform a great part in forwarding the progress of mind and of science. Such are the College of France, the Museum of Natural History, the course of archaeology at the National Library, the School of Living Eastern Languages, the School of Vulgar Arabic at Marseilles, the course of astronomy at the Observatory and the *Bureau des Longitudes*, (a scientific committee,) and *l'Ecole des Chartes*.

Summarily, the Faculty of Letters in Paris, and the College of France, constitute the chief establishments for the superior instruction. There has been a period of extraordinary splendor, (it is that, the history of which we intend to relate,) when thousands of enthusiastic young men attended the most profound and brilliant lectures. This time is no more, though many courses are well attended; but none of the actual lecturers have attained the influence or the glory of the former, with one exception.

Among the illustrious men whose names I have prefixed, the first three belong to the *Faculté des Lettres*, the other two to the *Collège de France*. The peculiar period in which the first three rose to so great an influence and distinction begins with Decem-

ber, 1827, and lasted only three years. They reappeared to give lectures, after an interruption of many years, occasioned by the blind and bigoted policy of the old Bourbons; they thus reappeared with the prestige of unjustly silenced and persecuted men. Public opinion was anxious to atone for this persecution, and eager to avenge and glorify the popular professors. Hence, combined with their splendid and really superior abilities, the extraordinary *éclat* which greeted their lecturing, the enthusiasm and influence which they produced throughout France and even Europe.

Two thousand persons, the *élite* of society, but mostly young men between twenty and twenty-five years of age, crowded, long before the appointed hour, in the vast hall of the old Sorbonne, anxiously awaiting the coming of the professor, and when he was seen, they broke out in a perfect storm of plaudits. These lectures, collected by experienced phonographists, were printed by thousands in the shape of books, and spread through all Europe.

Very few literary men have begun their career as splendidly as M. Villemain. At twenty-four years of age, he had obtained many crowns from the *Académie Française*, for eulogiums upon distinguished men, Montaigne, Montesquieu, &c., and had won a celebrated name. The public had been struck with surprise and admiration in finding in the writings of a very young man, scarcely out of college, the purity of taste, the maturity of thought, the superior style and eloquence, which are so rarely met in a *début*. In 1816, he was appointed to the chair of French Literature and Eloquence at the Faculty of Letters in Paris. He signalized his advent to that position by inoculating criticism with a judicious compound of vivacity, imagination, biography, and history; and gradually, as his studies extended over a wider circle, his ideas acquired greater energy and originality, his eloquence became more glowing, and his admiration of intellectual greatness more enthusiastic. His lectures possessed in the highest degree all the attractions of a fascinating conversation.

There are no records of his lectures during the first years after his appointment. Meanwhile, M. Villemain took an active part, at different periods, in political affairs, and in that career exhibited a firm progressive spirit. In 1821, he was called to the *Académie*

Française. His fame reached its highest point towards 1827, at the time he reascended, after an intermission of some years, his chair at the Sorbonne. His eloquence reëchoed through every part of France; each of his lectures became a literary event; every sentence, every opinion, whatever it might be, that fell from his lips, was hailed like the voice of prophecy; his influence was immense. Collected by stenography, these lectures have been printed in five volumes, of which two are on the middle ages, and three on the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. But the latter century was not completed; and some years afterwards, in 1837, he published two additional volumes, carefully composed in the closet, to supply the deficiency left in the literary history of that age. We will say something hereafter of these two volumes, which differ materially in character from the preceding.

The oral lectures at the Sorbonne seemed to flow extempore. They had in effect the stamp of improvisation,—the *abandon*, the vivacity, the digressions, the flashes of wit or high flights of eloquence, which have so magical an attraction. But we doubt not that they were carefully meditated and prepared, when at home. It was easy to perceive a deliberate order in a seeming disorder. But never did he avail himself of a sheet of paper as a help to memory. He occasionally brought a few volumes from which to make quotations; and yet he was gifted with so wonderful, so well-stocked a memory, that in a great many instances we heard him deliver from memory long extracts from orators or gods, without any hesitation, and with delightful expression and emphasis. He began usually in a conversational manner, calm and dispassionate. But soon the spirit roused up, and his voice assumed an oratorical energy. His voice, sonorous, flexible, and vibrating, was admirably suited to the expression of strong passions, as well as to that of irony and sarcasm. He varied his intonations with a consummate skill; his delivery kept the hearers in breathless delight. And when it is recollected that from these lips burst forth ingenious thoughts, witty allusions, profound reflections, brilliant and unexpected expositions, it will be easily conceived how attractive and powerful was the lecture. His fluency and felicity of language was extraordinary. He found always, as by inspiration, the proper or imaginative word,

to give to a sentence the utmost strength or elegance. He excelled in biographical sketches, in parallels, in great characteristics of a literary period, as well as in what the ancients call the playfulness of an orator, consisting of the attractive anecdote and the jocular sally.

Those alone who have heard M. Villemain can bear testimony to the brilliant variety of his words, to the deep and impressive intonation of his voice, to the playfulness of his allusions, to his eloquent and compressed action, and to those numerous instances when his soul, heaving like a wave ready to burst, pauses and calmly subsides, resuming the dignity becoming a lecturer, and leaving an ineffable thrill of pleasurable emotion in the mind.

He was fond of relating anecdotes to illustrate the wit or character of celebrated men. They were short, lively, and told *en passant*. This kind of dainties relished very well with the audience. One day, he was speaking of Voltaire, and of his wit, always ready with ingenious and sarcastic replies, so characteristic of the man. "An Englishman," said he, "after travelling over Switzerland, came one fine morning, with a proper introduction, to pay him a visit at his *Château de Ferney*. The gentleman was a scholar, and the conversation took a literary turn. The traveler said he had had the honor of being introduced to M. de Haller, and he had been very much pleased with him. 'M. de Haller!' exclaimed Voltaire, forgetting that at this very time there was a coldness between them, 'M. de Haller! he is a great man, a superior man, Sir! great poet, great scholar, profound naturalist!' The Englishman waited till the eulogy was over, and then candidly said: 'This is very fair and creditable to you, Sir, for I know that M. de Haller has the misfortune of not speaking in such fair and high terms of you.' 'Alas!' smartly replied Voltaire, with a peculiar smile, 'perhaps, my dear Sir, we both are mistaken!'"

Speaking of the wits and of the accomplished courtiers of the eighteenth century, he related the following:—

"The Count of Narbonne belonged to the highest nobility. Though he was a friend to liberty and reformation, he was carried out to foreign countries by the torrent of emigration and the exigences of his birth. He came back to France during the

first years of the empire of Napoleon. The Emperor welcomed him in the most gracious way. 'Well,' said he, one day, in a private conversation, 'you have lately left Germany; how did you leave your mother affected towards me? I have been told that she cordially detests me. Is there any hope that she will ever love me?' 'Sire,' replied the Count, with a respectful bow, 'it may be that her feelings are still confined to high admiration.' Could it be possible to find a more felicitous reply, to show respect both to truth and to high rank?"

Speaking of England one day, he long expatiated upon the genius of the nation; the far-sighted and skilful government, the wonderful increase of power and wealth, in spite of the tremendous struggle and war which she had sustained against France for twenty-five years. "Look at the present situation of England," said he. "What is it? Under the influence of her representative and free government, and through the most able and efficient administration, she has triumphantly emerged from this terrible warfare, which was very near hurling her to ruin and destruction. Look at what she is now in Europe, and throughout the globe! Her conquests and possessions have so much increased, that she is everywhere present and powerful! It was formerly said of Portugal that 'the accessory of its empire was in Europe, and the principal scattered over all the world.' This, in the decayed prosperity of Portugal, is no longer true; but it is strictly true, if applied to England. She can boast, as Spain of old, that the sun never sets upon her dominions. To-day, she rules an immense colonial empire, which embraces one hundred and thirty millions of inhabitants!"

"Take a map of the world: you will find England proudly conspicuous in almost every part of it. In America, she has under her domination the northern portion of the continent, Canada, New-Brunswick, Nova Scotia; the greatest part of the West India Islands, Honduras; in Africa, the fine colony of the Cape of Good Hope, Sierra Leone, Gambia, and Mauritius; in Asia, the splendid and immense India and Ceylon, with one hundred and twenty millions of inhabitants; in Oceanica, New South Guinea, Van Diemen's Land, Western and South Australasia, and New-Zealand; in Europe, Gibraltar, Malta, Corfu, and the Ionian Islands! She has

almost encircled the globe with an uninterrupted chain of forts, factories, settlements, possessions and colonies, over which runs, like the electric fluid, the spirit of this mighty nation. And do you know how much time it took to conquer, to organize, and to secure this gigantic colonial empire? Hardly one hundred years! A wonderful, prodigious, and immense achievement!"

The professor had delivered this *tableau* with so much spirit and eloquence, (and alas! after twenty years, I can find only in my brain a faint and languid sketch of it,) that here he was interrupted by enthusiastic applause; upon which, assuming a stern look, he said, in a grave, but with half bantering smile: "Gentlemen, I should be much pleased to know if it is *me* you intend thus to applaud, or the colossean and wide-spread power of our proud rival, which I tried to delineate as an historical fact." The audience broke into a laughter, with new plaudits, and the lecturer passed on to other topics.

The originality of M. Villemain as a critic—that originality which elevated him to a position unequalled in France—was of a lofty character. Before him, criticism kept in a special narrow path, aiming solely to teach the art of writing correctly and of expressing thoughts rationally; or, if it exceeded the prescribed limits, under pretense of deducing the laws of nature, it fell into the strangest aberrations. Before him, it was either cold, didactic, and fettered, like that of Laharpe, or lyrical and highly paradoxical, like that of Diderot. He opened new and higher paths; he effected a great revolution in the history of literature.

In what consists the excellence of high critical literature? Undoubtedly in combining a profound and comprehensive knowledge of history with great powers of imagination, in order to vivify the past. Criticism must follow the tide of ages, marking not only the vigorous intellects that speak with the action and tone of their nation and epoch, but also the political condition, whose practical influence is so powerful and universal on the development of genius. The critic, in following the stream of time, must alternately fix his eyes on the ruins he passes by and the abodes of the living; he must listen to the tumult that arises from the cities now flourishing, and note also the traces left on communities by preceding ages. Criticism, thus understood, is the history of in-

telleet; it is history elucidated by the progress of arts and letters; it becomes a vast picture, presenting within its frame a succession of illustrious individuals, renowned in their day for their deeds or writings, together with all that has happened in the world, attended by striking and important effects, thus forming the most instructive *ensemble* that can be offered to the study and contemplation of mankind. Nations succeed each other; governments are established and fall to the ground; great battles have been fought in every era; all these worldly commotions reëcho from the powerful intellects of each period, insomuch that criticism, or the history of letters, is the most animated part of history itself. When nations have disappeared from the earth, the literature that survives them serves as the beacon to guide explorers in the path of discovery and research.

M. Villemain was the first to feel that mere scholastic and literary inquiry could not satisfy the demands of our time, so aspiring in its objects of study, and so deeply agitated by political passions. He was the first to blend political science with art, to seek what had been the influence of an epoch on a writer, and, availing himself of a profound knowledge of history, of antiquity, and of several modern literatures, to draw historical pictures of a period, and to appreciate, with the searching impartiality of philosophy, the life and genius of an author. History with him vivifies the imagination, and rhetorical precepts form but the ground-work of the picture.

M. Villemain possessed abundant sources of knowledge for his critiques, and what he drew from them, skilfully combined, formed the great material of his literary eloquence. The first of those sources consisted in a profound knowledge of antiquity and of classic authors. The second was derived from an arduous study of the Fathers of the Church, who may be said to form the Christian antiquity. After having abundantly nourished his genius with those inestimable and inexhaustible remains of human intellect, the third mine he worked was England—Milton, Shakspeare, and the English orators. Germany was overlooked. In fact, M. Villemain had, by his investigations on England, imparted an impulse so great to the study of English literature, as to be justly deemed a mighty step for France, a country that had

before been so exclusive; and a knowledge of Germany is only now beginning to be generally appreciated among writers. The fourth and last, but most prolific source of M. Villemain's criticisms lay in his immense historical studies; he has plunged into all the darkness of the middle ages, and proved himself as erudite an historian as able and sagacious a critic. Such is the vast stock of knowledge whence M. Villemain drew the multitude of parallels, the luminous illustrations, which characterize his lectures on French literature.

At the time when he gave them, the republic of letters was violently distracted by the strife of classicists and romanticists. He preserved a medium between the rival schools. Although praised by the latter, he has not shown himself duly sensible of their eulogiums; for, in his lectures on the seventeenth century, he often throws out indirect but warm reproaches on a school that had spoken irreverently of the polished language of Louis the Fourteenth's time, and even of the magnificent style of Bossuet. On the other hand, his propensity to extend the circle of literature and of language, his evident partiality for some of the most decided modern innovations, clearly absolve him from the imputation of being blindly opposed to all efforts for breaking the fetters of the old school.

His opinions on the eighteenth century steer equally clear of the fervent admiration entertained by many for the philosophy of that period, and, on the other hand, of the furious wrath with which it is regarded by the brethren of the modern Catholic school. Whilst sentiments and ideas remain in such conflict as at present, there is nothing so difficult as to form a candid judgment, a fair appreciation of that extraordinary epoch. The historical critic could not fail to apprehend the great mission of this century as an intermediate agency to terminate all that belonged to the middle ages, and to prepare the way for modern society. All the thinkers of the eighteenth century were heralds of the new era; but M. Villemain scarcely seems sufficiently convinced of the error of many of those philosophers who labored to involve in one common destruction institutions founded on piety and faith, and abuses that had become burdensome and oppressive; and, however studious his efforts to attain a strict impartiality, he is nevertheless often

under the influence of the men he judges, and is partially dazzled by the splendor of their talents. We think him deficient in religious feeling, and, for that sole reason, we consider that his works are not destined to exercise a lasting influence on future generations.

When M. Villemain takes up the pen, he ceases to be the literary orator; he no longer possesses the same vivacity nor the same style. When he writes, his phraseology is, no doubt, more polished and perfect, fitting the thought with precision; but it bears at the same time a character of frigidity or rather paleness, when compared to the vivid animation sparkling in the oral lectures. Furthermore, in general, the written style of M. Villemain is of the utmost correctness, elegance, and brightness; but it is somewhat deficient at times in energy, pithiness, and vivid and soul-inspired eloquence. This is the case in the two additional volumes of M. Villemain, published within the last few years, on the eighteenth century. Nevertheless, they breathe a spirit of wholesome criticism, and abound in admirable disquisitions. There are some delightful pages on Vauvenargues, whose lofty and pensive soul is wreathed in the purest virtue; some remarkable ones on Rousseau, who is tenderly treated by the critic, notwithstanding the few partial chidings he addresses to the philosopher of Geneva towards the close of the chapter. Secondary names, as Prevost, Rollin, Louis Racine, D'Aguesseau, &c., are often revived with a peculiar charm and full appreciation of their merit.

After the Revolution of 1830, M. Villemain was transferred from the stage of Sorbonne to a higher, more splendid and influential, but somewhat dangerous theatre—politics and administrative station. He became a peer of France, Minister of the Public Instruction, and a man of political eminence and importance; but he was no longer a brilliant lecturer at Sorbonne, though he retained among his titles that of professor. The storm of 1848 having swept away the Chamber of Peers, M. Villemain renounced the political scene, to live in a quiet and literary retirement. He has scarcely attained the age of sixty. May he avail himself of his leisure to prepare and to perfect, for the enjoyment of his admirers and of the literary public, a new book of the same stamp as the former!

J. CH.

SOME SHAKSPEARIAN AND SPENSERIAN MSS.

THE LEARNING OF SHAKSPEARE.

HALES was a contemporary of Shakspeare, and disinterested; and if his opinion of his learning had been positive, it would have been entitled to the utmost deference. It is, however, any thing but conclusive; for it is put forward as a purely hypothetic case. "If," said he, speaking of Shakspeare's learning, "if he had not *read* the classics, he had likewise not *stolen* from them;" [a sly hit, by the way, at Ben Jonson:] "and if any topic was produced from a poet of antiquity, he [Hales] would undertake to show somewhat on the same subject at least as well written by Shakspeare." Of this testimony we make the opponents of our poet's learning a generous present. Next comes Milton; but might not the same thing, with equal truth, be applied to himself, without the slightest impeachment of his profound acquaintance with the whole range of literature, ancient and modern, as it was then known? The "wood-notes wild" of "Fancy's child" are as distinctly to be heard in the "Comus," the "Arcades," the "Lycidus," "L'Allegro," and "Il Penseroso" of Milton, as in the "Midsummer Night's Dream," the "Winter's Tale," the "As You Like It" of Shakspeare; and in neither case do they derogate from the scholarship of the respective poets. Rowe's opinion, founded on a vague tradition, inconsistent with the well-known facts of the case, and picked up some century too late, is a mere inference of prepossession, and is worth nothing; and as to Dr. Farmer's essay, it is really surprising how very little it contains seriously affecting the question at issue. We shall return to it presently more in detail; meanwhile, we must observe that the received opinion of Shakspeare's ignorance of the learned languages is far from having the general assent of the critics. Men of competent learning and observation have declared in favor of his erudition, however acquired; and were a true finding to be taken from the votes of the majority, the verdict would run in his

favor. Thus, Pope and Theobald, consenting in nothing else, agree in assigning him a considerable quantity of classical learning. Upton, a man of deep and critical erudition, carried his belief of our poet's scholarship perhaps to an excess. Whalley, the learned editor of Ben Jonson, unswayed by partiality for his own hero, wrote a very able defense of his rival's skill in the languages; and the elder Colman, the translator of "Terence," found evidence in the works of Shakspeare enough to convince him that the author was not deficient in classical attainments. Authorities such as these, and so numerous, ought at least to suffice to set the reader's judgment in *equilibrio* until he shall have time to examine the question for himself; and we believe that nothing more is necessary than an unprejudiced examination of his works, to lead to the conclusion that our poet was, to say the least, as well acquainted with the writings of the ancients and such other branches of human learning as are cultivated in colleges, as if he had been a university student. We do not arrogate for him the highest attainments in the learned languages. We would not compare his learning with Thomas Heywood's, and admit him to have been as inferior to Ben Jonson in scholarship as Ben himself was probably inferior to Dr. Farmer; but, with those exceptions, we maintain (and the matter is capable of critical proof) that his works exhibit him a better classical scholar than any of his dramatic contemporaries,—Greene, Marlow, Peele, Lodge, Lylie, Nash, Duher, &c., &c.,—though they were all members of one or other of the universities, and many of them of both. We have neither time nor space for such a comparison here; nor, in fact, could it be made in any way so satisfactory as by a perusal of the productions of those worthies, contrasting them with these of our poet throughout; but whosoever will encounter such a task (as we have incidentally done) will not fail to come to the same conclusions as ourselves. If, then, he

had more learning than those who got credit for learning, merely because they could write themselves, on the title-page of any book, comedy, tragedy, tale, or poem, "*In artibus magister unius, vel utriusque Academicæ*," why should we not admit our poet, through the opening made for him by his contemporary, the author of "The Polemanteia," into the groves of Academus, and believe that he as well as they had received a university education to qualify him as a poet; that he, as well as others of his time, had prefaced the eating through of his terms at Grey's Inns or the Temple by sizing for some terms at either Oxford or Cambridge, to qualify himself for a lawyer?

His works are, in fact, a spacious garden, every where abounding in such flowers and fruits as are cultivated in universities, and nowhere else brought to such maturity. He appears, indeed, to have been a universal scholar, versed in all the knowledge and philosophy of his times; and, more than any other man on record, perhaps, realizes his own portrait of the madcap Prince of Wales:

"Hear him but reason in divinity,
And, all-admiring, with an inward wish,
You would desire the king were made a prelate;
Here him debate of commonwealth affairs,
And you would say, It hath been all in all his study.

List his discourse of war, and you shall hear
A fearful battle rendered you in music.
Turn him to any cause of policy,
The Gordian knot of it he will unloose
Familiar as his garter," &c.

Let him be tried, we would add, by his skill in the art of reasoning, in metaphysics, ethics, morals and criticism, by his purified taste and cultivated judgment, and he will be found—if to those arts we can add a knowledge of the ancient languages—to have been deficient in none of those branches of learning in which an academic course makes men proficient.

But that to his undisputed attainments as a scholar his more disputed claims as a master of the learned languages may be confidently added, will, we think, be admitted without reserve on a candid and unpreposessed consideration of the following circumstances:

1. His thorough acquaintance with the whole of the ancient mythology, and the ease and propriety with which he avails

himself of it to illustrate and embellish his subject.

2. The affluence of Latin derivatives with which, whether first introduced by himself or adopted from the current stock then in use, he has enriched the poetical language of his country.

3. His quotations from the Latin classics, numerous, and always appropriate.

4. His frequent translations, in the ordinary current of his text, of passages from the ancient poets, rendered in a style which, for fidelity and elegance, may challenge the best of Ben Jonson's.

5. His having dramatized many Latin and Greek subjects, and executed his task with such general historic truth, such propriety of national manners, such freedom and yet such accuracy, such boldness, together with consistency of character, (consistent, we mean, with the original models of Greek and Roman story,) as appear of necessity to imply an extensive and familiar acquaintance with the ancient literature in which those stories, scenes and characters are to be found.

6. And lastly, (listen to this, ye critics and commentators!) he knew and practised the law of the dramatic unities as well and as exactly as the most rigid Greek or Roman of them all; and his apparent departure from them was the result of deliberate judgment and choice.

His competency, however, in all those respects has been more or less questioned by the commentators in occasional notes, by the biographers in their memoirs, and by Dr. Farmer in a formal essay. Believing them all to have been carried away by their prepossessions, we shall endeavor to set them right by a more candid enumeration of facts. For the sake of greater distinctness, we dispose of the several objections, in the order, and under the heads of the foregoing classification.

1. His mythology.

In this respect, very few—if any—errors, and those of a trifling amount, are to be found in his works; and if he sometimes appear to vary from an ancient authority, it is only where the ancients varied among themselves, or the established practice of more modern scholars led him astray. Even Farmer has not caught him tripping under this head, and the only serious instance that I can recall to remembrance of his departure from the ancient *mythe* is probably rather

the copyist's or the printer's mistake than his. It is where Falstaff's page, rallying Bardolph on the rubicundity of his face, calls him a "rascally Althæa's dream," and explains his meaning by saying that "Althæa dreamed she was delivered of a firebrand," &c.* Now, it was Hecuba who dreamed she was delivered of a firebrand, of which, we have reason to think, Shakspeare could not have been ignorant; and Althæa's firebrand was a real one, of which we know he was perfectly cognizant. The page's jest is an obvious allusion to a passage in a very popular poem of George Peele's, entitled, "The Beginning, Accidents, and End of the War of Troy," and published in 1589. Speaking of the birth of Paris, and his mother's alarming prognostications, the poet observes:

"Behold, at length

She [Hecuba] dreams, and gives her lord to understand

That she should soon bring forth a firebrand,
Whose hot and climbing flame should be so great,
That Neptune's Troy it would consume with heat."

Coupling the thought conveyed in those lines with the sarcasm of the page, and with the droll imagery of a similar character, in which his master elsewhere plays on the countenance of the aforesaid Bardolph,† there can be scarcely a doubt but that the allusion refers to the passage, and that Shakspeare was thus (if no otherwise) aware of who the person was that dreamed the dream; and we

* 2 Henry IV., ii. 2.

† 1 Henry IV., iii. 3. Bardolph's face was the subject of much merriment to master and man. That which the page ridicules as the *firebrand* which Hecuba dreamed of, is by Falstaff caricatured into the "*lanthorn on the poop*" of an admiral's ship; its owner is "the Knight of the *Burning Lamp*;" it "reminds one of *hell-fire*, and Dives that lived in purple, for there he is in his robes, *burning—burning*;" to swear by it would amount to swearing "by this fire;" it is "*an ignis fatuus*;" a *ball of wild-fire*;" it is as good against darkness as "*links and torches*;" it is a "*salamander maintained with fire*;" and when Sir John declines complying with Bardolph's wish that "it were in his belly," on the ground that "so he should be sure to be *heart-burned*," is not the allusion to a similar fate impending over Troy, from the indwelling of Hecuba's metaphorical firebrand, pointed and complete?—that firebrand, Paris, to wit,

"Whose hot and climbing flame should grow so great,
That Neptune's Troy it would consume with heat:
And, counsel taken of this troublous dream,
The soothsayers said that not swift Simois' stream
Might serve to quench that fierce devouring fire
That did this brand 'gainst town of Troy conspire."

—See *works of George Peele*, by the Rev. A. Dyce, London: 1823; ii. 92.

may be the more certain of this, inasmuch as the author of this Tale of Troy was a fellow-dramatist, and a fellow-sharer in the Blackfriars theatre, together with our poet, in 1589, the very year in which the poem was published. But that he was fully aware of the story of Althæa's brand, that it was no dream, but a reality, we have under his own hand, in 2 Henry VI., i. 1, where he alludes to the story as it really ran in the ancient legend:

"York.—Methinks the realms of England, France,
and Ireland

Bear that proportion to my flesh and blood
As did the fatal brand Althæa burned
Unto the prince's heart of Calydon," &c.

Seeing, therefore, that our poet was aware that Hecuba, and not Althæa, was the person who dreamed of the firebrand, we do not hesitate to ascribe the error to the ignorance of the copyist or printer, and would, without scruple, recommend the correction to be inserted in the text of any future edition.

2. The Latinities of his diction.

In no instance whatsoever, under this head, has he been found wanting; and although, in numberless cases, he has employed Latin derivatives in senses not familiar to our modern use of them, still he will be found to have employed them in the exact vernacular sense which they bore in the Roman idiom. Would a man uncertain of his knowledge have ventured to commit himself on such a vein of language? Or could a man ignorant of the various and delicate shades of thought conveyed by peculiar words have carried on the practice through works so voluminous as his, and not have left behind him some slips to betray his presumption? Impossible, we should think. But, as he stands unimpeached on this subject, we may dismiss it, and proceed to the consideration of others, on which his competency has been more questioned.

3. His quotation of the Latin poets.

4. His tacit translations from the same.

We have carefully looked through Farmer's essay as the general repertory for objections upon these heads, but have found his charges so shadowy and fugitive as to leave us nothing to grapple with. Theobald may have been pedantic and Warburton fanciful in spying out recondite beauties and allusions; Upton may have "seen in Shakspeare more than Shakspeare knew;" and Whalley

given the credit of design to mere coincidences of thought and expression; and in the detection of such false criticisms lies the scene of Farmer's triumphs. And in such he has rendered yeoman's service to both learning and Shakspeare. But is Shakspeare to be answerable for the absurdities of his commentators? Deducting such triumphs, however, there is exceedingly little in the celebrated essay to affect the character of our poet as a scholar competent to the modest display of learning which his works exhibit. His quotations, as we have observed, are correct and applicable. What though some of them may have been cited by others where he *may* have found them? May he not as well have found them in their original places? Nay, must he not have understood their meaning and applicability wherever he found them? If it be an impeachment of any man's learning to prove that passages which he cites from the ancients have been cited before, then is not the reputation of almost every modern scholar in danger? then, would even Dr. Farmer himself come through the critical ordeal unblemished? We trow not. Passages cited by two or more persons may have been, in every instance, drawn from the fountain-head; and if so, it makes no difference which of them carried away the pitcher first.

But Farmer maintains the utter incompetency of our poet to taste of those waters. "He remembered," quoth the critic, "*perhaps* enough of his schoolboy learning to put the 'hig, hæg, hog' into the mouth of Sir Hugh Evans, and might pick up, in the writers of the time, or the course of his conversation, a familiar phrase or two of French or Italian; but his studies were most demonstratively *confined* to nature and his own tongue." To account, however, for some longer and stronger excerpts from the Latin poets, the Doctor is fain to insinuate the facilities afforded by the various *excerpta, sententiæ* and *Flores*; and yet is fain to content himself with the adduction of a single instance in which, as well as in others, it is contended that the poet was indebted to his Lilly's Syntax. The case is this: In "The Taming of the Shrew," Act i. sc. 1, *Tranio*, advising his master *Lucentio* how to deal with the sudden love with which he has been inspired, quotes from the "Eunuch" of Terence a line,* not

as it appears in the poet, but as it is given by the grammarian; it is also quoted, as he adds, in the same form by Udall, in his *Floures for Latin Speaking*, gathered out of *Terence*, (1560;) upon which the learned Doctor triumphantly observes: "The quotation from Lilly in 'The Taming of the Shrew,' if indeed it be his, strongly *proves the extent of his reading*. Had he known *Terence*, he would not have quoted erroneously from his grammar." This is surely a *non sequitur*: he might have done so for a purpose; and if we consider that the line is thus put into the mouth of a servant who is attending his young master to the university, we see abundant reason and propriety in selecting the book of accidence for the authority, rather than the original work of the poet. But we deny the inference of its showing the extent or the probable extent of our poet's acquaintance with Terence. The passage is quoted in the same form by Thomas Decker, a contemporary dramatist, in his "Bellman's Night Walk," &c.; and although we cannot say for a certainty that Decker was a university man, yet we may rest assured that he was a Latin scholar, capable of having read Terence in the original and of quoting him thence, by the number of very creditable Latin poems with which he has interspersed his pageant on the public entry of King James and his Queen into London, in March, 1603.† For any proof, therefore, which the passage affords of Shakspeare's incompetency in Latin, it is just as pregnant with reference to Decker. But against Decker it does not hold good; how, then, can it be held valid against Shakspeare?

"It is scarcely worth while mentioning," says the learned Doctor, "that two or three more Latin passages, which are met with in our author, are immediately transcribed from the chronicle before him."‡ Then why mention them at all, or why bring forward the second especially as an instance of our poet's double barbarity—his ignorance, to wit, "of *two* very common words in the French and Latin languages?" Suffice it to say, that

* Preface to 2d edition of the Essay, &c.

† "In terram salicam mulieres ne succedant."—HENRY V., i. 2.

‡ Notre très cher fils Henry, roy d'Angleterre, héritier de France; and thus in Latin: *Præclarissimus filius noster Henricus, rex Angliæ et hæres Franciæ*.—HENRY V., v. 2.

* Redime te captum quam quæras minimo.

both passages are honestly and openly copied from Holinshed, in his own words; and there is no need in the latter instance to protect either the historian or the poet from the imputation of ignorance, by supposing *præclarissimus* a typographical error for *præcarissimus*, the translation of "*très cher*." Malone admits that in all the old historians he had seen, as well as Holinshed, he found the same version of the title. It is, therefore, probable that the two titles may have been considered distinct and different, one to be used when the French king wrote to his son-in-law in French, and the other in diplomatic papers written to the English king in Latin. It is true that this must have been a misconception, for in the original treaty of marriage, the Latin word is rightly *præcarissimus*; but the distinction between a French style for private use, as it were, and a Latin style for public, receives in that document sufficient countenance to justify those who, without having seen the original, may have thought the variation between *très cher* and *præclarissimus* intentional. And this we conceive sufficient to explain why Shakspeare must not "indisputably have thought it proper to correct the blunder, had he been acquainted with both the languages."

Let us now briefly advert to his tacit translations from the Greek and Latin poets. They are numerous but not ostentatiously scattered throughout his works, and many of them are of extreme fidelity and elegance. This practice has been thought a merit in Ben Jonson, and a considerable collection of such beauties has been made from his works by Mr. Upton.* Similar collections—but still very far from complete—have been made from Shakspeare, by Upton and Dr. Whalley; and though neither may have succeeded in every instance to establish his point, enough still remains to show that our poet too was a felicitous and skilful translator; sometimes more elegant than Jonson, and never so verbal and unidiomatic. We meet in Shakspeare no such uncouth and unintelligible Latinisms, "give them words," by way of a translation of or equivalent for Horace's expression of "*dare nobis; verba;*"† but in all Jonson we find nothing more striking and true to the sense of the original,

and the idiom of both languages, than the rendering of the following passage from Horace:

—"*ut piget annos
Pupillis, quos dura premit custodia matrum,
Sic mihi tarda fluunt ingrataque tempora.*"

In the English of Shakspeare:

"She lingers my desires,
Like to a step-dame, or a dowager,
Long wintering out a young man's revenue."‡

Many illustrations, equally good, of our poet's competency to translate or paraphrase the ancients successfully might be adduced; but we must refer for them to the selections already mentioned.‡ What we would observe upon in Dr. Farmer's treatment of them is, that he unfairly seizes on the misconceptions or hyper-refinements of the critics, and, having easily exposed their fallacy, leaves the genuine flowers transplanted by the poet's hand quite untouched, but still under the suspicion that their beauties would in like manner vanish if scrutinized with the same jealousy.

Had the Doctor confined his criticism to Shakspeare's positive failures, rather than gathered triumphs from the mistakes of his critics, he would have displayed more critical candor. "But," quoth he, "the *sheet-anchor* holds fast; *Shakspeare himself has left us*

* *Midsummer Night's Dream*, i. 1.

† We must make room for one exception. Shakspeare appears to have paraphrased, happily enough, a passage in Anacreon. The lines in *Timon of Athens*, beginning,

"The sun's a thief, and with his great attraction
Robs the vast sea," &c.,

has all the air of a free translation of the famous *chanson à boire* of the Teian bard, commencing with

Ἡ γῆ μέλαινα κίβη—κ. τ. λ.

But no; Farmer now adheres to the version of Ben Jonson's invidious assertion, which represents our poet as having (not *less* Greek, but) "*no* Greek;" and rather than acknowledge him learned enough to read Anacreon in the original, is fain to neutralize a former illustration of his own. We have just seen how, from the words *très cher* and *præclarissimus*, in Henry V., he pronounced him ignorant of French and Latin; with a strange inconsistency, we now find him reversing the argument, and assuming his ignorance of Greek, because there were two pre-existing translations in Latin and one in French, of the ode in question. But if Shakspeare knew, according to the former argument, neither French nor Latin, how is his knowledge of Greek impeached by the pre-existence of those translations?

* Remarks on Three Plays of Benjamin Jonson, &c.: London, 1749.

† Volpone, i. 4.

some translations from Ovid. . . . This hath been the universal cry, from Mr. Pope himself to the critics of yesterday. Possibly, however, the gentlemen will hesitate a moment if we tell them that Shakspeare was *not* the author of these translations.* Nor did he ever pretend to be so. They were ascribed to him by a fraudulent publisher; by him disclaimed with indignation at the publisher's presumption, and were finally reclaimed by Thomas Heywood, the real translator of them.* If Dr. Farmer, however, had rightly considered the circumstances of this fraud, he would have found in them something rather unfavorable to his own hypothesis of Shakspeare's character for want of learning amongst his contemporaries. The attempt to pass off a set of (what must be called, for the time) very creditable translations of a Latin classic, under the name of a man notoriously ignorant of any language but English, must have been a very hopeless speculation for even the most daring of the *curis* of the day. The very publication of the book with his name upon the title-page, is proof that the poet enjoyed in his lifetime the popular reputation of being scholar enough for such a performance. He had been sufficiently long before the public to have his pretensions thoroughly canvassed and well known; the practicability, therefore, of such a fraud, is an argument in our favor, drawn from contemporary evidence. Farmer has both overplied and misapplied his vast and various erudition on this occasion. It did not surely require the acumen of a critic so learned and so witty as he, to convince the world that Hamlet's "Old True-penny" comes *not*—according to Upton's conceit—"either by way of irony or literally, from the Greek *τρυπανον*;" but it would take more than his learning and pleasantry to efface the impression of our poet's large and habitual converse with the ancients, left upon our minds by a succession of such works as his "Coriolanus," "Julius Cæsar," "Antony and Cleopatra," "Timon of Athens," "Troilus and Cressida," and (if it be not spurious) his "Titus Andronicus."

* Heywood's account of the matter is highly creditable to our poet. "He [Shakspeare] was much offended with Master Juggard, [the printer,] that, altogether unknown to him, he had presumed to make so bold with his name."—*Apology for Actors*; Appendix.

And this brings us naturally to the fifth consideration on which we are bold to assert his sufficiency as a Latin and Greek scholar, namely, the truthfulness and skill with which he has dramatized the classical stories above referred to. Our own opinion we have already delivered; we now come to deal with the objections.

"It is notorious," says Dr. Farmer, "that much of his *matter-of-fact* knowledge is deduced from Plutarch; but in what language he read him, hath yet been the question." Many things had been most absurdly written upon this subject by the preceding critics; and we are free to acknowledge the acuteness, the wit, and the success with which the Doctor exposes the fallacies and pedantic inferences of Pope, Theobald, and Upton. But, cutting short the extravagances into which they ran, he runs himself as much into the contrary extreme. They quote passages from those plays, and, presuming them to be direct translations from the Greek, not only infer from thence our poet's learning, but proceed to correct the supposititious errors of his text by a reference to the original. Dr. Farmer proves, with a certainty beyond dispute, that in writing those plays, or so much of them as are derived from Plutarch, our poet drew his materials directly from North's translation; and that consequently the text, in accordance with that translation, should be held to be the genuine text, though a deviation from historical fact. So far, he is evidently right; but when he produces those facts as a demonstration of our author's inability to read the Lives of Plutarch in the original, we conceive he overdraws upon his premises. "The Wounds of Civil War," a tragedy by Thomas Lodge, would involve its author in a similar charge of ignorance. In this play, as the editor of Dodsley's Old Plays (vol. viii. 11) observes, Lodge has very much followed the lives of Marius and Sylla, as given by Plutarch: he was a scholar, and it was not *necessary*, therefore, for him to resort to Sir Thomas North's translation from the French, of which Shakspeare availed himself. It is pretty evident, however, from a comparison of a few passages quoted in the notes in the progress of the play, that Lodge *did* employ this popular work, although he has varied some of the events, and especially the death of Sylla. Lodge, then, had recourse, in the composition of his play, to North's translation: he

had no need, indeed, for he was a Master of Arts in the University of Cambridge,* and consequently able to consult the original. But still he worked—perhaps for the greater facility—on the popular English version. It is not of necessity, therefore, that Shakspeare must needs have been unlearned, because, in the composition of his classical dramas, he consulted the translated rather than the original version of his authority. The argument, if good against him, is good against Lodge; but applied to Lodge, it will not hold water; and applied to Shakspeare, it is equally irretentive.†

But even were Farmer's argument more staunch than it is with reference to Plutarch,

* See Introduction to the play, in Dodsley's collection.

† Dr. Farmer might be allowed to triumph over Upton, if he did not turn his victories over the critic into discredits on the poet. He certainly proves (against Upton) that in rendering the answer of Octavius to Antony's challenge, Shakspeare had consulted North's translation of Plutarch, and not the original. Shakspeare gives it thus (as from Octavius):

— "let the old ruffian know
I have many other ways to die."
Antony and Cleop., A. S.

"What a reply is this!" cries Mr. Upton. "'Tis acknowledged he (Octavius) sh'd fall under the unequal combat. But if we read—

— 'let the old ruffian know
He hath many other ways to die,'

we have the poignancy and the very repartee of Cæsar in Plutarch."

Upon this Dr. Farmer remarks: "Most indubitably this is the sense of Plutarch, and given so in the *modern* translation; but Shakspeare was misled by the ambiguity of the old one." And so far the Doctor is right. Shakspeare consulted North; but when the critic thence infers his inability to read the original, he transgresses the bounds of fair inference, and involves writers whose learning he would be the last to dispute; for it is remarkable that Dryden has fallen into the very same mistake, and obviously from the same cause—not consulting the original Greek, but depending on the popular authority, whether North or Shakspeare. Thus:

Ventidius. I heard you challenged him [Octavius].

Antony. I did, Ventidius.

What think'st thou was his answer? 'Twas so tame!

He said *he* had more ways than one to die;

I had not.

All for Love, II. 1.

Was not Dryden a scholar? Nay, did he not translate Virgil, and parts at least of Ovid, Juvenal, Persius, and other Latin classics? Could he not read Greek? Nay, did he not translate Plutarch into the very modern version which Dr. Farmer alludes to?

it would leave the result quite inconclusive. "*Much*," says he, "of Shakspeare's matter-of-fact knowledge is deduced from Plutarch." True; but whence is the *remainder* derived? That remainder is very abundant, and involves a copious and exact acquaintance with the respective national (as well as individual) character of the ancients, their mythology, their religion, their morals, their habits of life, and their modes of thought and expression. Whence had Shakspeare his familiar mastery over this field of learning and knowledge?

Doctor Farmer does not attempt to throw any light on the subject; neither does he choose to grapple with the evidence furnished by those remarkable poems on which alone (or in conjunction with his sonnets) Shakspeare himself appears to have relied for permanent fame, and his contemporaries seem to have acknowledged his claims as a poet. We refer, of course, to his *Venus and Adonis*, and his *Rape of Lucrece*. These poems—the one a myth of ancient Greece, the other a legend of ancient Rome—evince a very considerable and, we are bold to say, a very minute and correct acquaintance with the literature, the manners, and the modes of thinking of the respective nations from whose literary remains they are derived. Criticism the most captious has been unable to detect in them a mistake; and Malone admits,* that to him "they appear superior to any pieces of the same kind produced by Daniel or Drayton, the most celebrated writers of this species of narrative poetry that were then known," both of them university scholars, and men of acknowledged learning. Is it to be thought, then, that a young poet, wishing to establish for the first time a poetical character, and dedicating his productions to one of the most eminent of the nobles in the learned court of Elizabeth, himself a graduate of both the universities, and a distinguished patron of learning and its professors—is it to be imagined, we say, that on such an occasion our poet, or any aspirant for poetical renown, except a mere dunce, would have risked his character on subjects upon which his want of competent knowledge would have betrayed him into frequent blunders, and risked, if not totally marred, the object he had in view? Or, on the other hand, is it to be imagined that a

* Notes at the conclusion of the *Rape of Lucrece*.

man who has executed his task so admirably was ignorant of the materials—the most elementary of the literary materials—upon which he was working? We would entreat the candid reader to peruse the quiet summary, or argument, in which the incidents of the Rape of Lucrece are prefixed to the poem, and then to say whether or not, in his opinion, it was drawn up by a man of competent knowledge, or whether the most exact scholar of his acquaintance could have done it with more easy skill and more classical mastery of the subject?

But even those productions furnish Farmer with no proof of the author's learning; on the contrary, he finds in them nothing but the evidence of two things, so contradictory that one of them must needs be false: namely, an unfounded pretension to learning which he had not, and a modest confession of the ignorance under which he labored. Let us examine each.

Shakspeare has prefixed to his *Venus and Adonis* a couplet from Ovid:—

"Vilia miretur vulgus; mihi flavus Apollo
Pocula Castalia plena ministrat aqua."

Upon which the Doctor observes: "But Shakspeare hath *somewhere* a Latin motto; and so hath *John Taylor*, and a whole poem upon it into the bargain;" and his inference is, that Shakspeare knew as little of the languages as this "honest John Taylor, the water-poet, who declares he *never learned his accidence*, and that *Latin and French* were to him heathen Greek;" and yet whose works have "more scraps of Latin and allusions to antiquity, than are any where to be found in the writings of Shakspeare." If this representation be strictly true, John Taylor was a very singular man. Of his allusions to antiquity we shall make no count, because he, as well as Shakspeare, or any body else, might have picked up much knowledge on the subject from English books then current; but for his *scraps* of Latin, which are, indeed, both numerous and aptly applied, he must either have understood their meaning, or used them by inspiration—or his books were not written by himself. But who except Farmer, and for what purpose but a derogatory one, ever thought of naming such men as Shakspeare and Taylor in the same category? However, the water-poet may have needed and sought a meretricious fame. Surely, the great Poet

of Nature needed no stilts to add to his elevation; no wadding, to bombast his pretensions. He was rich enough in himself to depend on his own resources; and we believe that one of the most marked characteristics of the highest intellectual power is the scorn of all affectation, the abstinence from all false glitter and borrowed plumage. When Robert Greene, in 1592,* railed at our poet as "an upstart crow, beautified with the feathers" of his truly worthless contemporaries, we are told by the editor of the libel that he [Shakspeare] resented the indignity:† and we really are at a loss to know with what reason or propriety he could have done so, if in the following year (1593, when the *Venus and Adonis* was published) he was prepared to exhibit himself to his patron and the world as a pretender to learning, "beautified with the feathers" of a literature which he did not understand. We therefore believe that the claim to learning ostensibly put forth, not merely in his motto, but in the subject of his poem, was not an idle pretension, because as such it would have been an imposition on the noble friend whose patronage he was courting, and would on detection bring him to shame; and also, because the editor of the very first libel published on his literary fame apologizes for the wrong, and withdraws the charge, expressly on the grounds of our poet's integrity of character and admitted literary resources.‡ Doctor Farmer could have given the subject but very slight consideration when he cast this sneer on the character of an ingenuous man. An opponent of his own, upon the subject in question, prefixed to his essay a Latin motto. Would he have felt justified in disabling his rival's character for learning by such a phrase as this: "Mr. Whalley has *somewhere* a Latin motto; but so has Taylor, the water-poet!" As well might an

* Greene's *Groat'sworth of Wit*, edited by H. Chettle, 1592.

† Kindheart's *Dream*, by H. Chettle, 1592.

‡ "Divers of worship," says the penitent editor, "have reported his uprightness of dealing, which argues his honestie and his facetious grace in writing, that approves his *art*." Whoever is acquainted with the use of the word *art*, with reference to letters, at the period in question, will perceive in the passage an admission of our poet's competence in such branches of learning as are taught at universities. Thus Greene, Nash, Chettle, &c., (Gabriel Harvey,) use the term *art-master* in the sense of one who had studied the art in a university.

enemy infer, from the absence of a Latin motto from his own essay on the learning of Shakspeare, the Doctor's inability to furnish one. Would the objection in either case be valid? Is it in any case an unprejudiced, a generous, or a candid one? Let any of our readers suppose himself about to appear before the public in print; would he, if he were so unlearned as Doctor Farmer represents Shakspeare to have been, prelude his labors with a motto from any of the learned languages? No; for that would be an affectation of being what he was not—a scholar in the language assumed. Doctor Farmer himself would not, under the circumstances, do so. Why then should he impute to the greatest intellect, perhaps, that the world ever wondered at, an affectation and a fraud which he would himself scorn to practise; and why should we believe an inference at once so discreditable to an honest man, and so improbable in the case of any man of genius?

But Farmer has another "irrefragable argument," founded on those very poems, of the poet's want of learning. "Did not Shakspeare himself," quoth he, "*confess* it, when he apologized to his noble friend, the Earl of Southampton, for his *untutored* lines?" True, the phrase occurs in his dedication of the Rape of Lucrece; and he offers another apology to the same noble friend, in his dedication of the Venus and Adonis, for his "*unpolished* lines." Now, what is the purport of either phrase, but the modest deprecation of superior merit, in which poets generally love to veil their own inward sense of the beauties which they feel it more becoming to have praised by others than to praise themselves? The passages are parallel and equivalent. The lines of the one poem are just as "*untutored*" as those of the other are "*unpolished*;" the amount of learning and polish in both are pretty fairly balanced, and the epithets so interchangeable, that either of them which first occurred to the poet's mind might have been used to convey the thought which he intended. It is only in the humble estimate of the author, that the lines of the Venus and Adonis are "*unpolished*;" in the judgment of his contemporaries, they were exquisitely polished and harmonious; and he whose ear was so sensible to all the melody of versification, could not have been unconscious of their charms. In the same

sense, and to the same degree, was his second offering at the shrine of his patron "*untutored*." We may rest assured that he would not have ventured to affront the good taste of his accomplished friend and patron by sheltering under the protection of his name a composition which he conceived likely to betray his deficiency in those attainments which were, at that time, the chief, if not the only passport to poetical reputation, and the possession of which are implied in the subject and title of his work.

The passage in question, therefore, is not a confession on the part of the poet of his ignorance of the learned languages; and it gives so little countenance to Doctor Farmer's argument, that, taken in its content, it affords the presumption that he was not unwilling to be thought a scholar competent to the task he had undertaken. Such an assumption on the part of such a man, (if fairly deducible from all the premises,) outweighs any possible amount of inferential criticism.

Readers of the Farmer school, however, will not be so easily reclaimed. They will even be surprised at the fatuity of our undertaking, and question the sincerity of our reverence. "Strange, indeed," they will say, in the words of their *coriphæus*, "strange that any *real* friends of our immortal poet should be still" [that is, after reading Doctor Farmer's Essay] "willing to force him into a situation which is not tenable: treat him as a *learned* man, and what shall excuse the most gross violations of history, chronology and geography?" And to this they will add false quantities in Latin names, together with sundry *proofs* of his ignorance of the modern languages.

For our own part, we do not seek to place him in any but the humble position to which his ambition was confined. We do not arrogate for him a rank amongst the profoundly learned of his day. Our sole object is to show that he might have been a student in either of the universities, and thence carried away as much of the learning there taught as the average run of its graduates appear to have done; and if we can show that his works exhibit at least as much learning, and only the same kind of errors, as the works—whether poetical or dramatic—of the graduates of one or both of the universities, who were his contemporaries, we shall have achieved all that we aspire to.

To begin, then, with the impeachment of his historical knowledge. In this department he has written dramatic histories; ten English, three Roman, and one Grecian, besides two English, one Scottish, one Roman, and three Greek legendary stories.*

It will not be required, we suppose, that the legendary tales shall be justified in every point; and yet they are as true to the original authorities from whence they are drawn, so far as we know them, as it is possible to conceive them.† We shall, therefore, pass them over, and apply ourselves to the histories. And first of the English histories.

It must never be forgotten that these plays do not profess to be exact chronicles of the reigns from which they are respectively entitled. The historical play of Shakspeare does not profess to represent the entire transactions of a reign, but only such of them as, bearing upon one point, represent a revolution of dynasty, or some great change in the constitution. Let us glance at them for a moment in this light. The main interest of King John is the *first great shock which the Papal supremacy received in England*, preparatory to its final extinction in the reign of Henry VIII., with which two plays the historical series of our dramatic historian begins and ends. The intermediate series runs in such an uninterrupted se-

quence, the ending of one and the beginning of another are so closely connected together, that they seem to constitute less a number of independent dramas than a succession of scenes, arranged into parts convenient for dramatic representation. In this respect they bear a strong analogy to the Grecian system of Trilogies; and may thus perhaps be considered as a great epic drama, or a dramatic epopee, divided, like Spenser's Fairy Queen, into parts, books, and cantos. This great epic drama, then, (if we may be allowed to consider it so,) constitutes a scenic history of the changes of dynasty and constitution which took place in the interval between the accession of Richard II. and the death of Richard III., from the extinction of the Plantagenet line, to the succession of the line of Tudor; and embraces in its scope precisely the same time and the same revolutions which Daniel meant to have comprised in his heroic poem of the "Civil Wars between the Houses of York and Lancaster," but from the completion of which he was prevented, either by want of encouragement or by death. In Richard II. we have the foundation and commencement of that long and bloody struggle between the rival houses which did not cease to ravage the land until the union of both in the persons of Henry VII. and his queen, and the establishment of the line of Tudor. In the two parts of Henry IV., we find the history (in each respectively) of the two rebellions which disturbed the reign of the usurper. Henry V. records the glories of the British conquest of France, and the union of the French and British crowns. The three parts of Henry VI. are a history of the loss of our French conquests, and the *civil wars between the rival Roses*, their origin and progress; and Richard III. brings them to a close; so that this part of the series might be called **THE QUARREL OF THE ROSES**.

Henry VI. exhibits—

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| Part 1st. | The adoption of the Roses as badges of party. | |
| Part 2d. | The vicissitudes | { of the Red Rose to the battle of St. Albans.
Of the White Rose to the battle of Tewkesbury. |
| Part 3d. | | |
| Richard III. | The quarrel closed at the battle of Bosworth field, and the UNION OF THE ROSES by the intermarriage of the rival houses of York and Lancaster. | |

And here ends, as we conceive, the great

* Viz., English histories: King John; Richard II.; Henry IV., two parts; Henry V.; Henry VI., three parts; Richard III.; Henry VIII. English legends: Lear, Cymbeline. Scottish legend: Macbeth. Roman histories: Coriolanus, Julius Caesar, Antony and Cleopatra. Roman legend: the Rape of Lucrece. Greek history: Timon of Athens. Greek legends: Midsummer Night's Dream, Troilus and Cressida, and Venus and Adonis.

† The Midsummer Night's Dream, which we have numbered amongst the Greek legends, is founded throughout on Chaucer's Palamon and Arcite. So is the Two Noble Kinemen of Fletcher; and this simple fact gave rise, we believe, to the supposition which the printer of the latter has embodied on its title-page, namely, that the play was "written by the ever-memorable worthies of the then time, Mr. John Fletcher, and Mr. William Shakspeare, Gent." That they both worked on the same story appears to us (after careful comparison) to be the sole foundation of the thought of its being a joint production. Fletcher, however, has kept close to the original; his rival lovers are knights; Shakspeare's are civilians; and whilst the lady-loves of the latter are both citizen's daughters, those of Fletcher are, the one a princess, the other the daughter of a jailor.

epic drama of those civil wars which prepared the national mind, character, and institutions of England for the great reformation of religion which was even then impending. For we may observe that, as between the plays of *King John* and *Richard II.* there is a long interval of time, so, between those of *Richard III.* and *Henry VIII.* there is the unoccupied interval of a long reign; a reign pregnant indeed with civil changes, which, however important in the internal policy of the kingdom, bore no direct relation to the revolution in religion which was then in peace maturing itself for a sturdy contest with the Papal supremacy. Before the Reformed faith could be by law established in England, it was necessary that the intrusive supremacy of Rome should be broken down; and this was effected by the causes and through the agencies which form the sum and substance of our author's *Henry VIII.* In *King John* we find the beginning of this great end; in *Henry VIII.*, its consummation. We therefore regard those plays as, respectively, the prologue and epilogue to the great dramatic epopee which lies between them; and believe the whole to be one complete poem, in which the author designed to give to his countrymen a popular and instructive view of the historic events by which the nation was purified and exalted, and prepared for the reception of that Reformation which, commenced by Edward VI., was completed under the auspices of the then reigning sovereign, Elizabeth.

This was indeed a design of infinite grandeur, and worthy of the noblest intellect. That it was the design of our poet, may be inferred, without doubt, from the state in which he has bequeathed the performance to posterity. For whether the several parts of the performance were written and produced upon the stage in the exact order of time which the sequence of history requires, or otherwise, it is certain that we have them in the order and in the condition which he finally adopted for their proper order and condition, and in which he left them in the hands of his posthumous editors. If indeed they had been printed in the first edition of his collected works in any other order than that in which we find them, we should ourselves have been obliged to restore them to their natural sequence; for so closely is each succeeding part of the great drama, from

Richard II. to the end of Richard III., interwoven and dovetailed, both in point of time and matter, with the part foregoing, that not one of the intermediate pieces could be fully understood on perusal, unless the preceding performance had been previously mastered. Of this any reader may convince himself by beginning his study of the series with Richard III., and so trying backwards up to Richard II. The experiment will convince him how exact the succession and dependence of one part upon another is, and how skilfully the poet has secured to each its necessary place; a circumstance which, we need hardly say, could not have happened, were the several pieces independent performances, and not regular parts of an orderly whole.

That the design was executed with a competent knowledge and consummate ability must be admitted, when we consider that the series has become the great national book of instruction on the subject, and that the people of England have learned from it more of the history of that period than from the most authentic, exact and popular works of their professed historians. Shakspeare, indeed, "was no hunter of MSS." 'Tis not the dramatist's business. "*Aut famam sequere, aut sibi convenientia finge,*" is the precept of Horace to the dramatic poet. But as our poet, writing history, was not free to invent a fiction, we do not see what better he could have done than adopt the "*famam*"—the most popular account of the matters in hand which he could find. Daniel did the same in his "*Civil Warres*;" he copied from Hall's "*Chronicle*;" Shakspeare from Holinshed's; and whatever historical mistakes are to be found, either in the historical epic of the one or the epic drama of the other, are the mistakes, not of the respective poets, but of the chroniclers whom they followed. This much is certain, that Shakspeare's history of this period is just as correct as Daniel's. Now, Daniel was a man of admitted learning, proceeded to a master's degree at Oxford, and was a professed historiographer in prose as well as verse. If his errors, few and trifling, do not impeach his character for learning, may we not extend to his rival's case the generous sentiment of the Roman poet:

"Verum ubi plura nitent in carmine, non ego paucis
Offendere maculis, quas aut incuria fudit,
Aut humana parum cavit natura;"

and concede that Shakspeare may, after all, have been as learned as Daniel?

So much for the English histories; now for the ROMAN and GREEK.

The concluding observations on the foregoing head will suffice for these. They are not professed chronicles; they are built on the "*famam*"—the popular account—of the characters and events they record; and as North's "Plutarch" then stood in that relation, and was, without concealment, the source from whence Shakspeare drew, the poet, if true to that, was as true to history as he intended to be; and for the errors into which he may have fallen, his authority is to be held in fault, and not himself. Even in this respect, we doubt whether Ben Jonson's Roman plays, though drawn directly from the fountains of Sallust and Tacitus, be more correct. We have already shown that his recourse to a *translation* is no proof of his inability to consult the original. He did in this case precisely what Lodge had done; and his performances in this branch of history are certainly as correct as that of his learned contemporary, the author of "The Wounds of Civil War." In truth, compared with any of the historical plays of his time, whether of ancient or modern story, the productions of Lylie, Greene, Marlow, Peele, Lodge, Nash, &c., &c., those of Shakspeare are infinitely superior, not merely in poetical power, which is a gift, but in historical knowledge, which is an acquirement of study. Why, then, should he be held inferior to them in this branch of the accomplishments of a scholar?

But his gross violations of chronology prove his deficiency in learning! Do they, indeed? Then the reproach cannot reach him till it has pierced through the ribs of Virgil, who, notwithstanding his synchronism of Dido and Æneas, stands invulnerable as a poet, accomplished in all the learning of his times. Then will he only bear the reproach of ignorance in common with most of the poets and dramatists of his day. Does he, in the "Midsummer Night's Dream," people Athens and the woods adjoining with fairies? And do not Christopher Marlow and Thomas Nash—the one a master and the other a bachelor of arts in the University of Cambridge—in their joint production of "Dido, Queen of Carthage," represent her majesty's nurse complaining that "some fairies have beguiled her," and stolen the

young Ascanius from her arms by night!* Does Shakspeare confound the rites of modern chivalry with the practices of ancient warriorship? Which of his contemporaries did not do the same? He arrays Troilus for the field with the sleeve of the inconstant Cressida in his helmet; but is he not matched by George Peele, "Maister of Artes in Oxenforde," as he underwrites himself, who, in his "Arraignment of Paris," brings in upon Mount Ida "nine knights in armour, treading a warlike almain, by drum and fife," for the entertainment of the three rival goddesses? And doth not the same George Peele, in his poem entitled "The Beginning, End, and Accidents of the War of Troy," exhibit, on the banks of the Scamander,

"Sir Paris, mounted, in his armour bright,
Prick forth, and on his helm his mistress' sleeve!"

Again, do not Beaumont and Fletcher, both of them university scholars of repute, in their "Humorous Lieutenant," make Leontius desire the king's son to

"Hang all his ladies' favours on his crest,
And let them fight their shares"

for him in the ensuing battle? And this battle, by the way, reminds us of another

* Ben Jonson equally confounds the ancient mythologies of Greece and Rome with those of modern Europe in our author's time. In his masque of the "Fairy Prince," (written for Prince Henry,) the first person introduced is "a Satyr calling upon *Chromis* and *Mnasyl*," ("two young Satyrs," as he tells us, "found in the 6th Eclogue of Virgil,") "to know whether they have seen any thing of late of *Silenus*, the pædagogus of *Bacchus*." Receiving no response, he winds his horn, and forthwith enter *Cercops*, and *Silenus*, and *Sylvanus*, and groups of *Satyrs* and *Silvanes*; and a dialogue ensues, in which *Silenus* informs the good company that

"These are nights
Solemn to the shining rites
Of the Fairie Prince and Knights,
While the moone their orgies lights.

Satyr 2. Will they come abroad anon?

Satyr 3. Shall we see young Oberon?" &c.

After much more of this, and some singing and dancing, the whole palace opens, and the nation of Fays [Elves and all] are discovered, and knights and masquers sitting in their several sieges; and at the farther end of all, *Oberon*, in a chariot drawn by two white bears; and finally, the whole party, *Satyrs*, *Sylvans*, *Nymphs*, *Silenus* and *Sylvanus* and the rest, together with *Oberon* and the greater and the lesser Fays and Elves, fall a dancing their measures, corantos, galliards, &c., until *Phosphorus* appears, and the whole, with its machinery, vanishes!

flagrant anachronism of our poet. Does he not, in his 1st Henry IV., represent the Douglas amusing himself at sparrow-shooting with a pistol,* long before the invention of gunpowder? But Beaumont and Fletcher are at it much earlier; for, in the aforesaid "Humorous Lieutenant,"—the time of which is the close of the reign of Alexander the Great,—Demetrius enters with a loaded pistol in his hand, presents and fires it at the Lieutenant. The victim falls, indeed, but only to rise a better man than before! And *à propos* to such anachronistic weapons, can it be forgotten that Thomas Heywood, Fellow of St. Peter's College, Cambridge, provides his Psyche with "a sharp-set razor" to cut Cupid's throat withal?† or that Marlow and Nash furnish Æneas with a "tinder-box," and represent him as a civil engineer, laying down plans and elevations of Carthage with "paper," and doubtless with pen and ink, in his hand?‡ Could those "art-masters" have seen as far forward into time as they looked back into its records, we should probably have beheld the hero of the play taking gradients for a line of railway between the capitals of the Sidonian Dido and the Getulian Tarbas.

"Yes, that's all very true; but does not Shakspeare make Hector quote Aristotle?" He does.§ But does not Robert Greene, "*in artibus magister utriusque Academicæ*," in "a philosophical combat" or *conversatione* between Hector and Achilles, with the chiefs on both sides and their respective

ladies, held at the Grecian tents during an interval of the siege—does he not we say, make Iphigenia (however that lady came there) frump the Trojans for their want of an "academie" like to the Grecians, and commend the moral philosophy of *Appian* to their study? and doth not *Andromache*, waxing "a little pleasaunt and satyricall," reply with a "quip modest" against the "self-conceit of the Grecian ladies in their wysedome?" "Our ladies," quoth she, "like homely huswyfes, beguile time with the dystaffe; but your dames apply their myndes to their *books*, and become so *well lettered*, that after long study they proove as vertuous as Helena." Iphigenia of course blushes, apologizes, and defends. Cassandra takes up her parable, and spouts Latin; and the wily Ulysses quotes *Horace*! And moreover, doth not the same worthy, in conjunction with Thomas Lodge, *A.M.*, *Cantab.*, in the "Looking-Glass for London," make Rasni, the King of Nineveh in the days of Jonas the prophet, quote from Virgil's celebrated distich; and to show himself perfect master of the language, modify it (without the aid of Lilly's *Syntax*) to his own purpose? And are not the rabblement of that doomed city as intimate with *Galen* as their monarch with Maro? And do they not, moreover, prate as familiarly (though it is rather out of place, both here and there) of *rapiers*, ale-houses, parish churches, sextons, squires, and christening cakes, as Parson Adams or Doctor Paley, in more modern times, could do for their lives? But enough of this. Even a more serious charge against his chronology, involving the occasional misplacing of historical facts with reference to the real order of their occurrence, must be postponed for a more convenient opportunity.

* "And with his pistol shoot a sparrow flying."
—1st Hen. IV.

† "Love's Mistress, or Cupid and Psyche," by Thomas Heywood.

‡ "Dido, Queen of Carthage," by Christopher Marlow and Thomas Nash.

§ "Troilus and Cressida," ii. 2.

BAYARD TAYLOR'S POEMS.

Messrs. Ticknor, Reed & Fields are doing the community a great service in their publication of a uniform edition of American Poets. As the poetical works of many of our eminent countrymen have successively appeared from their press, we have taken pleasure in committing them to our library and to our memory, as worthy of being preserved and of being remembered. We have accustomed ourselves to regard their names upon the title-page of a volume of poems as a guaranty of its excellence. We have always believed them eminently disposed to lend a helping hand to all efforts of real and persevering genius. We have always found them considerate toward the rights of American men of letters, and very sparing in gratifying our unnational taste for pirated literature. When to this it is added, that the publications of their house are uniformly refining and pure in their tendencies, and unexceptionable alike in the internal spirit and the external letter, we must feel assured that whatever volumes they may continue to publish are worthy of being commended to the attention of all readers.

But our estimate of Mr. Taylor's poems is not based upon the name of his publishers. We have watched Mr. Taylor's poetical career for some years with no ordinary interest, and with each of his successive effusions, our confidence in his powers and in his success has been strengthened. There is nothing of feebleness in Mr. Taylor; he is never strained, never affected, and never untrue to a fine vein of healthy sentiment, which pervades the entire composition of his mind. From the day on which he embarked for Europe, a mere stripling, with no advantages of education beside those which, with infinite difficulty, he had provided for himself, with very little money in his pocket, and very unsubstantial prospects of obtaining more, until now, when the literary ambition of most men would be satisfied with the honors he has gained, he has continually shown a perseverance, a self-reliance, and a willingness to work, which of themselves could scarcely have failed to command suc-

cess, and which, united with his talents, have proved the harmony of the union between labor and genius, and the wisdom of employing the one to minister to the full development of the other. His steady and onward course furnishes one more instance to disprove the oft-alleged inseparableness between poetical talent and moral enfeeblement, and to establish the fact that a favorite of the Muses may be also an upright, laborious, practical man. If men were not by nature disposed to look obliquely at any qualification which they do not themselves possess, and to ally the worst of faults with the most eminent of capabilities, whenever such a union is sanctioned by a single precedent, we should think it worth while to spend a little time in combating a popular notion that a poet must be visionary, spend-thrift, or dissipated; that he must rave with Shelley, scatter with Savage, or tipple with Byron; that he must be a child in practical affairs, unfit to manage a household, disqualified for the duties of an active citizen, a day-dreamer, and an idle participant in the blessings provided by others.

But without stopping to make war upon a very ill-founded theory, we may say that Mr. Taylor has probably written better verses, and that his mind is in better order for the production of good poetry, than if he had devoted himself entirely to poetical labor from the day he began to write verses at all, and, shutting himself up among his books, had entered upon a life of intellectual seclusion. Mr. Taylor, as is very well known, is a prominent member of the editorial corps of a leading daily journal of this city, and, in his professional duty, performs day by day an amount of work which might amply justify any man in entire relaxation during all his intervals of leisure. But as a life of idleness makes no man a poet, so the poetical spirit of no man is stifled by daily exercise in the conflicts of life. While the busy man labors, he can not only think, but he can gather materials for after-thought. Amid the most active duties, the intellect is never debarred from noticing all that is noticeable,

and analyzing all that challenges its power. And it is more than probable that the very points on which it seizes, under such a condition of its use, are the points most calculated to interest the majority of men, but upon which they may not have time or ability to comment for themselves. It must be true, that the writer who mingles most with men is able, other things being equal, to write most acceptably to the majority of readers. If Shelley had passed six hours a day with his fellow-Englishmen, the number of his readers would have increased a hundred-fold. If Southey had been a merchant, or a practitioner at the bar, he might have written less poetry, but what he might have written would have been vastly more readable. Abstraction, and a misguided aversion to the duties of common life, destroyed the power of the marvellous genius of Keats. Similar traits of character, but partially subdued, neutralize the effect of many of the efforts of Tennyson. Poets cannot know every thing by intuition; and the greatest and most prolific of all their themes, human character, requires an amount of study which can only be successfully and fully performed by constant intercourse with the world, by cheerfully participating in its duties, and sharing whatever of rational pleasure or inevitable sorrow its unceasing revolutions may bring.

We consider Mr. Taylor a very eminent example of the poetical talent of Young America, classing him among those writers who have appeared since the commencement of the decade recently passed; a decade whose early barrenness gave but slight token of the richness of its latter half. The writers of whom we speak (Saxe, Stoddard, Fields, Lowell,)—are distinguished for lyrical fire, a practical vein of metaphysics, a happy boldness of language, sensuousness of fancy, deficiency in all but the more earthly qualities of imagination, and, in common with their transatlantic brethren, for inability or unwillingness to undertake epical or even prolonged efforts. When we compare these writers, not with their elders in poetical literature, but with the poets of an earlier generation, the Trumbulls, the Dwights and the Barlows, we cannot but notice a great and a peculiar difference. We see one generation, occupying a field which lay barren before the eyes of the other, composing songs where the other elaborated epics;

adorning fragments of legendary narrative, or mythological fable, where the other bent its powers under the weight of the gravest matters of history or metaphysical speculation. And, regarding the portentous volumes of our earlier poets, we cannot wonder that their descendants are not as emulous of their untiring prolixity as of their poetical ambition. From any other than the briefest of volumes, the reading community of the present day start back in positive dismay. We have no time for poems comprising twelve or twenty-four books, though built according to the precepts of Boileau and the example of Milton, and though they may treat of the greatest of national or historical affairs. We ask for the pith of volumes in sentences; history, philosophy, scientific speculations are alike subjected to a universally demanded compression, and poets find that the shorter and the more vigorous are their effusions, the more numerous and the better pleased are their readers.

If the only recommendation of our rising poets, beyond that which we award to their forerunners in American letters, consisted in brevity, we should feel that we were saying but little in their praise. But, happily, we are not obliged to stop here. We hazard nothing in saying that the productions of our earlier poets are at once less powerful and less natural, less imbued with the true poetical fervor, the hearty *abandon* to the impulses of the imagination or the fancy, and therefore less fitted to produce that effect upon the reader which is the aim of all poetry, than the works of our living writers. Our present poets sweep the lyre with a bolder and a stronger hand, are truer to their native instinct, are more fervid, more passionate, less regardful of critical codes, and less distrustful of a response from their hearers. From the very nature of what they write, they become self-reliant, and hopeful of favor from the world. If they were obliged to devote years to a single piece, whose success should determine their reputation for ever, we can imagine the diffidence, the frequent heart-sinkings, the oft-recurring temptations to a total abandonment of their work, under which they would inevitably labor; we can readily see that they would grow timid, would prefer safe mediocrity to perilous brilliancy, would often become dull from fear of being thought profane, and

would imitate well-known models rather than risk their fame by trusting to an untried and uncertain originality. How different from this is the courage of a writer who feels that he may commit many failures before he is condemned; who is conscious that, if he errs to-day, he may correct his mistake to-morrow; whose path is guided, not by one, but by many verdicts upon his past course, and whose ripening and improving powers are for ever employed on fresh efforts, instead of being hampered by a connection with some protracted and feebly commenced undertaking, which it is scarcely possible to improve without total reconstruction, and which cannot be abandoned without a sacrifice of much toilsome and as yet unremunerated labor!

Mr. Taylor has included in the volume whose title forms the heading of this article, nearly all the poems he has written since the publication of his former work, the "Rhymes of Travel." Many of these poems have appeared in the Philadelphia magazines, to which Mr. Taylor is a regular contributor; and having been extensively republished by the newspaper press, have aided in no small degree to increase the reputation of their author. The few of his productions which he has seen fit to omit, are precisely those in which we have found least to admire, either from the presence of positive defects, or from the absence of any thing that could distinguish them from the general run of magazine poetry. We should have been pleased, however, to have seen the "Song of the Dreams," originally published in *Sartain's Magazine*, with some slight alterations, included in this collection; and we regret that it has been condemned by its author to share the same fate with that much-talked-about offering to the Queen of Song, which for the time placed Mr. Taylor's name in such close juxtaposition with the names of Messrs. Genin and Barnum.

"Mon-da-min, or the Romance of Maize," an Indian legend, the longest poem of the volume, placed, in conformity to poetical usage, in advance of all the others, is a very unfortunate effort. As a work of art, it is unquestionably good; but the subject is uninteresting and prosaic, and would have remained so in the hands of much more eminent poets than any now living. The Indian character seems to have been with American writers a subject of duty rather

than of interest, and each one has felt himself obliged to devote more or less labor to the task of making a savage, unimaginative, and cowardly race appear intellectual, aspiring, and heroic. And whatever of rude interest may exist in the aboriginal nature, no poetical efforts have as yet been successful in commending it to our admiration, or even to our sympathy. And our prose writers have fared scarcely better in their dealings with so unpromising a theme. Mr. Cooper is the only exception to the long list of failures. Yet, even in Cooper's novels, we are willing to leave it with the reader to determine whether the backwoodsman is not a more heroic and a more interesting character than the Indian; whether we do not watch his career with more enthusiasm; whether we do not grieve more readily over his misfortunes; and whether, in spite of all the dignities that art has attempted to throw over the red man's nature, we do not constantly regard him with distrust and aversion, even if he is made too conspicuous for indifference, and too generous to be met with our natural hostility. We trust that Mr. Taylor, having satisfied his conscience and freed himself from all obligation towards a very unsatisfactory subject for poetry, may hereafter abstain from a theme so uncongenial to the muse.

"Hylas," a few pages beyond, is a production of great beauty, full of fire, strongly and graphically written, and abounding in those fine rhetorical passages which constitute one of Mr. Taylor's peculiar excellences. Most of our readers will recollect the story. A Greek boy, while bathing in the river Scamander, is spied by water-nymphs, and in spite of his struggles is made a prisoner to their violent love, and, like the unwary voyagers upon the Rhine, who have been fascinated by the melodious voice of Loralie, is for ever detained below the waters. We have only room for one or two extracts from this poem, and we select the following lines as a specimen of Mr. Taylor's powers of description:—

"Then, stooping lightly, loosened he his buskins,
And felt with shrinking feet the crispy verdure,
Naked, save one light robe, that from his shoulder
Hung to his knee, the youthful flush revealing
Of warm, white limbs, half nerved with coming
manhood,
Yet fair and smooth with tenderness of beauty.
The thick, brown locks, tossed backward from his
forehead,

Fell soft about his temples; manhood's blossom
 Not yet had sprouted on his chin, but freshly
 Curved the fair cheek, and full the red lip's parting,
 Like a loose bow that just has launched its arrow;
 His large blue eyes, with joy dilate and beamy,
 Were clear as the unshadowed Grecian heaven;
 Dewy and sleek, his dimpled shoulder rounded
 To the white arms and whiter breast beneath them.
*Downward, the supple lines had less of softness;
 His back was like a god's; his loins were moulded
 As if some pulse of power began to waken;
 The springy fulness of his thighs, outswerving,
 Sloped to his knee, and, lightly dropping downward,
 Drew the curved lines that breathe, in rest, of motion."*

The lines we have italicised, we have never seen surpassed; and we doubt if a truer, more vigorous, more terse, and at the same time a more poetical description of manly beauty and strength was ever given. The closing lines of this poem are full of rhetorical beauty:—

"The sunset died behind the crags of Imbros.
 Argo was tugging at her chain; for freshly
 Blew the swift breeze, and leaped the restless
 billows.
 The voice of Jason roused the dozing sailors,
 And up the ropes was heaved the snowy canvas.
 But mighty Héracles, the Jove-begotten,
 Unmindful stood, beside the cool Scamander,
 Leaning upon his club. A purple chlamys
 Tossed o'er an urn was all that lay before him;
 And when he called, expectant, 'Hylas! Hylas!'
 The empty echoes made him answer, 'Hylas!'"

We do not remember having looked through a book of poems for several years back, without noticing very clearly the influence of Tennyson. Mr. Tennyson, besides taking rank as the most popular poet of the day, has also become, in a most eminent degree, a study for poets; and his many excellences and defects, his graces and his subtleties, his niceties and his obscurities—somewhat changed in form, it is true, by the peculiarities of each mind through which they are transmitted—are fast being poured through a hundred channels into the vast and never-filled reservoir of current poetry. In asserting thus much, we intend to accuse no one of plagiarism; for although Mr. Tennyson's poetical property has often been most violently outraged, we are happy to say that neither has Mr. Taylor, nor any other of those writers mentioned in his company a few pages back, been guilty of this inexcusable criminality. Nor are we speaking now so much of imitation as of an acquiescence in that subtle influence which is ever diffused from the productions of a master in

any art, and which, within reasonable limits, may be accepted not only without dishonesty or servility, but, on the contrary, with positive advantage. Poetry, like philosophy, has its epochs and its changes. If Pope had never lived, the school of poetry of which he was the head and the most eminent example, would undoubtedly have flourished through its appointed time, to give place to another equally inevitable. The poetry of the Lakers seems to have sprung up in half a dozen minds at once; and in several writers of the present day whom we might name, both English and American, often unthinkingly styled imitators, the Tennysonian vein appears as natural and as unstrained as if their own genius had been its prime originator. We cannot better illustrate our meaning than by quoting a few stanzas from one of Mr. Taylor's finest poems, which the reader will see are not plagiarisms, not imitations, but are, on the other hand, eminently original, and which remind us not so much of Tennyson himself, as of the existence of those fine trains of thought which are shared in common by the best poets of the day, and which will hereafter be noticed as one of the chief characteristics of the poetry of this particular era. The poem is entitled "The Metempsychosis of the Pine:"—

"As when the haze of some wan moonlight makes
 Familiar fields a land of mystery,
 When all is changed, and some new presence
 wakes
 In flower, and bush, and tree,

"Another life the life of day o'erwhelms;
 The past from present consciousness takes hue,
 And we remember vast and cloudy realms
 Our feet have wandered through:

"So, oft, some moonlight of the mind makes dumb
 The stir of outer thought; wide open seems
 The gate where, through strange sympathies, have
 come
 The secret of our dreams;

"The source of fine impressions, shooting deep
 Below the failing plummets of the sense;
 Which strike beyond all time, and backward
 sweep
 Through all intelligence.

"We touch the lower life of beast and clod,
 And the long process of the ages see
 From blind old Chaos, ere the breath of God
 Moved it to harmony.

"All outward wisdom yields to that within,
 Whereof nor creed nor canon holds the key;
 We only feel that we have ever been,
 And evermore shall be."

Some time since, when Mr. Taylor commenced to write, public attention was called to his eminent command of sonorous and poetical language, to the rhythmic sweep of his stanzas, and to the superior rhetorical merit of all his compositions. These qualities were insisted on, at the expense of his imagination and his sentiment, until finally those readers who were more disposed to yield to critical opinions than to abide by their own convictions, allowed themselves to believe that he was nothing more than a rhetorician, who, after having rung the changes upon a certain number of poetical words, would cease to write any thing either readable or remarkable. This is not the first instance in which some one distinguishing excellence of an author has operated unfavorably to his general fame; has either usurped the place of all his other merits, or has been made to hide them from sight; and we are glad, therefore, to see Mr. Taylor's poems in a collected form, so that their various qualities may be readily perceived, compared and estimated. We have no fear that his claims to a brilliant if not a spiritual imagination, a delicate and yet a healthy sentiment, a keen perception, and ready powers of description, will suffer with any candid reader, simply because he possesses the advantage of being able to express as strongly as he feels. To us it seems a proof of careful study, and of mastery of the poetical art, to have the faculty of writing verses in which there shall not be one unmistakable idea, in which every thought shall present itself to the reader in a clear and precise form, and which shall all be knit together by verbal melody and metrical precision.

Perhaps, in the piece we are about to quote, certain critics might find so much of rhetoric that their eyes would become blinded to the many other qualities of fine poetry which it contains; but before we are convinced that we have been betrayed by sounding words into a weakness of judgment, we must be shown as many stanzas of contemporaneous poetry containing more of poetical fire and manliness of sentiment:

"THE HARP: AN ODE.

I.

"When bleak winds through the northern pines
were sweeping,
Some hero-skald, reclining on the sand,
Attuned it first, the chords harmonious keeping
With murmuring forest, and with moaning
strand;

And when, at night, the horns of mead foamed
over,
And torches flared around the wassail board,
It breathed no song of maid nor sigh of lover,
It rang aloud the triumphs of the sword!
It mocked the thunders of the ice-ribbed ocean,
With clenched hands beating back the dragon's
prow;
It gave Berserker arms their battle-motion,
And swelled the red veins on the Viking's
brow!

II.

"No myrtle, plucked in dalliance, ever sheathed it,
To melt the savage ardor of its flow;
The only gauds wherewith its lord unwreathed it,
The lusty fir and Druid mistletoe.
Thus bound, it kept the old, accustomed cadence,
Whether it pealed through slumberous ilex
bowers,
In stormy wooing of Byzantine maidens,
Or shook Trinacria's languid lap of flowers;
Whether Genseric's conquering march it chanted,
Till cloudy Atlas rang with Gothic staves,
Or, where gray Calpe's pillared feet are planted,
Died grandly out upon the unknown waves!

III.

"Not unto Scania's bards alone belonging
The craft that loosed its tongues of changing
sound,
For Ossian played, and ghosts of heroes thronging,
Leaned on their spears above the misty mound.
The Cambrian eagle, round his eyrie winging,
Heard the loud shout through mountain passes
rolled,
When bearded throats chimed in with mighty
singing,
And monarchs listened, in their torques of gold;
Its dreary wall, blent with the seamew's clangor,
Surged round the lonely keep of Penmaen
Mawr;
It pealed afar, in battle's glorious anger,
Behind the banner of the Blazing Star!

IV.

"The strings are silent; who shall dare to wake
them,
Though later deeds demand their living
powers!
Silent in other lands, what hand shall make them
Leap as of old, to shape the songs of ours!
Here, while the sapless bulk of Europe moulders,
Springs the rich blood to hero-veins unsealed,—
Source of that Will, that on its fearless shoulders
Would bear the world's fate lightly as a shield;
Here moves a larger life, to grander measures
Beneath our sky and through our forests rung.
Why sleeps the harp, forgetful of its treasures,
Buried in songs that never yet were sung!

V.

"Great solemn songs, that with majestic sounding
Should swell the nation's heart, from sea to
sea;
Informed with power, with earnest hope abound-
ing,
And prophecies of triumph yet to be!

Songs, by the wild wind for a thousand ages
 Hummed o'er our central prairies, vast and
 lone;
 Glassed by the northern lakes in crystal pages,
 And carved by hills on pinnacles of stone;
 Songs chanted now, where undiscovered fountains
 Make in the wilderness their babbling home,
 And through the deep-hewn cañons of the moun-
 tains
 Plunge the cold rivers in perpetual foam!

VI.

*Sung but by these. Our forests have no voices;
 Rapt with no loftier strains our rivers roll;
 Far in the sky, no song-crowned peak rejoices
 In sounds that give the silent air a soul.
 Wake, mighty Harp! and thrill the shores that
 hearken
 For the first peal of thine immortal rhyme;
 Call from the shadows that begin to darken
 The beaming forms of our heroic time;
 Sing us of deeds that, on thy strings outsoaring
 The ancient soul they glorified so long,
 Shall win the world to hear thy grand restoring,
 And own thy latest thy sublimest song!"

We owe no apology to our readers for having quoted this fine lyric at length, although we find ourselves, in consequence, obliged to omit one or two other pieces marked for quotation, among which we may mention "Taurus" and "The Waves." We have, perhaps, protracted this paper unnecessarily, and have allowed ourselves to dwell on certain points that seemed to us to demand attention, without making due allowance for the very slender patience of most readers toward poetical criticisms. For it has come to be considered among the reading public that criticisms are written more to show the ability of the writer than to explain the beauties or expose the faults of the poet; and are often neither more nor less than races against time and space, in which he is the winner who covers the greatest amount of paper with the smallest expenditure of time, content to let his production share the usual fate of those critical articles in which every periodical imagines itself in duty bound to indulge.

Thus, of the many reviews of Wordsworth, Southey, Coleridge, Shelley, Campbell and Tennyson that have lately appeared in American magazines, how many are supposed to have been written out of admiration for these very distinguished writers, and how many have been thought worthy of being read by the public for whom they were written? Is it not a settled conclusion that books of poems are the hobby-horses of brain and pocket-needy writers, on which they may mount at any time, and so gallop through the pages of a periodical to the pockets of its publisher? Nay, when American poets are remembered by the critic, and their merits sedulously put forward in the columns of a review, is it not thought that the writer is performing this service to national literature in consideration of value received from interested parties, and that for a similar gratuity he would at any moment perform a like favor for the proprietors of the "Ready Relief," or the "Balsam of Tolu?"

But in whatever light our readers may be disposed to regard this feeble attempt to do justice to a poet of whom our countrymen should be proud, we are satisfied that we have not mistaken those evidences of genius and ambitious energy which are exhibited in the works of Mr. Taylor. We feel that, with a select number of similarly gifted writers, he is coming before us more prominently, year by year, to claim the place which a fore-running generation must soon vacate, and which is by right his own. It remains for us to acknowledge merit where such acknowledgment is due; to extend our sympathies to real genius all the more heartily, because it is the production of our own soil, and draws its inspiration from the air we daily breathe; and to show our own writers that, if we will not protect them by law, we will at least give them an equal share of attention with their foreign brethren.

A LEGEND OF THE CATHEDRAL AT COLOGNE.

[FROM THE GERMAN.]

CHAPTER I.

IN the chamber of the Archbishop of Cologne, two men were standing before a table that was covered with parchments and designs. They were the Archbishop Conrad Von Hochsteden and his master-builder. The former scanned attentively all the plans and drawings which the master laid, one by one, before him, then brushed them aside, and said, "None of all these. Thy plans do not please me. Some are old, others are too simple, others again look like Grecian temples; altogether they are trivial and insignificant. No, master; we will build a cathedral, the like of which is not in the world; a cathedral that shall excite more astonishment than the pyramids of Egypt and the temples of the heathen Greeks; a cathedral in which God will delight to dwell, for it will be worthy of his power and omnipotence; worthy as a building reared by the hand of man can be worthy of Him. Take hence thy drawings, master; reflect, ponder closely, closely, and sketch me a plan that will content me."

The master gathered his drawings together thoughtfully, while the Archbishop continued: "My predecessor, the sainted Engelbert, had formed the design to build a cathedral which should excel all the sacred edifices that now stand in Christendom. From far and wide were the faithful Christians to make the pilgrimage to Cologne, to a temple which should be the first in the world. He has often spoken with me of this thought; his purpose has become my inheritance, and I must bring it to completion. Reflect upon the immortal fame that awaits thee if it be thy lot to perfect the master-work. Upon a brazen tablet thou mayst carve thy name, and place it in the midst of the cathedral, that it may proclaim the builder to all coming generations."

The master's eye shone with ambitious joy, and he cried ardently, "My gracious lord, so be it. Already the majestic edifice

stands in thought before my eyes; I see the turrets stretching towards heaven; I hear the tones of the gigantic bells echo far and wide, calling upon the faithful to come and receive the blessings of the Church. And they come by thousands and thousands, and find room in the vast halls, and all listen to the sounds of the mighty organ, which, rolling and thundering, proclaims the praise of the Almighty."

And the Archbishop hearkened with pleasure, but suddenly a dark cloud passed across the master's face. "Thy brow contradicts thy words," said the Archbishop. "Thou dost speak loudly and of great things, while doubt and faint-heartedness are pictured in thy face."

But the master said softly, "It will need unmeasured wealth to rear the building worthily, and whence is this to come?"

"That shall be my care, thou man of little faith," said the Archbishop, confidently. "I myself am rich, and I will willingly become poor for the sake of such a work. My chapter is rich; rich is this good city of Cologne, and it will not play the miser when it concerns a work that will render it the first city in Christendom. Believe me, many will open their coffers, and there will be no want of gold and silver to decorate the temple worthily."

The master's countenance brightened somewhat at these words, and he said: "Thou dost speak of honor and of fame, my gracious lord; but years will pass before the edifice is completed, many years; and the life of man is short. Shall I live to behold the building in its perfected glory?"

Then the Archbishop turned quickly and cried: "Oh, thou blind, vain-hearted man! Will not the work be thy work, even though others put the last hand thereto? Wilt not thou lay the foundations, and erect the first walls and pillars, and others only build the roof, after thy plan, after thy thought? The plan, the thought, brings the fame, not the last completion; and if thy plan be so

great that the life of one man suffices not to finish it, it is therefore the more glorious; for he is but of a petty soul who counts upon the shadow and the fruits of the tree which he is planting. Besides, thou art young, and canst yet bring much to perfection."

Then the master's eyes gleamed with ardor. He fell at the Archbishop's feet, and said, "Yes, thou art right; I was foolish and blinded. Well, then, I will begin the task. My life has found its aim; with God's help, to the work! Give me thy blessing!"

The Archbishop raised his hands to bless him, when the door was thrown open, and a knight rushed into the chamber with happy tidings of a far different nature. The Archbishop joyfully bade him welcome. The kneeling man rose and went his way. All this happened in the year of our Lord 1247.

CHAPTER II.

VAIN MEDITATION.

ABOUT half a year might have passed since the conversation in the preceding chapter; the master was sitting in his chamber with a piece of parchment before him, upon which he had partly drawn a plan. His face was pale, his cheeks sunken, his eyes dim, for he had passed many nights in fruitless pondering. When he sat before the parchment, with the pencil in his hand, the lines which he drew would not shape themselves into a whole. When he wandered alone along the banks of the Rhine, he thought always and ever upon his plan, but when he conceived that a beam of light illumined the chaos of his thoughts, and that now the lines which swam in mingled confusion before his mind would assume order, then the fame and honor of his name occurred to him, his ideas lost their connection, and he revelled in the prospect of future renown, while he in vain endeavored to grasp the present, the commencement, the plan.

When at night he tossed restlessly upon his couch, the form of a gigantic structure, it is true, shaped itself before his soul in half waking visions; and had he been able to hold it firm, in a calm and quiet dream, the remembrance thereof might have remained with him on waking; but other

images ever thrust themselves between, and effaced all clearness.

He then saw his monument in the church, and upon it his name in letters of gold. He saw a devout crowd stand around, and heard them say: "Here rests the great master who built this cathedral; let us pray for his soul!" And all kneeled and prayed for him, the immortal master. Then, when he awoke, a sudden pain would shoot through his breast; for it had been a dream only, and the building was not yet begun.

Thus had he toiled for six months; and the longer he pondered, the more ardent his desire to complete his plan; and the oftener messengers came from the Archbishop to know whether he would not soon begin the building, so much the more confused became his thoughts. Anguish of soul came upon him, a fear that he would never complete his work, and the blood boiled feverishly in his veins. Thus he sat again before the parchment, despairing of himself, of his art, of his power; he could not grasp a single thought, and sad gloom lay upon the soul of the young and mighty master.

Then the door was opened, and Master Schmidt, the silversmith, entered; and behind him came two apprentices, bearing the great brazen tablet which the master-builder had ordered, while still glowing with the first inspiration for his work, and—his renown.

And the silversmith said: "Here is the tablet, master, which thou didst order. Thy name is cut deeply in large letters, and beneath it runs, that thou didst begin the building of the great cathedral in the year of our Lord 1248." The master constrained the smith to go, for a blush of shame stood upon his face.

When he was alone, he considered the tablet, and a stream of hot tears burst from his eyes; and he said to himself, in bitter scorn: "Oh, thou great master, thou wise master! thou dost pluck the fruit before the tree is planted; thou dost keep the wedding before thou hast the bride; thou wouldst enjoy the victory before thou hast won the battle. Oh, thou prudent master, thou wise master! thou art come to the end before thou hast made a beginning! Oh, thou immortal master! eternal fame thou canst not miss; the tablet with thy name is here—the cathedral alone is wanting!"

And he laughed aloud in mockery and

despair, while bitter tears fell down his cheeks.

Again steps echoed in the outer chamber, and an aged servant of the Archbishop came to him and said: "My gracious master sends thee greeting, and invites thee to visit him in Bonn. He has discovered a quarry on the Drachenfels, which abounds with a fair reddish stone. He would have thee examine the stone, and if it is suitable, the new cathedral shall be built thereof. Moreover, the Archbishop hopes that thy plan will soon be perfected."

The master stood with averted countenance to conceal his glowing face, and he replied, in a low voice, that he would do the Archbishop's will. And when the servant was gone, he walked hastily to and fro in the chamber, and said to himself: "It must be done; it must be done! Scorn and shame await me if my skill prove wanting now. Then another will come, will rear the cathedral, and I—laughed at and mocked! No! I must, must be the builder; I must invent the plan, though my soul's welfare be the price!"

Then the brazen tablet fell clashing from the chair to the ground; the master snatched his cap from the wall, and rushed from the chamber.

CHAPTER III.

THE PLAN.

AMID the mountains of the Siebengebirges, the Drachenfels tower steep and lofty, affording a wide view of the fair valley of the Rhine. On a spring day, in the year 1248, a man of grave and earnest countenance slowly ascended the mountain, often pausing, lost in deep thought. It was the master, who was on his way to examine the quarry, from the stones of which the new cathedral was to be built. His errand seemed to him a bitter mockery at himself, for he had now no hope that he should be the builder. The Archbishop, angry at his long delay, had resolved to send for another master, but, at last, had granted him a short respite, at the end of which the plan must be ready, and the building begun. The master had accepted the respite, which on the morrow would be at an end; he had just left the Archbishop, and, overpowered by the deepest anguish, had told him that the plan was

ready, and that he would lay it before him on the morrow.

Already all was life and animation about the spot chosen for the building. The stone-cutters, the masons, the handicraftsmen of all kinds were hired, and had already assembled from near and far; the wagons, the implements, the machines, and whatever else was necessary to the work, lay in readiness, and to-morrow they were to begin to dig the pit in which the foundation wall was to be laid.

And still the plan was not ready. The idea of the building hovered before the master, the form of the cathedral stood in faint outlines before his soul; but in spite of all his thinking and pondering, these outlines would not assume a clear and definite shape. The ground plan was to be of the form of a crucifix; two mighty turrets should rear themselves at the portal. Upon this the master was clear, but he could not find the just harmony of the proportions; he drew, and the lines did not meet, crossing or evading each other; he reckoned, but his reckoning did not prove correct, and he could not find the error. If inordinate ambition had formerly darkened the master's clear senses, now anxiety, fear, shame, despair were added, and his work made less and less progress. As oftentimes a word hovers upon our tongue, and still we cannot find and utter it, so the giant image of the cathedral danced before the master's senses, and he could not grasp it, could not hold it fast.

Thus he ascended the mountain, weary and murmuring at himself, battling against the last doubts of a resolve to cool his glowing brain in the deep waters of the Rhine. He reached the quarry, which at that time was little worked, and where many steep, smooth precipices rose before the eye of the spectator. The master stood sunk in thought; he turned over several loose stones with his staff, took one in his hand, and still was evidently busied with other thoughts than that of examining the mass. A slight sound startled him; he raised his eyes, and stood almost petrified with terror and astonishment.

Upon the face of a perpendicular rock before him, drawn in large, firm lines, appeared the cathedral, as he had thought it in his mind. There were the two heaven-aspiring turrets, there was the vast circuit of the halls, there the gigantic whole, which he

had tried in vain to grasp. He seized himself by the arm, to convince himself whether he were awake or dreaming. "No, it is no dream," he then cried suddenly; "thus it is, thus I bore it around in spirit, while yet it would not grow clear to me."

He stepped nearer—the drawing had disappeared; he rushed toward the rocky wall to discover the lines—the cold, bare stone alone was visible! He closed his eyes to view the well-considered image once more in his mind, to stamp those lines, those bold proportions upon his memory; in vain, his fancy was dull and shapeless. The more he strove and toiled, so much the more desolate and waste was it within him. There stood a turret before his inward vision, but the foundation was wanting; there, two pillars reared themselves aloft, but he could not find the arch that surmounted them; then the whole picture rose before him again, and grew smaller and smaller, as if an irresistible power were dragging him away from it. He felt as if he must hold firm, as if he must brace himself desperately against this power; in vain, the picture grew smaller and smaller; at last it disappeared.

Despair now seized him. He had seen it with his own eyes, his masterpiece, bold and glorious, the like of which had never yet been conceived, completed; the goal of his striving, of his painful toil, was reached; his spirit had viewed the enormous space which these bold arches enclosed, and it was lost, gone irrevocably! His brain glowed feverishly, his pulse beat convulsively; he felt that madness was stealing upon him, and he laughed aloud in furious self-mockery.

A hoarse echo returned his laugh, and he looked around in terror; a traveling pedlar stood before him, greeting him humbly. The master turned his back upon him angrily, but the other spoke to him, and said: "Wilt thou not buy some curiosities, good friend? I am returning from Italy, and have brought several with me. Look, for example, at this roll of parchment."

The pedlar held before the master's eyes an unrolled drawing; it was the same that he had seen upon the rock, smaller, but accurately and delicately executed.

"What is that?" cried the master in affright.

"The plan for the new cathedral in Cologne," said the other.

The master shuddered, and said, "The plan is not yet made."

"I know it," said the pedlar with a laugh. "I have drawn it after the master's thoughts."

The master struck his hand against his forehead; he looked about him, no longer knowing where he was. The sun now sank blood-red in the west, and the first dark shadow fell upon the earth. "After his thoughts!" he stammered, scarce audibly. "Dost deal in sorcery?"

"Somewhat," cried the other. "I learned it in Egypt."

"It is my plan, drawn after my thoughts," muttered the master. "I will buy it; name the price."

"Not much," said the pedlar, humbly; "write thy name here."

The master took the offered parchment, and read its contents: it was a compact with the Evil One! He started three steps backward, and cried, "Get thee behind me, Satan!"

A strange smile distorted the pedlar's features as he said, "As it pleases thee," and turned to depart.

But the master cried in fury: "Hold! give me the plan; it is mine; thou hast stolen it from my thoughts."

"That is true," replied the other quietly; "but thou wilt never complete it. Thinkest thou it is I who have confused thy head with crafty malice? Not so, my learned master; it is thy ambition which has plunged thee into this wretchedness. Man must with holy thoughts approach a holy work; thou hast done otherwise; therefore, it will never prosper with thee without my help. Well, dost thou consent?"

With these words, he unrolled the picture before the master, and walked slowly backward, still holding the parchment before his eyes. And more and more glorious did it appear to the unhappy master. A wild storm raged in his soul. To-morrow, the Archbishop's anger, the mockery of the city; here, the un hoped-for noblest fulfilment of his wishes; death or life, scorn or immortal fame; nothing or every thing. The tempter was still a step from the angle of a projecting rock; now, it half covered him; now, he had disappeared.

Then the master called: "Hold! hold give me the plan; I will sign!"

CHAPTER IV.

THE BUILDING.

THE busy stir upon the building-spot was silent, for the vesper-bell had sounded. Two burghers were walking around upon the place, viewing the preparations for the building.

"What, in Heaven's name!" cried Herr Roisdorf, the baker, "do they mean to build a city here? They have dug a foundation as large as a quarter of the city."

"Not a city," said the other, Herr Mumprecht, the smith; "but a temple of God which the whole city can enter and worship Him."

"Are they digging wells here?" asked the former. "These pits look as deep as if water were to be found only at the centre of the earth."

"They are the foundations for the turrets," replied the smith. "They must be thus deep to support the burden which will rest upon them. Surely it is to be an enormous work. But thou shouldst walk around here in the daytime, and see them at their labors. Many ships arrive daily with stones from beyond Bonn. Scores of wagons come and go the whole day, bringing the stones to the building-spot. Hundreds of stone-cutters stand ready to hew them. Then there are the diggers, the masons, the carpenters, the throng of carts that bring sand and lime, and the men who prepare the mortar. They have been at work here for a year, and still only here and there is a part of the foundation wall to be seen. And amid all this walks around the noble master, every where regulating, every where aiding. See, yonder he comes with the venerable Archbishop."

The two just named personages now walked by, engaged in conversation.

"I no longer know thee, master," said the Archbishop; "thou wast formerly a cheerful, happy man, and now a deep gloom shadows thy face; not a smile can be drawn from thee. And still, methinks, thou hast reason to be joyful, for our work plainly advances."

The master was silent, and the Archbishop continued: "Each morning in my chamber do I take delight in the plan which thou hast prepared for me. Truly it will be a wondrous work, and will hand down thy name to all time."

A singular smile passed across the master's countenance, yet it seemed like one of deep pain.

The Archbishop continued: "The bones of the three sainted kings will find a worthy resting-place in the new building. But as soon as thou art able, come to Bonn; I have many things to show thee there. My sculptors are unceasingly busied, and the goldsmiths never suffer their smelting-furnaces to be extinguished; and all labor solely upon the decorations for the cathedral. Come to Bonn; it will cheer thee, and dissipate thy melancholy."

The master was still silent, and the Prince at last gave up the attempt to gain speech from him. He found his train awaiting him, and left the building-spot.

But the master turned back, descended into the deep pit which had been dug, and examined the walls, proving carefully each stone, to see if it lay firmly, closely scrutinizing whether the earthy wall of the ditch was well supported, that it might not fall in and destroy the workmen. In the meanwhile, night had come, and the moon, now in her first quarter, cast her uncertain light upon the scene. The master seated himself in deep thought upon a hewn stone, and sank in gloomy broodings.

After a while, he opened his lips, and said in a whisper: "Thou art a crafty trader, Satan, and he who traffics with thee has surely lost, and is already cheated. Does it not suffice thee that thou hast bought my soul's welfare? must thou rob me also of all the joy of life? Here, by night, I wander alone, for dread of thy malice constrains me. Must I not fear that the labor of the day may be destroyed at night by thy devilish arts, that the scaffolding may break, and the pit, so laboriously dug, be filled with earth again; that the foundation walls may be displaced, and in course of time the building fall in ruins? Here I sit, night after night, armed with holy relics, and guard my work as the dog guards the house against thieves. Oh, this building! It is a horror to me! I could call down curses upon it, and still an irresistible power impels me to complete it. In bitter repentance I could rend in pieces the plan for which I have surrendered repose in life and hope beyond the grave; and still my eye lingers inspired upon the grandeur of the design and its proportions, and I lose myself therein with rapture, for

it is my idea, they are my thoughts. Sometimes I wish, in scorn, that an earthquake might destroy the entire structure, and still anxious fear drives me around to see if even a single stone has yielded from its place. The joy of my days, the sleep of my nights are gone; my hopes of salvation have been bartered away; all the powers of my mind bend beneath the fearful burden of conscience, and still madness drives me to exert them to advance and to complete my work. If the torment of men is thy joy, their loss thy gain, then, in truth, Satan, hast thou driven a good bargain with me."

Thus spoke the master, and, leaning his head in his hands, he sank in gloomy contemplation.

CHAPTER V.

THE TABLET.

THE Archbishop Conrad von Hochsteden was dead. The building of the cathedral prospered under his successor as under him. Already the walls towered from the earth, the places could be recognized where the windows were to admit the light within, and the carpenters were already busily engaged carving the wooden arches which were destined to serve as a temporary support and guiding-line to the arches of stone.

It happened now one evening that a young mason, an apprentice, had forgotten a trinket which he was accustomed to lay aside when at his work. He feared lest some one might find it, and take possession of it. He resolved, therefore, to return after vespers and look for it. He begged one of his comrades to accompany him, and, as the latter consented, the two walked toward the building. "Seest thou," began the former, "how they are already carving the stones for the arches? I think the pillared arch-ways will soon be completed. It will be a noble building."

"Do not talk to me of your building," said the other. "I would I had never come here to seek employment. It is true, at home we build only plain burghers' houses, but the work goes gayly and merrily on. The master-builder comes cheerfully in the morning to the spot, and takes delight in the progress of the work; and his joy gives the workmen pleasure and courage, so that cheerful songs echo around, and merry jests enliven the labor. And when the house is roofed, there is a gay feast, at which many

a bucksome lass is whirled along in the dance. But no blessing can rest upon this building. The master walks gloomily around among the workmen; not a word of praise or of notice passes his lips, and all are glad when he has turned his back. The men catch the humor, and work sullenly beside each other, so that one wields the hammer without joy or spirit."

"Rail not against the master," said the former; "how can he be cheerful with the great cares that oppress his soul? It is true, no noisy stir prevails in this building; one speaks to the other seldom, and then a low word, and a kind of gloom reigns over all; but that is because it is a holy building, and to such, loud and boisterous mirth is unfitting."

"Tut, tut! holy or not holy," cried the second, "all my lifetime masons and masons' men were a merry set, and not tongue-tied hypocrites. But as to the master, he may be an able craftsman; I do not deny that; but his mood is silent and sullen, and that does not please me. The people, too, whisper so many things about him. He holds converse with no mortal, he loves no one, has neither wife nor child. And hast thou not heard what the people say? how that he steals every evening to the building-spot, and wanders around the whole night among the new walls, and that he does not go hence until after the first cock-crow? What can he be doing there by night, unless he plies secret magic arts? and that is easy to believe when you look at him. Those deep burning eyes in that pale, sunken face; that white hair on the head of a man who numbers scarcely fifty years; those pale lips, so closely locked that you might think they had grown together; all this marks him a man who carries in his bosom some strange secret."

"There is something true in what you say," said the other. "I myself to-day, for the first time, heard a word from his lips, and, for the first time, saw life in his rigid, iron features. Toward noon, he had a large tablet of brass brought in, on which several letters were engraved. I did not know what they meant, for I am no monk to read them. We were directed to place it in one of the middle pillars. The master looked on attentively, and called aloud once or twice, 'Firm! right firm!' I looked at him; his eyes flashed, as if in wild joy; a triumphant smile played about his mouth, and he stood

erect and lofty as a king. And when the last stroke of the hammer fell, he cried, 'At last!' and gave us money to drink his health. But, hold! it must be hereabouts that I left my sweetheart's token. It is pitch dark; the moon no longer shines over the walls."

They advanced cautiously, that they might not stumble over the stones which lay around; but suddenly they paused, startled by a strange apparition. Before the pillar in which the brazen tablet with the master's name had that morning been inlaid, sat the latter, holding a crucifix in his hand, his eyes fixed steadfastly upon the tablet. From time to time, he looked inquiringly and anxiously around; at last he rose, examined the tablet and its juncture with the stone around, and muttered, in a tone of satisfaction, "It will hold!"

He then took his seat again, lost in deep thought. The expression of satisfaction gradually left his countenance; it grew dark and gloomy, and he spoke in a low voice, "But the price is too high! And there is no help!"

Suddenly he clasped the crucifix in both his hands, held it up before him, and sank upon his knees, as if he would pray. His features became enlivened; an inward struggle was visible in their expression. It seemed as if he were endeavoring, with all his force, to direct his thoughts upon some object, in which, however, he was unsuccessful, for suddenly he dropped the crucifix, placed both hands over his face, and murmured, "In vain! I can no longer!"

The two comrades had watched in silence the master's singular conduct, but they now turned to depart. The master heard their steps, doubtless, for he sprang up; his flashing eyes were directed at the departing companions; he caught up the crucifix, held it outstretched, and, with a thundering voice, repeated various forms of conjuration. The two apprentices, seized with terror, fled with hasty steps, and behind them sounded the master's voice, who, between the words of conjuration, cried, laughing grimly, "Ha! ha! thy labor is in vain; I keep good watch!"

CHAPTER VI.

THE HERMIT.

BETWEEN the mountains of the Siebengebirges, there runs a valley called Heister-

bach. At the extremity of this there stood at that time a hermitage, in which dwelt an old hermit, who was known far and wide for his piety, so that the faithful from all parts of the surrounding country made pilgrimages to him to receive his blessing. Father Aloysius—this was the name of the devout old man—sat one evening before his hermitage, sunk in contemplation of the setting sun, and yielding to the devout thoughts which this spectacle awaked in his bosom.

A man now came slowly up the path, often stopping, as if he was striving with himself whether he should proceed or not. When he was about twenty paces from the hermit, he suddenly walked vigorously forward, sank upon his knees before him, and said in a low voice, "Praised be our Lord Jesus Christ!"

"Forever and ever, amen!" replied Father Aloysius. "Rise, and tell me who thou art, and what brings thee hither."

But the other remained upon his knees, and said, "I am the master who is building the new cathedral in the city of Cologne."

The hermit was well pleased to see the far-famed man, and said, "I greet thee in the name of the Lord, thou pious master, who hast devoted thy life to God's service, and hast begun a work which will redound to the glory of the holy Church. But rise, and tell me thy desire."

The master did not rise, but answered, "I am no pious man, as thou callest me, reverend father: a great sinner lies at thy feet; and my desire is that you listen to my confession, and then inform me what I should do in this, my highest need."

As the hermit, wondering at these words, desired him to speak, and to disclose to him all the truth, the master related how he had obtained the plan, and then continued: "See, thus grievously have I sinned. When the Archbishop spoke to me of the new building, there darted, as it were, a flash of lightning through my soul, and the image of the cathedral, as it is now building, stood clearly before me. But my thoughts were blinded by wicked vanity, so that I did not set about the work with God's blessing, as was so needful in so hallowed an undertaking, but thought solely of the fame which should accrue to me therefrom. And thus my mind was so clouded by ambition that I could never grasp the plan distinctly, and in my deep despair thereat I fell into the

snares of the Evil One. But the punishment has overtaken me even in this world, for since that moment I have not known a quiet hour."

And he related further how he had watched by night in the cathedral, and then continued: "I can no longer bear the fearful burden which weighs upon me. I would not confess to the pious fathers in Cologne, lest it should prove a grief and scandal to them, when they learned that the cathedral in which they so delight was built with Satan's help. Therefore I have come to thee, that thou mayest utter a blessing upon my building, that it may prosper, and tell me if it is not possible that the punishment which I have drawn upon me may be lightened."

The master was silent, and bowed his forehead in the dust.

But after long reflection, the pious hermit said, "Thou hast sinned grievously, my son. But the All-mighty is also the All-merciful; he will behold thy deep and bitter repentance, and the heavy punishment which thou hast already suffered from the tormenting consciousness of thy guilt. And if thou shalt persevere in thy purpose of reformation, and dost exercise repentance until thy life's close, the Lord will look down graciously upon thee, and will not eternally condemn thee; for truly he sent his Son, our Lord Jesus Christ, to save and redeem mankind, and thou also wilt share in this redemption. But that thy penitence may be complete, go hence, and let the brazen tablet with thy name engraved upon it be taken out of the pillar in the church. For as thou hast sinned from foolish vanity, it shall be thy punishment that thy name be forgotten among men, and never more be uttered upon earth. And because thou didst not set about thy work with God's help, it will never be completed, for that at which the Lord is not present will never prosper."

At these words the master rose, and bitter was visible in his countenance. His whole life had been bound up in the building of his cathedral, and now his life was lost.

But the pious hermit continued to comfort him, so that he at last became more consoled, and resolved to do as was told him,

that he might regain his peace of mind. Father Aloysius gave him his blessing, and he returned to Cologne with a lighter heart.

CHAPTER VII.

THE MASTER'S NAME.

VARIOUS strange things were whispered in the city of Cologne. The people heard with great astonishment that the master had caused the brazen tablet with his name to be taken from the pillar, and the opening to be walled up again. And they told each other that since that time the master had been completely changed. Although each one had formerly avoided him on account of his singular demeanor, his dark and steadfast gaze, yet now each looked upon him with compassion; for deep grief was visible in his pallid face, and still the heavy gloom upon his brow had become much milder.

But the people wondered still more that the master no longer was ever present at the building as heretofore, but went often to the churches, and came more and more seldom, until at last he was almost entirely forgotten. And one day they heard in the city that the master was dead, and buried in all stillness. He had requested on his death-bed that this should be so, that no one should attend his body to the tomb, and no one know the place of his burial.

And it happened as Father Aloysius had said. Soon, repeated hindrances interrupted the progress of the building, mostly arising from the feuds of the city with the Archbishops, so that it could easily be seen that they came from an evil source. And after the year 1499 the building of the cathedral entirely ceased, so that it remains at this day unfinished.

But the master's name was forgotten. And when any one now stands before the gigantic edifice, and admires the boldness, the grandeur of the undertaking,—wonderful, even uncompleted,—and asks after the name of the master-builder, there is no one who can name him. It is to be found in no book, the memory of no man has preserved it, it has not passed from generation to generation—*it is forgotten!*

THE VIOLIN.

A MÉLANGE.

THE violin is unquestionably the most important instrument used in music. It is the most important, considered with reference to the performance of music, inasmuch as it possesses more power, variety, and brilliance of effect than all the other instruments in combination, and thus commands the entire orchestra. The din of the wind instruments may be so used as to overpower it for a while, but the continuous use of them in that manner, soon fatigues the ear. The wind instruments can be used effectively alone, only for martial music in the open air; in the full orchestra, and in the higher departments of music, they can only be employed as accessories to stringed instruments—and of these the violins are those which conduct the principal melody, and produce the body of tone which carries along the whole current of musical ideas—which, in fact, *command* the orchestra. For whatever may be the style of composition, if the stringed instruments are properly combined, they have a certain fire, an electric force, which all the rest cannot resist. To feel this, even any one wholly unacquainted with music has only to stand in or near the violins during the performance of an overture or any other orchestral piece. He will then have an idea, not only of the overwhelming power of the instrument, but of the irresistible fire and grandeur of emotion that music can express, and which can be fully attained in no other way. The violins are to the grand orchestra what the diapasons are to the full organ. They, and their quartet, the violas and violoncellos, form the substratum and body of the whole; the effects of the others, though beautiful and indispensable, being generally subordinate.

The old writers used only the quartet for voice accompaniments. HANDEL so wrote the MESSIAH, and the wind instruments, as they are now employed, were added to the score by MOZART. HAYDN was almost the first to employ the wind instruments in the

modern style, and it is for his discoveries of their peculiar effects, and marvellous genius in availing himself of them, that he has been ever considered the father of modern instrumental composition. After him, MOZART added still new effects, particularly in the brass instruments; and under the genius of the great master of the orchestra, BEETHOVEN, and others, such as CHERUBINI, SPOHR, WEBER, and many more, we have it as now, capable of expressing the delicate and beautiful conceptions of MENDELSSOHN.

Still, the old quartet maintains its position as the groundwork of the whole fabric; and it is no less necessary in modern composition than when it was used almost exclusively by the writers of a century since. Whatever may be the style, and whether the flutes, oboes, clarinets, bassoons, horns, trombones, tympani, &c., be used loudly or softly, and in whatever combinations, they are always carried along by the violins, and it is to them that the hearer's mind returns with the most enduring satisfaction. No other instruments can produce such a firm body of sound; nor are any capable of such marvellously new modifications and changes of expression. There seems to be no limit to their utterance. In HANDEL's Israel in Egypt, we hear them imitating the buzzing of flies, the plague of hail, and the thick darkness; while MENDELSSOHN has made them tell of the roar of the desolate sea in Fingal's Cave, and the loves of fairies and heroes, and the humor of clowns, in the Midsummer Night's Dream. And what have not MOZART and BEETHOVEN made them say in their symphonies and quartets? All forms of human emotion, love, tenderness, anguish, things unutterable, have breathed through their mysterious voices, until, to the musician, there is a charm in their very shape and appearance.

But the violin may be considered not only as important to musical performance, but to the whole musical art. Once it was furnished

with frets like the guitar. Those have long been discarded, and the scale, as now played upon it, exists only in the mind of the performer and his habits of execution, modified, as they must be, by the open fifths and their harmonics. It is a theory that has never been expressed, so far as the writer is aware, except here, that the different qualities of the different keys may be traced to the construction of the violin. In strictness, there should be no difference except that of pitch; but without it we should be deprived of all those beautiful progressions of chords and the modulations which are the glory of the science of counterpoint. The keys of which the open strings of the violin are the fundamental of the tonic harmony, G, D, A, E, are the most open of any. They also increase in brilliancy as we go upward; D being a more brilliant key than G, A than D, and E major, or the key of the upper string of the violin, being the most brilliant of any in music. May not these differences be owing, not merely to pitch, but to the common chords formed from these key-notes being affected by the powers of the four open strings, and the temperament unconsciously given them in tuning and in playing? Thus, in G, the harmonics most nearly related are D, an open string, (the octaves or harmonics on both strings being frequently used in playing,) and C, whose third is an open E, and fifth, G itself. The open notes in this way fall differently in the scale to what they do in any other key, and there are more of them used in playing than in keys of a less open character. So it is with D and A, and their attendant harmonics, and with E, which makes use of the highest open notes and harmonics, and is therefore the most piercing and brilliant in its quality.

If we take keys very near these in pitch, we perceive at once a great change in quality, according as the open notes are more or less used in them. Thus, A flat, only half a note from G, is one of the most rich and mellow in music, and is associated in our minds with beautiful *andantes* and *adagios*, where the great masters so frequently employ it. Here, not a single note, either the tonic, or its related harmonics of the fifth and fourth, the dominant and sub-dominant, falls upon an open string. So with E flat, another rich key, but one which comes in its remoter relations a little nearer to the open notes. In B flat we approach still nearer

them, D being its third, and A the third of its dominant harmony; accordingly, this key approaches more nearly a medium character. In F we use all the open strings in the scale, but they fall in such a manner in the principal harmonies that they have not the same effect as when used as the fundamentals of tonic harmonies; this key has hence, perhaps, a less marked character than any; it is simply pleasing and cheerful.

This illustration may be carried through all the major and minor keys, and it will be found that the universally recognized qualities of them have always a similar connection with the places of the open strings of the violin. Other instruments require to be tempered in tuning to suit our ideas of the different keys; and the imperfection of the scale is thrown into keys less frequently used than others, and therefore termed remote. On the violin, the artist tempers as he plays, according to the scale which exists in his mind, with the exception of the use he makes of the open strings, which, being of a slightly different quality from the closed notes, affect each key in the manner suggested. At least, the great power of the violin, the fact that its scale exists almost wholly in the mind, and the coincidences we have above observed between the use of the open notes and the qualities of the keys, makes this the most plausible theory we have ever seen, to account for their manifest differences.

The importance of the violin to music may be again illustrated by its almost unlimited capabilities of execution, and the fact that so much music is written expressly to take advantage of its peculiar facilities. It is not the organ any more, if it ever was, which gives shape and form to melody; nor, looking at the whole art, can we say it is the voice. The melodies which have taken most hold of the world's ear, which the voice and all instruments have followed and imitated, have been those most adapted to the violin; and it is not too much to say that this instrument controls the very shape of the passages of notes in modern music. The most admired melodies are the best for the violin; they are *violin melodies*; such as, but for the existence of the violin, never could have been conceived, at least, not in the form in which they are now written. When we say a "piano-forte melody," a "horn melody," or an "organ passage," we

mean something different from ordinary melody, which is, in a peculiar sense, the melody of the violin. True, there are peculiar violin difficulties, and points which can be made singularly effective by uncommon skill; indeed, there is, as we remarked, no end to such. But the airs and themes—the ordinary *tune* of music—belong to the violin, and are, in an especial and essential manner, governed by its capacities. It is more *at home* in melody than any other instrument. It lies nearer to the bosom of pure Music, and can, better than aught else that ever man invented, unbind the chains that tie her secret soul.

The history of the violin is not less remarkable than its character. While the world has been rolling on during the slow lapse of centuries; while civilized mankind has changed in customs, manners, religion; while empires have come up and gone down, and the glory and grief of thousands of battles have passed into oblivion, this little instrument, composed of a few insignificant pieces of wood, has remained without one particle of change—the same little Protean spirit, as obedient as ever to the call of genius, and as potent to soothe and beguile. It is said that something nearly resembling it, and played upon with a bow, has been found in some ancient bas-relief. The Jews, if we are not mistaken, also lay claim to the invention of it; and hence it is possible it should be ascribed to that great father of music, Jubal—he whose descendants have certainly made as much noise in the world as those of any great man whose fame has reached us. However it may be, the Jews of the present day can produce most excellent performers on the violin, as well as composers of music.

Perhaps the chief musicians to whom so many of the Psalms were addressed, were acquainted with the instrument. We know that they were with the harp. The generality of writers, however, trace the violin to the Grecian lyre, of which it is thought to be a modification. The lyre was invented by a certain individual of ancient Greece, who found one day, as he was walking along the sea-shore, a large turtle-shell which had lain there and dried in the sun. Some of the tendons that remained had also dried, and by their contraction had become tightly stretched across the concavity of the shell. The gentleman, whoever he was, hitting

them carelessly with his cane, was surprised to observe that they gave forth a ringing sound. Being a person of some taste for music, he picked up the shell and took it home with him to Argos, where he kept it and used it a long while for the amusement of his countrymen. At length the tendons broke; and it then occurred to him to replace them by others of similar material. This is the story of the origin of the lyre.

Gradually it changed its form. The shell was covered, and the strings stretched over the top, as in the mandolin, or more popular *bano*, which probably resembles very much in its tone a lyre that might have become addicted to the use of snuff. Then Apollo (if we are not mistaken) stretched out the ends of the shell into two necks, with a bar across to hold the strings; added a bridge; changed the shape of the body, and played upon the instrument himself to universal admiration. Possibly he may have used a bow; but our impression is, that his music was a sort of *arpeggio-pizzicato*, and that the bow was not used till considerably after his era.

About the tenth century of our era, the two necks of the lyre had united into one, the bridge had become elevated, the body enlarged, and a bow was used, something like a part of a hoop of a flour-barrel—a most inconvenient article, one would imagine, for cantabile playing.

It must be remembered, however, that the world was then in a very rude and uncultivated state with respect to the arts, compared with that in which it is now. Alfred the Great was then King of England; in Germany all was anarchy, and the most powerful princes constituted themselves electors, to appoint their emperors; the last of the race of Charlemagne ruled in France; Donogh the Second in Ireland, and Dublin was just building; in Scotland, it was a century before Macbeth ever thought of murdering Duncan; Wales was governed by Howel Dha, a prince of whose greatness few readers of history have any idea; while in Italy the Pope was just beginning to assume the temporal power. It was three centuries after the death of Saint Cecilia; two centuries since Gregory the Great had permitted the use of music in the Christian Church; one century before the first crusade; one century before Guido gave names to the notes of the diatonic scale; and three centuries

before Cimabue restored the art of painting.

For several centuries afterwards, the violin and all stringed instruments must have been of extremely rude construction, and quite incapable of being used in music of a later date. In the hands of the minstrels and troubadours of those times, the shape and compass of the instrument depended very much upon the fancy of each performer. They are accordingly found, in the illuminations of ancient manuscripts, of many varieties of shape, generally, however, more or less resembling the modern. Sometimes they had three strings; sometimes six, and even more; and the bow was not universally used. But they bore a resemblance, gradually increasing in the progress of time, to the form of the instrument now in use.

Almost every nation possessed instruments like the violin, and hence it is not possible to determine to which one should be ascribed the merit of its invention. In England, an instrument resembling the mandolin shape, with a short neck, and played upon with a bow, was used by the Anglo-Saxon Gleemen, as early as the earliest date we have mentioned, the tenth century. Later than this, the Welch claim to have originated the *crwth* or *cruth*, which was the parent of the English *crowd*. This was a bowed instrument in the form of an oblong square, the lower part of which formed the body. It had four strings, and was played upon like a violin; but not being hollowed at the sides, it could have left little play for the bow, unless the bridge were very high, which would have produced a singular quality of tone. The true English *crowd* was more like the Anglo-Saxon instrument in its form, the body being deep and curved like the mandolin, or the half of a pear. This was used at fairs and merry-makings long after the introduction of the violin proper. It was sometimes called the *fythele*, from an old Saxon word, *fidle*. This word occurs in the old legendary romances of the eleventh and twelfth centuries; and if the instrument varied in its form according to the fancy of each performer as often as does the orthography of its name in the ancient chronicles, it is hardly possible to say what might not have been its "exterior semblance." In English it was spelled *fythle*, *fihele*, and sometimes *fythale*; but it must

be remembered that in those days learning was very much neglected, and that there was not an individual in all England who could be said to have possessed the advantage of a "common school education." Chaucer spells it *fidel*, which is a little better, but yet not sufficiently well to entitle him to "go up to the head." But the English need not blush for the ignorance of their ancestors, when they turn to other nations of the continent. In high German it was (and for aught we know, is still) called *videl*, a player upon it is a *videlare*, and the bow is a *videl-boge*. In Icelandic it is *fidla*, in Danish *fadel*; the Dutch called it *vedel*, *veel*, *vicol*, the Flemish *vedel* and *vedele*, and in modern German it is still *fiedel*, *fidel*, *giege*. It is singular that a nation so remarkable for its love of music, and for general knowledge and acquirements in the sciences, and especially in metaphysics, should so neglect one of the most important rudimentary branches of education.

But the name most used in England was the *crowd*. Perhaps, from its attracting many listeners, this word came to be used in the modern sense, as when we say "this crowd wants fixin'." However this may be, the instrument was so called for many centuries. *Crowdero*, or a performer on the crowd, is one of the characters in Hudibras. A leading Professor, lately conductor of one of our principal orchestras, informed the writer that often, in travelling in England in his youth, he had been familiarly styled a "crowder." When one considers what difficulty violinists have in getting through the world, and especially that they work their way along literally with the elbows, the title seems singularly appropriate.

Four or five years ago, a leader of an orchestra in Boston, in looking up some apartments for himself and family, found at length some which answered the purpose, and agreed to take them. After settling about the terms, &c., the lady, as he was leaving, thought it but prudent to inquire his occupation. "I am Mr. Such-a-one," he answered, "very well known in the city as a musician. I play the violin, and conduct orchestras." "Ah, indeed!" exclaimed the good woman; "then we can't think of letting the rooms to you; we can't have any in our house but *respectable people*!"

In Queen Elizabeth's time, a statute was passed by which "minstrels, wandering

abroad," were included among "rogues, vagabonds, and sturdy beggars," and were to be punished as such; and in Cromwell's usurpation, an act was passed, declaring "fiddlers" rogues and vagabonds—as it is most likely the generality of them were. England did not want for rogues at that time.

The French also lay claim to the invention of this disreputable crowding instrument. On the portico of the Cathedral of Notre Dame in Paris, the building of which was begun in the tenth century, is a figure representing King Chilperic with a sort of violin in his hand. And so late as the close of the sixteenth century, or just before the modern instrument took its form, the violin is indicated in some old Italian scores thus: *piccoli violini alla Francese*; rendering it probable that the reduction which took place in size, from the ancient viols and violas, is to be ascribed to the French.

In Italy there were also early instruments of the violin family. In the old paintings of the Decameron of Boccaccio, the ladies and gentlemen are represented playing upon the lute and viol, some of the ladies, in particular, using the latter instrument. Also, in the celebrated painting of the marriage of Cana, by Paul Veronese, the foreground contains portraits of his brother artists, who are represented performing upon stringed instruments like those now in use.

The modern violin dates from the beginning of the seventeenth century, or about the year 1600; and Italy has the honor of its parentage. Let us consider what was transpiring in the world about two hundred and fifty years ago.

Shakspeare had not ceased writing; he died in 1614, and New-York was settled by the Dutch about the same year. In 1605, the Gunpowder Plot took place, the anniversary of which is still celebrated in New-England, where the Pilgrims did not land till fifteen years after. Our translation of the Bible dates from 1611. In 1625, Charles the First was beheaded. Louis XIV. the Great, began to reign in France in 1643. In 1652, the Jews were restored by Cromwell to England, from which they had been banished more than three hundred years. The Great Plague of Naples, which destroyed 400,000 people in six months, broke out in 1656.

At this time the great Italian makers of

the violin were living; and since their day until now, all attempts to improve the violin by changing its form in any manner have failed.

The violin was introduced into England by Charles the Second, who was restored to the throne in 1660. Four years after this, the English took New-York, and the next year, 100,000 of the population of London perished of the plague, which was before the establishment of newspapers like ours. We give these dates to convey an idea of the time, and of the changes that have taken place since.

In 1670, King Charles established a band of twenty-four violins, tenors and basses; and about this time a celebrated solo player named Baltzar came over to London. He could run up and down on the instrument, says the old Chronicle of Anthony Wood, "in divers waies, all in good tune;" and when he played on one occasion, a famous musician looked down at his feet to see if he had "huffs," as if to ascertain if he were not a devil. *This was before the death of Milton, 1674, and before the passage of the act of Habeas Corpus, the sure remedy in all cases of false imprisonment, 1678.

The most valued of the old violins were made at Cremona, in Italy, about 1650, by Stradivarius, Guaneri, and the brothers Amati. Many of these are still in use, and counterfeits of them without number. The Stradivarius violins are the largest and loudest, while the Amati excel in sweetness. The best of these instruments sell in Europe for enormous prices. Viotti's Stradivarius sold at Paris in 1824 for 3800 francs. They have never been equalled. Some have imagined their excellence to lie in the varnish, or in the wood, and these have accordingly been imitated in all possible ways. The old varnish has been subjected to chemical analysis, but the secret of it is lost; wood from ancient organs and buildings has been employed with like ill success. The highest-priced modern French instruments are the most exact copies that can be made of the old ones, even in the most minute particulars. Yet the old ones possess, in addition to the sweetness and smoothness which only age can impart, a peculiar sonorous, rich, and penetrating quality of tone, that has never been even approached by a modern instrument. They will sound smooth near at hand, and make themselves heard equally well in the full

orchestra; showing that it is not the roughness, but the purity of tone which commands the most effect.

Every other thing connected with the violin has changed except its shape. The old short bow, such as was used by Corelli, would excite a general smile if brought into any of our orchestras; and so would that great master's style of bowing, with a stiff wrist. The loose wrist was not in general use, even in Handel's time. The idea of shifting to the third position would a little before have been thought indicative of insanity. On the old music was written "*Gare Put!*" (look out for the C!) whenever a C had to be played on the upper string, several bars before it came, in order to give the performer time to quiet his nerves for the immense stretch. Now, the player must often go an octave higher without any caution, and, it should be added, without always hitting his note. The whole mode of writing for the instrument has changed. As the loose wrist came into use, the doubling of notes in *forte* passages, which could not have been played in the old way, was introduced in the orchestra, and increases ten-fold the brilliancy of effect. So with innumerable other combinations, both of bowing and fingering.

Tartini, the great master of bowing, is esteemed the founder of the modern school. After him, Giardini and Pugnani made still further advancement, both in the bow and in the management of the left hand. Some of their compositions present examples of great difficulties conquered to little purpose; yet they are interesting as illustrations of what was once thought to be a bold style. Viotti was perhaps the first artist who should be considered to have established the modern school, though many great performers aided in bringing it to perfection. Viotti's bowing was large and free, and his execution full of fire. He had the true inspiration of a musician; his compositions are therefore still interesting.

After Viotti, the great French and German artists, Rode, Baillot, Kreutzer, Lafont, Spohr, De Beriot, and a host of others, increased still more the powers of the instrument, until at length PAGANINI, one of the world's wonders, came from Italy, and founded what must be designated the modern fanciful or solo school. His extraordinary facility in all sorts of difficulties was no less remarkable than his command of tone and

expression. But, many modern players find it easier to conquer his *pizzicato* runs and harmonics, than to imitate him in legitimate playing. The evil, however, must cure itself in time; the burlesque is the most trivial and variable of all forms of art.

It is a singular fact in the history of Art, that no artist of any sort ever created such an universal sensation throughout Europe as did this wonderful performer. No singer, not even the most celebrated of the time, was ever greeted by such enthusiastic audiences, or could set in motion such quantities of the "circulating medium." Even Jenny Lind in America has not surpassed this remarkable "crowder," as the old English has it. Nor did ever any painter, sculptor, architect, or any man, by whatever title he should be called, who set out to please his fellow-men through forms of beauty, attain to such a distinction and such a command of wealth. And it might be added, that no artist ever had so much of nonsense written about him. The *furor* which he kindled has not even yet died away. We have never known a musical person, who heard him, who was tired of expatiating on the miracles of his extraordinary performance.

Yet it is a frail tenure by which the artist, however successful he may be, holds his power. A little finger broken, and the hand that held the sceptre so firmly, could have held it no longer; while the great world would have moved on as before he came; and the great world is singularly forgetful. "To have done," says Ulysses, "is to hang like a rusty coat of mail, in monumental mockery." Those forms of art which recede farthest from the physical and material, and which task the subtle energies within, are, after all, the safest. The great performer may delight thousands in his lifetime, and enrich and ennoble himself; but the composer, sitting and smoking in some old parlor in the outskirts of a city, elaborating points and figures over a German stove, though he may earn but a little money, just enough to live comfortably upon, has yet an estate, of which (thanks to the mercy of Providence, in seldom afflicting our minds) he cannot be suddenly deprived. Even the devastation of battles passes over him without touching him; the great Emathian conqueror bid spare the house of Pindar, when

"temple and tower
Went to the ground."

and so it is said Napoleon spared the house of Haydn in the suburbs of Vienna. In connection with the marvellous success of Paganini, it may be mentioned, as a circumstance which the vulgar little dream of, that music *costs more money* than any other art in the world. It is estimated that the works of HANDEL have caused the exchange of more value than those of any artist, musician, or poet, who has ever lived, not excepting even the writings of Homer, whose works even now, at the distance of so many centuries, give employment to so many minds, hands, and steam-engines. It was probably with some dim notion of the truth this illustrates, that a young man in Boston came to an eminent artist to learn the violin. Mr. Herwig, whose name will be remembered by many lovers of the violin, told the writer that during the first successes of Ole Bull in this country, a young man called on him one morning to inquire about some lessons. He wished to know how long it would take to learn, and whether three months would not be sufficient. He was in the boot manufacturing business, but disliked the confinement, and wished to exchange the employment for one more congenial to him. There was Ole Bull, he said, making a fortune by playing *the violin*, and it had occurred to him, that if he could acquire it without too much trouble, he didn't see why *he should not do the same!* This individual deserves to be remembered as without question the boldest speculator of this speculative age. His conception of the difficulties of the instrument almost equals that of the person who, when he was asked if he could play the violin, made the immortal reply, that he "didn't know, for he *never had tried!*" We will not sully the reputation of the accomplished artist and leader of Jenny Lind's orchestra, by quoting his name as a voucher for the truth of this latter story. To the violinist there is something in it quite overwhelming.

Even to enumerate the names of the great performers of our day, would require almost as much space as we have devoted to our entire history. Some of the first have been heard in this country, and have spread a general knowledge of the capabilities of their wondrous instrument. Vieuxtemps, Olé Bull, Artot, Sivori, and others of great merit, such as Mr. Joseph Burke, Henri Appy, Miska Hauser, and many

more, have contributed by their admirable performances to elevate their beautiful art in the estimation of thousands of the citizens of this our young and restless nation, and have thus, by instilling new ideas of beauty, aided in refining society.*

For there is no art more elevating than music; none more powerful to charm down and silence the rough passions and "low-thoughted cares" of men. It is the most universal, and, in many of its forms, the most intelligible of all the arts. Its images steal upon the mind in a mode that permits no avoidance; once heard, they haunt the memory, and keep the fancy busy with beautiful expressions. The composer is rightly thus named; for it is he who composes mankind. He sings the lullaby to his race, and gives it pleasing dreams in place of the unquiet thoughts of the inevitable pains and woes of existence. His office harmonizes with his whose duty it is to keep alive the Christian hope of a better life to come; and this all recognize in the propriety of sacred music in our churches. It may seem extravagant, but if one reflects, it cannot appear going too far to claim for a great violinist no mean position among the benefactors of our species.

At all events, his profession is not a very inviting one to those ungifted with true musical enthusiasm. He has before him long years of practice, to be begun and continued with unwavering perseverance. In his case there is no royal road to excellence; and he must be able to find his reward in his art itself. He should bear in mind the epitaph which it is said may be found in Wolverhampton churchyard in England, and which, lest he may never have seen, shall be here transcribed:

ANNO DOMINO 1753.

"Near this place lies Claudius Phillips, whose *absolute contempt for riches, and inimitable performance on the violin*, made him the admiration of all who knew him."

But it is not necessary to devote oneself so exclusively to the art, in order to attain

* For some hints respecting performance on the violin, the reader is referred to an article on the subject, by the writer, in the *American Review* for December, 1847, and to a general and more elaborate essay upon music in the number for February of the same year.

a respectable degree of skill upon the violin; enough at least to place ordinary music within reach, and thus to add to the amusements of the domestic circle. There is no instrument more social in its character, and none that is, when it is properly cultivated, more elegant and refining. Its small size renders it a convenient companion in travel, and a good amateur of it will never lack society, whatever may be his taste. We know of an instance where it enlivened a long sea-voyage; another where a very moderate skill upon it became an additional resource to a forlorn schoolmaster in Indiana; and still another, where a gentleman of considerable literary attainments was glad to avail himself of it in the city.

The great obstacle with most amateurs, has hitherto been the difficulty of obtaining a fair instrument at a convenient price. Few of the best are ever in the market, being retained among professors acquainted with their merit. Generally there is a long interval between first-rate instruments and such as are to be had at any price in the music-shops. The learner soon gives up in despair, when his own *scraping* is added to

that of an inherently dead and scratchy quality in his violin; and no wonder. If he does not, he speedily becomes a nuisance to his friends; for if there is any species of torture to be ranked the most unendurable of all, it is the performance of a new beginner on a bad instrument.

By the common consent of civilized nations, beginners on the violin are expected to retire for practice to the attics, which affords, perhaps, another reason for supposing the instrument to have had its origin in Greece. There we will leave him, with his scales and studies before him. We fancy we can almost hear that everlasting second study of Kreutzer. Enough; let the door be listed, and let there be a door to the staircase below, that the birth-chamber of the nascent Paganini may be as secluded as the seventh heaven of Mahomet.

If this brief sketch shall contribute to spread a knowledge of the violin, the writer hopes it may thus render a service to the art of Music—the art divine—the art in which there may be found consolation under whatever can be inflicted by misfortune, or by false and cruel men.

KNOW YE THE LAND?—SONG.

BY WILLIAM DOWE.

Dedicated (sans permission *) to the Standard-Bearer of the Federal Constitution,

THE HON. D. WEBSTER.

"Knowest thou the land where the citron fruit is blooming," &c.—GÖTHE.

Know ye the Land where the Forest and Prairie
Spread broadest away by the Cataract's fall;
Where the harvests of earth the most plenteously vary,
And the children that reap them are happiest of all;
Where the long-rolling rivers go mightily trending,
With wealth on their billows, through many a clime;
Where the lakes, mid their woodlands, like seas, are extending,
And the mountains rise lone in the centre sublime!

Know ye the Land where a royal oppressor
Bade the burghers and husbandmen bow to his will;
But they fought the good fight, under God, the Redresser,
And the heart of Humanity beats to it still!
Where Lakes, Mounts, and Plains keep, inspiring or solemn,
Their tales of that strife: and its monuments be
The Statue, the Tablet, the Hall, and the Column,
But, best and most lasting, the souls of the free!

Know ye the Land where fair Freedom's dominion
Stands prouder than any the earth ever knew:
When Greece flashed like fire through the East, or the pinion
Of Rome's dreaded War-bird with victory flew;
Where, high as the haughtiest, she lifts up her banner;
By crime undishonored, sustained by retreat;
While the winds of two oceans blow brightly to fan her,
And waft the wide wealth of the world to her feet!

Where she bends, great Protectress! to greet the pale strangers,
The pilgrims of many a realm, who prefer
To the mercies of tyrants her seas and their dangers,
To their birth-place the exile that bears them to her:
Whence, far as the breezes and billows, her warning
Is heard on all shores by their slaves and their kings:
"I will come, I will come, like the march of the morning,
And the healing of nations go forth on my wings!"

Oh, that Land! yes, we know it—its luminous story,
Its wealth of all Nature—America's land!
We would die for that land of our love and our glory:
We live to maintain it, heart, spirit and hand!
And thus, Brothers, Friends, we salute it: oh, never
Its high Constellation made less by a star!
All hail it PERPETUAL, still brightening for ever,
The fond hope of millions, in peace or in war!

Till the hard Rock of Plymouth be worn by the ocean,
And Charlestown's tall Obelisk dust on the shore;
And, dear Old Dominion! thy noblest devotion,
And the gift of thy chieftainry, thought of no more:
Shall this Bond, long our glory, still bind us together,
One people from Maine to the Mexican lines;
From the Chesapeake's wave to the Cape of Foulweather;
From the palms of the South to the Cataract's pines!

* It is but a piece of poetical propriety that any lyric expressions of attachment to the Federation should do homage to the matchless man of prose who has done more than all the Nine Muses put together in the way of inspiring them!

NARRATIVE
OF THE
LIFE OF GENERAL LESLIE COMBS,
OF KENTUCKY,

EMBRACING INCIDENTS IN THE EARLY HISTORY OF THE NORTH-WESTERN TERRITORY.

THE biography of men in the Republic who have raised themselves by their own unaided talents and energies above the level of the general mass of the community in which their lot has been cast, must be both entertaining and instructive to their fellow-countrymen. Doubly instructive and profitable, in a more extended view, are these personal histories, when they relate to the lives and fortunes of those who may be regarded as representative men—types of classes that constitute essential or important elements in our national character, and which, though somewhat heterogeneous in their origin and diverse in their features, have yet become, through the harmonizing and fostering influences of our republican institutions, consolidated and blended into a congruous whole, known and recognized throughout the world, distinctively as the American character.

Nor are these essential and characteristic elements referable solely to peculiar national origins. On the contrary, local and other circumstances, irrespective of nationalities, have formed some of the most distinctive, and, in a national point of view, important of these elements. Of this kind were the circumstances attending the early settlement of our Western country; circumstances which overbore and nearly obliterated all distinctions of national origin, blending and consolidating all such elements in the comprehensive, distinctive national one, represented by the Western hunter, pioneer and settler, as combined in the same individual.

Nurtured amidst stirring scenes, and accustomed from early childhood to a life of activity, hardship, exposure, and thrilling adventure—hence a hardy, enterprising, bold,

and fearless race; and leading the free and untrammelled life of the backwoods, and breathing from infancy the atmosphere of unrestrained freedom and independence—hence a frank, generous, hospitable race, endued with an unsophisticated and plain sense of right, with a ready disposition to uphold and protect it, as well as a keen native sense of wrong, and a impulsive instinct to repel and redress it; the men of this race have ever been foremost, whether in extending the area of civilization and of the Republic, by felling the forest and subduing the rank prairie, or in defending our national rights and avenging our national wrongs on the field of battle.

It was this race, represented by and speaking through a Henry Clay and others of that stamp, which aroused our Government to a declaration of war, to vindicate our violated national rights on the ocean, early in the present century; and it was this race themselves, who, at the call of their country, rushed with an unexampled unanimity and alacrity to the field, while, in some parts of the country, but too many of the more immediate neighbors and kindred of those citizens whose rights of person or property on the sea had been outraged, not only refused to respond to this national call, but sought to thwart the purposes of the Government, by opposing its measures adopted for the purpose of obtaining redress, in some instances, by acts little short of treason. And it is to the descendants of this race, already numbering millions of hardy, unflinching republicans, to which our country must look for a patriotic and generous support of its institutions, as a united whole, whenever the violence of ultra factions in the extreme North or South,

impelled by whatever motives, shall seek to overturn the institutions established by our revolutionary forefathers. It is then that the people of the great West, the descendants of the pioneer, hunter race, will—as one of her representatives declared in his place in a late Congress—*have something to say* on the final question of union or disunion.

As being a worthy representative of this race, and also one whose early life and adventures are intimately connected with an interesting and instructive, but now almost forgotten portion of our national history, as relating to the West, we shall depart somewhat from our ordinary practice, and allow ourselves more space and latitude than usual, in detailing the personal narrative of the subject of the present memoir.

GENERAL LESLIE COMBS is descended, on the side of his mother, whose maiden name was SARAH RICHARDSON, from a respectable Quaker family of Maryland, connected by blood with the Thomases and Snowdens. His father was by birth a Virginian, and served as a subaltern officer in the revolutionary army under Washington, at the siege of Yorktown and capture of Lord Cornwallis. He soon afterwards emigrated to Kentucky, and was engaged in all those dangerous and sometimes bloody scenes which resulted in driving out the Indians, and devoting that rich and beautiful region to the cause and purposes of civilization.

Both his parents have been dead for several years; and as their youngest of twelve children, he has erected over their humble graves, within a few miles of Boonesboro, appropriate tombstones. On his father's are inscribed the simple facts, that he was a "*Revolutionary Officer and a Hunter of Kentucky.*" A simple, affecting, and suggestive tribute to the unpretending but sterling worth of one of that class of men which has impressed its characteristic traits as honorably as it has indelibly on our national character: "a hunter of Kentucky;" one of that fearless, enterprising, self-relying, frank and generous race, which, as the hardy pioneer of civilization in our Western savage wilds, has extended the area of the Republic over those once almost illimitable forests and prairies, and, by its valor and devotion to country, has contributed so much to our national greatness and fame.

Seven only of his children survived him; among whom was divided his *hundred-acre farm* in Clarke county, which had furnished his only support in raising his large family. Of course their means and opportunities of education were limited; but, fortunately for the subject of this memoir, when he was but ten or eleven years of age, the Rev. JOHN LYLE, a Presbyterian clergyman, opened a school of a higher order than was usual in the country in those days; and in it he was taught the Latin language, as well as English grammar, geography, and the lower branches of mathematics. His progress in all his studies was rapid, and he soon became the pet of his venerable instructor, as he was the pride of his aged parents.

This state of things continued about three years, when Mr. Lyle removed to a neighboring county; and for a time our young scholar was compelled to remain at home, and assisted in cultivating the farm. The great anxiety, however, of both his parents to give him as liberal an education as possible, was soon gratified by their being able to place him in the family of a French gentleman residing near Ashland, whose lady taught a few scholars, and under whose instruction he remained for a year; his time being mainly devoted to the acquisition of her native language. That admirable lady is yet alive, and still residing in her humble home, one of her daughters having married a son of Henry Clay.

Shortly after returning home, he was placed as the junior deputy in the clerk's office of Hon. S. H. Woodson, in Jessamine county, and was residing there, when the last war was declared against Great Britain. The excitement in Kentucky, on the occurrence of that event, pervaded all ages and classes.

Even those who are old enough to remember the events of those times, but who were born and have always lived in the eastern portions of the country, can have little idea of the intensity of feeling aroused by this event among the hardy inhabitants of Kentucky and the frontier portions of the north-western country. In that region, the interval between the close of the war of the Revolution and the declaration of the second war with the same power, had witnessed an almost uninterrupted struggle between the Western pioneer settlers and the native

tribes of those regions, who, as was well known, were continually instigated and paid by British agents to harass and devastate our infant settlements. Hence the national animosity against the mother country excited by the War of Independence, so far from having been allayed or effaced in those parts, as was the case to a considerable extent in the East, by the lapse of thirty years of peace, nominal as regarded the Western frontier, had, on the contrary, been gradually increasing and becoming intensified down to the very moment of the declaration of war in 1812. This feeling reached its acme when that same power whose agents had so long been inciting the savages to ruthless forays on the defenseless and peaceful settlements, now entered into alliances with them, and, by offering premiums for the scalps of men, women, and children, incited them to redoubled zeal in the prosecution of their instinctive and inhuman mode of warfare.

A series of revolting atrocities perpetrated early in the war by the savages, many of them under the very eye, and with the approval or connivance of the commanders of their British allies, especially of the notorious Colonel, and for these his acts promoted or brevetted General Proctor, whose memory the voice of outraged humanity will consign to eternal infamy, aroused the whole Western country to a pitch of intense excitement, which manifested itself in a universal cry for revenge, and a spontaneous rush to the field.*

* "Exasperated to madness by the failure of their attempt, September 4, 1812, on Fort Harrison, [defended by Captain Zachary Taylor,] a considerable party of Indians now made an irruption into the settlements on the Pigeon Roost fork of White river, where they barbarously massacred twenty-one of the inhabitants, many of them women and children. The children had their brains knocked out against trees; and one woman, who was pregnant, was ripped open, and her unborn infant taken from her, and its brains knocked out. However, this was but a small matter; it amounted to no essential injury; it was all for the best, as it was done by the disciples of the *Wabash Prophet*, who was in a close and holy alliance with George the Third, defender of the faith, and legitimate sovereign of the Bible Society nation, which is the bulwark of our most holy religion. Yet it excited the indignation of the uncivilized republican infidels in the neighboring settlements of Indiana and Kentucky."—*McAfee. History of the Late War in the Western Country,* pp. 154-5.

It cannot therefore be wondered at, that the son of an old soldier and hunter, who had often listened of a winter evening to his father's thrilling details of Indian fights, and ambuscades, and hairbreadth escapes, should be infected with the contagion, and long, boy as he was, to throw away his pen and seize some implement of war.

Young Leslie Combs had just passed his eighteenth birthday, and was, by law, subject to militia duty, although he had not been inscribed on any muster-roll. Kentucky was called upon for several thousand troops, and he hoped to be one of the soldiers enlisted in the great cause of "sailors' rights and free trade with all the world," in defiance of Britain's proud, insulting claim, as mistress of the seas, to insult our flag and seize our seamen. He accordingly borrowed a fowling-piece, and set himself to work to acquire the manual exercise as taught by *Baron Steuben*, then the only approved master in such matters. It was supposed that a draft would be necessary, but, instead of that, there were more volunteers than were required to fill the quota of Kentucky, and young Leslie's parents objected to his going, inasmuch as two of his elder brothers had previously joined the troops ordered to the northern frontier, under General Winchester. It was not long after they marched, however, before his continued and earnest importunities, sometimes urged with tears in his eyes, prevailed upon them to let him go. Equipping himself as a private of cavalry as speedily as possible, about a month after the army marched from Georgetown, Kentucky, he started alone on their track, hoping to overtake them in time to partake of their glorious triumphs in Canada, for, like the rest, he never dreamed of disaster and defeat. "I shall never forget," to quote his words in after years, "the parting scene with my beloved and venerated mother, in which she reminded me of my father's history, and her own trials and dangers in the early settlement of Kentucky, and closed by saying to me, 'as I had resolved to become a soldier, I must never disgrace my parents by running from danger;—to die rather than fail to do my duty.' This injunction was ever present to me afterwards, in the midst of dangers and difficulties of which I had then formed no idea, and stimulated me to deeds that I might otherwise, perhaps, have hesitated to undertake and perform."

Here properly closes what may be termed the first chapter of his personal history; because from this time he threw off boyhood, and entered upon a career more befitting manhood.

Before proceeding with the personal narrative of our subject, and in order to enable the reader the better to understand the scenes of danger and suffering through which he passed during the unfortunate campaigns of 1812-13, we will briefly sketch the situation of the great North-western Territory, now composing some six or seven sovereign States of this great republican confederacy. From just beyond Urbana and Dayton, in western Ohio, to the northern lakes in one direction, and the Mississippi river in another, was one unbroken wilderness, inhabited only by Indians and wild beasts, with the exception of a few scattering settlements on some of the principal rivers, at great distances from each other. There was a small fort at Detroit, one at Mackinac, and one at Chicago, besides **Forts Wayne and Harrison**, each garrisoned by a few regular troops. **William Hull** was Governor of the Territory of Michigan, and **William Henry Harrison** of Indiana. In view of the growing difficulties with Great Britain in the spring of 1812, Governor Hull received the appointment of Brigadier-General in the army of the United States, and was sent to Ohio to take command of the forces ordered to Detroit to protect that frontier in case of war. These consisted of the fourth regiment of regulars, under Colonel Miller, and three regiments of Ohio volunteers, under Colonels Duncan McArthur, Lewis Cass, and James Findlay. War was declared on the 18th June, 1812, while General Hull was on his tardy march through the northern swamps of Ohio towards Detroit. His baggage, which had been sent by way of the lake, was captured in attempting to pass Malden, at the mouth of the Detroit river. He himself soon afterwards reached Detroit, issued his famous proclamation, and talked largely of overrunning Upper Canada, for effecting which object he had ample forces under his command; instead of doing which, however, he very soon retreated back to the American shore, and on the 16th August disgracefully surrendered his army and the whole of Michigan Territory to General Brock, commanding the British forces on that frontier.

Mackinaw had been forced to capitulate

a month earlier, and Chicago had been abandoned on the 15th of August, and its garrison murdered or captured by a large force of Indians who had received news of Hull's retreat from Canada, and thereupon resolved to unite with the British against us, as they had been previously urged to do by Tecumseh, then rising into power among the northern tribes on this side of the American and British boundary line.

Thus our whole frontier from Lake Erie to the Mississippi river was left utterly undefended except by two small forts—*Wayne* and *Harrison*—one at the junction of the St. Joseph and St. Mary rivers, forming the *Maumee of the Lake*, the other on the far-distant Wabash. Both were defended by block-houses and wooden pickets, both were attacked by the Indians at about the same time, and Captain *Zack Taylor*, defending Fort Harrison, as we have before intimated, with most unflinching heroism, laid the foundation of that subsequent career of military glory and self-devotion, which finally elevated him to the Presidential office.

Three regiments of Kentucky volunteers, under the command of Colonels *Scott*, *Lewis*, and *Allen*, and one regiment of regulars, under Colonel *Wells*, had, in the mean time, been ordered to the north-western frontier, to reinforce General Hull. The former rendezvoused at Georgetown on the 16th of August, and after being addressed by the old veteran, General Charles Scott, then Governor of Kentucky, and by *Henry Clay*, were mustered into the service of the United States. The best blood of Kentucky, the sons of the old hunters and Indian fighters, could be found in this little army. Two members of Congress were among the privates in the ranks. Little did they imagine, while listening to the soul-stirring appeals of the great Kentucky orator, that, instead of marching to Canada to aid in its conquest, *on that very day* the white flag of disgraceful surrender had been hung out by the coward or the traitor Hull from the battlements of Detroit; and that their own career of anticipated victories and glory would terminate in disaster, as it did, on the bloody battle-field of Raisin, on the following 22d day of January. General *James Winchester* had command of this force, and marched on the 17th by way of *Cincinnati*, (then a small town on the Ohio river, opposite to Newport,) towards the north-western frontier; and it was not until they

had passed the Kentucky border that the news of Hull's surrender reached them.

Governor *Harrison* had acquired very considerable fame by his glorious victory at Tippecanoe the preceding November, and was in Kentucky at that time on a visit. So soon as the events just above related were communicated to the Government at Washington, three or four additional regiments of volunteers were ordered from Kentucky, and the Governor of Kentucky prevailed on Governor *Harrison* to accept the office of Major-General, and to hasten with the forces then in the field, and a large body of mounted Kentucky militia, to the relief of Fort Wayne.

This, it will be remembered, he accomplished, and forced the Indians and their British auxiliaries to retreat precipitately towards Canada, without daring to engage him in battle.

By selling a small piece of land (all he had on earth) devised to him by a deceased elder brother, he soon completed his outfit as a volunteer, and, armed with holsters and broadsword, with only fifteen dollars in his pocket, he started for the north-western army, which was then marching with all possible speed towards the frontiers of Ohio, in order to reinforce General *Hull*. Never having been forty miles from home before this time, young and inexperienced as he was, nothing but his burning zeal for the cause to which he had devoted himself could have sustained him against all the perils and hardships of his long journey. When he arrived at Piqua, beyond Dayton, he found crowds of Indians, men, women, and children, principally from the neighboring Shawanee villages, who were besieging the commissary's and quartermaster's apartments for food, blankets, and ammunition. He had never before seen such an array of yellow skins, and was gratified to find at the same place several companies of mounted thirty-day volunteers, hastening to the frontiers after the news of Hull's surrender reached Ohio and Kentucky; in company with whom he proceeded through the wilderness to St. Mary's, distant twenty or thirty miles. At that place he met General *Harrison* on his return from the relief of Fort Wayne, after turning over his command to General *Winchester*, of the regular army. The next day and night, in company with three or four friends, he made the journey to Fort

Wayne, distant about sixty miles, through an unbroken wilderness, infested with hostile savages; and there found the troops in motion towards Old Fort Defiance, at the junction of the Maumee and Anglaise rivers, and was attached by general orders as a cadet to the first regiment of Kentucky Volunteers, under Colonel *Scott*. In this capacity he continued to do duty the remainder of the campaign, going out on all scouting-parties, and thus becoming well acquainted with the whole surrounding country. Some of them were attended with great hazard, and all of them with extra fatigue and hardship, even when compared with the starved and naked condition of all that wing of the army.

As these events have no doubt long since passed from the memories of those not immediately connected with them, and the principal history of them, written by Colonel *McAfee*, is nearly out of print, we take leave to quote from his authentic work, "*The History of the late War in the Western Country*," printed in 1816, the following passages, first remarking that the left wing of the north-western army, under General *Winchester*, (General *Harrison* having some weeks before received the appointment of Major-General from the President of the United States, and assumed the chief command,) was encamped six miles below Old Fort Defiance, on the Maumee:

"About the first of November they became extremely sickly. The typhus fever raged with violence, so that sometimes three or four would die in a day. Upwards of three hundred were daily on the sick-list; and so discouraging was the prospect of advancing, that about the first of December they were ordered to build huts for their accommodation. Many were so entirely destitute of shoes and other clothing, that they must have frozen if they had been obliged to march any distance; and sometimes the whole army would be for many days entirely without flour." (Pp. 183-4.)

"From the 10th to the 22d of this month, (December,) the camp was without flour, and for some time before they had only half rations: poor beef and hickory roots were their only subsistence. At the same time, fevers and other diseases raged in almost every tent, in which the sick were exposed not only to hunger, but to the inclemency of the season." (Vide pp. 185-6.)

General *Winchester* had received orders from General *Harrison*, as soon as he had accumulated twenty days' provisions, to advance to the rapids, forty-four miles lower down the river than his present camp, and to commence building huts, to induce the enemy

to believe he was going into winter-quarters. It was indispensable to occupy the rapids, the subsequent site of Fort Meigs, with a force sufficiently strong to protect the provisions, stores, and munitions of war, which were to be forwarded from the other wings of the army, located at Fort McArthur and Upper Sandusky, previous to a contemplated rapid movement upon Malden and Detroit. From the 22d to the 30th of December, active preparations were being made for this change of position, which was to bring the American forces so much nearer to the enemy. The river being frozen over, they were obliged to take the baggage on their backs, or on rickety sleds, to be hauled by the men, for all their horses which had not been sent into the interior in October or November, had starved to death.

"Having provided for the sick, and assigned guards to attend and protect them, the march for the rapids was commenced on the 30th December. At the same time, Mr. Leslie Combs, a young man of intelligence and enterprise from Kentucky, who had joined the army as a volunteer on its march from Fort Wayne to Fort Defiance, accompanied by Mr. A. Riddle, as a guide, was sent with dispatches to inform the commander-in-chief, (General Harrison,) of this movement, in order that provisions and reinforcements might be forwarded as soon as possible. General Winchester expected to be met by these at the rapids by the 12th of January. This, however, was prevented by an immense fall of snow, which, as Mr. Combs had to traverse *on foot* a pathless wilderness of more than one hundred miles in extent, retarded him for four or five days longer in reaching even the first point of destination, (Fort McArthur,) than would otherwise have been necessary to perform the whole route."—*McAfee*, p. 201.

These dispatches consisted of a brief note, introducing young Combs to General Harrison, "as a youth whose information as to the intended movements of General Winchester could be entirely relied upon;" and at the same time he was fully possessed by General Winchester, confidentially, of all his intentions, which it was deemed unsafe to intrust to paper, inasmuch as his journey was to be through a region full of savages, who might take his scalp and capture his papers. These confidential communications, intrusted to him alone, and by him duly made to General Harrison, enabled him, in 1840, to vindicate the old hero of Tippecanoe with entire success, before the American people, against the foul aspersion cast upon him by his enemies in reference to

the subsequent disastrous defeat of General Winchester at the river Raisin, on the 22d January, 1813.

What he suffered on this tramp may be imagined, but cannot well be described. He had been accustomed only to wear his sword, after sending his horse to the interior, and their daily marching had ceased for some two months. He was on this occasion loaded with a heavy musket and accoutrements, in addition to a blanket and four days' provisions on his back. The snow commenced falling on the morning of the 31st December, and continued without intermission two days and nights, so that on the third day of their journey, young Combs and his companion found it over two feet deep. They were in a dense forest, without path or compass, and only guided by the unerring skill of his companion, who had been some fifteen years, in early life, a captive among the Indians in this region, and was well skilled in all their ways and customs. Several nights they encamped in the black swamp, and could not find a place to lie down and rest, even on the snow, but were compelled to sit up all night with a small fire at their feet, made of such old brush as they could collect, and, wrapping themselves in their blankets, shivered through the long hours till daylight enabled them again to resume their tiresome march. On the sixth day, their four days' provision was entirely exhausted, and they had early put themselves on short allowance. Young Combs was extremely ill nearly all night, so much so, that it was concluded that Riddle must leave him in the morning to his fate, and for himself make the best of his way to the nearest settlement or fort, and endeavor to save Combs, if he should survive till his return. Fortunately for our young volunteer, his natural strength of constitution, and, it may be added, his *unflinching resolution never to stop while he could walk*, overcame his disease, and he kept moving for three days and nights longer, without a mouthful of food for either himself or his companion, except slippery elm bark. On the ninth evening, after dark, they reached Fort McArthur, then under command of General Tupper.

Every attention was paid to young Combs by General Tupper and his staff, on his arrival at the head-quarters of that general. But his sufferings had been so great, that he

was prostrated for days afterwards on a bed of sickness; as, in addition to hunger and fatigue, his feet were badly frost-bitten, and his arm joints stiffened with rheumatic pains, from which he has never since recovered. Being unable to proceed to Upper Sandusky, where General Harrison was posted, his dispatches were conveyed to him, with a brief letter from himself, by a special messenger on horseback, the day after his arrival at Fort McArthur.

As soon as it was considered safe for him to leave his quarters, he was furnished with a sled, two horses, and a driver, and proceeded as speedily as possible through the snow to the rapids, distant about ninety or one hundred miles by way of Hull's trace, which place he reached on the evening of the 19th of January, expecting to find General Winchester's army encamped there, as that general had told him he would be. Instead of this, he met the news of Colonel Lewis's glorious victory of the 18th, at river Raisin, over the British and Indians, thirty-six miles in advance of the rapids, and about twenty miles only from Malden, the headquarters of the British army in Upper Canada. Disappointed and mortified that a battle had been fought in his absence, and apprehending the speedy recurrence of another similar event of a more conclusive character, as General Winchester had himself gone on with the flower of his forces that morning, to reinforce Colonel Lewis; without waiting for General Harrison, who was expected in a day or two, with a portion of the right wing of the army, he determined to lose no time in reporting himself at headquarters. Accordingly, on the 20th, in the evening, he set off on foot, with his blanket and one day's rations on his back, and without his old heavy musket, to overtake Major Cotgreve's battalion, which was understood to have been hurried forward by General Harrison from Lower Sandusky, with two or three pieces of light artillery, in the direction of the river Raisin. He soon accomplished his object, as the Maumee was frozen over from shore to shore, and he could travel on the ice with much greater rapidity than by land through the deep crusted snow.

With them he found another young Kentuckian, with a small pony, loaded with his baggage and provisions, proceeding to join his regiment, from which he had been

separated for some time. The night of the 21st was bright, clear, and beautiful, but intensely cold, with a full moon shining; and at two o'clock his newly found companion and himself determined to make an effort to reach the river Raisin before the next night. So anxious were they to accomplish this purpose, that they forgot for the time their being on hostile ground, as recognized by Hull in his articles of capitulation, and that there were one or two villages intervening between them and their point of destination. Whether they should encounter in them friends or foes, and how many murdering Pottowatomies might be prowling through the forests, were not taken into account; onward they resolved to go, and at all hazards.

After twelve or thirteen hours' laborious trudging through the snow and ice, one leading and the other driving their little half-starved pony, they arrived at a small village about ten miles from the river Raisin, to witness a scene of consternation and distress never before presented to their view. An American soldier, without hat, coat, or shoes, had just arrived from the disastrous field of Raisin, with an exaggerated account of that bloody affair, and the whole population were preparing to fly towards the American army, supposed to be approaching under General Harrison, by way of the ice on the lake and river. While hesitating whether to believe this most painful news, and return, or treat it as the tale of a coward, and proceed to the scene of action, they discovered another fugitive in the distant prairie approaching them, who, on his arrival, confirmed all they had just heard, with the additional fact, that the Indians were pursuing the flying troops under Winchester and Lewis, in the direction towards their present location. In a very short space of time, with the exception of a few Canadian Frenchmen and one family of whom we shall presently speak more particularly, the whole village was depopulated, leaving houses and furniture, barns, grain, stock, every thing but the little bedding, food, and clothing they could pack on their sleds and carryalls, and scudding for life on the ice towards the rapids. It was a scene never to be forgotten by our young soldier. It was the first time he had ever seen war, face to face, or rather the effects of war. He had read and thought and dreamed of bat-

ties and their awful desolations; but this *miniature likeness* was his first personal view, and it sickened and saddened his heart. We will not stop to moralize but; proceed with our facts.*

The Frenchmen above mentioned, young Combs understood, were Indian traders; and from their knowledge of several Indian languages and general friendly intercourse with them, they had remained, with the hope of being able to save their friends' property from the torches of the enraged enemy. The family before spoken of consisted of husband, wife, and five children, the largest about twelve years old. They were distributed between a small one-horse sleigh and

an ox-sled loaded with cooking utensils, food and bedding. The latter vehicle could not proceed, as all the rest had done, on the ice, because the oxen were unshod, and the owner did not know that Hull's old road by land back to the Maumee was sufficiently free from obstruction to enable him to save his family by that route. Fortunately, Combs and his companion had just traveled that way, and could assure him of its entire practicability, and that, moreover, troops were advancing by it at that very time, with whom they had encamped the previous night. Having done thus much, the dictates of ordinary prudence—the law of self-preservation, deemed by some the first law of nature—might have impelled our young officer and his companion to disencumber their pony of his pack, and with his aid have saved themselves from the much-apprehended tomahawk and scalping-knife of the Indians, reeking and red as they were with the blood of their gallant associates and friends at Raisin.

But in the boys' hearts of our youthful adventurers there was a "higher law," a *duty* which they thought they owed to the army in their rear, and the helpless family in their presence, which induced them to give up the pony to the two soldiers, together with blankets to protect themselves; directing them to ride alternately, and hasten back to General Harrison with the sad tidings they had just communicated to them, and which was to blast all his cherished hopes of a successful invasion of Upper Canada that winter.

At the same time, throwing their packs upon the ox-sled, our adventurers started the terrified family in the same direction, remaining themselves some distance in the rear, to give notice of approaching danger, and as far as possible save these families, if it should come on themselves.

Young Hensley, his Kentucky companion, had a musket; Tessier, their protégé, had a fusée or shot-gun, and Combs himself was armed with a sword and belt-pistols. Their march was of course very slow; but it seemed to our ardent young officer that he had never before seen oxen move with such a tardy pace. They knew not at what moment their ears would be saluted with the savage war-whoop in their rear. Thus they proceeded till the road was lost in darkness, hoping to meet Major Cotgreve's battalion,

* "MASSACRE OF RAISIN. — Proctor [Colonel] then agreed to receive a surrender on the following terms: that all private property should be respected; that sleds should be sent next morning to remove the sick and wounded to Amherstburg, on the island opposite Malden; that in the mean time *they should be protected by a guard*; and that the side-arms of the officers should be restored to them at Malden. [Query, why were their side-arms taken from them at all, if treachery was not contemplated?] . . . About 12 o'clock, the prisoners were marched off. Drs. Todd and Bowers, of the Kentucky volunteers, were left with the wounded; and Major Reynolds, [an American officer and prisoner also,] with two or three interpreters, *was all the guard left to protect them*. . . . About sunrise, instead of sleds arriving to convey them to Malden, a large body of Indians, perhaps two hundred in number, came into the town, painted black and red. . . . They began first to plunder the houses of the inhabitants, and then broke into those where the wounded prisoners were lying, some of whom they abused and stripped of their clothes and blankets, and then tomahawked them without mercy. . . . The few who were judged able to march, were saved and taken off towards Malden; but as often as any of them gave out on the way, they were tomahawked and left lying in the road. . . . For the massacre at the river Raisin, for which any other civilized Government would have dismissed, and perhaps have gibbeted the commander, Colonel Proctor received the rank of Major-General in the British army. . . . Proctor, after he had left the battle-ground, never named the guards nor sleds which he had promised for the wounded *Americans*; nor would he pay any attention to the subject, when repeatedly reminded of it by General Winchester and Major Madison, [prisoners.] Captain Elliot [of the British army] once replied to their solicitations, that "*the Indians were very excellent surgeons!*" . . . The prospect of their release, however, was now very gloomy, as Proctor had issued an order, *forbidding individuals to purchase any more of them, [the prisoners,] while a stipulated price was still paid for all the scalps brought in by the savages!*"—See *McAfee*, pp. 216-24.

and were forced to encamp by the road-side. They watched all night, one of them about a hundred paces from the fire, on the trace towards Raisin, and at dawn they again resumed their slow retreat. They had not gone over two or three miles, when, instead of meeting an armed band which would give them comparative safety, they found Cotgreve's baggage-sleds and artillery abandoned in the road, with all the marks of sudden and precipitate flight. "I shall not pretend," Combs subsequently writes, "to describe our feelings at this unexpected sight; but thank Heaven we did not abandon our voluntarily assumed charge, but resolved, come what would, to save them or perish with them."

Just before sunset, they came in sight of the Maumee river, and at the same time discovered that Winchester's camp, left in charge of General Payne, some three or four miles up the river, was in flames. At first they supposed that the British and Indians had gotten ahead of them by way of the lake and river ice, and had defeated the remnant of the left wing of the army and General Harrison's reinforcements, and that their own destiny was sealed. They were soon relieved, however, from this painful apprehension, by discovering a wounded soldier who had made his escape by that route, and assured them that no enemy had passed him.

We shall only refer to so much of the military operations about this period on that frontier as may render the personal narrative of the subject of the memoir intelligible. The two flying soldiers to whom Hensley had promptly abandoned his pony at Combs' suggestion, and determined to aid the latter in bringing off the distressed family, had, it seems, communicated to Major Cotgreve the same alarming information they had given to Combs, "*that at least five thousand Indian warriors were in hot pursuit, under Tecumseh and Dixon,*" and thus caused his precipitate retreat. They reached General Winchester's old camp at the rapids, at which General Harrison, in the mean time, had arrived with a small body-guard early on the 22d, having traveled all night, and caused him to abandon the position north of the Maumee, set fire to the camp, and fall back to the south side of Portage river, some fifteen or twenty miles nearer the Ohio settlements on Hull's trace.

Young Combs followed in his footsteps

across the river on the ice, after sundown on the 23d, and arrived on the opposite side of Portage river on the evening of the 24th, with his small caravan, much to the surprise and joy of his friends, who had already numbered him among the dead. Having been mainly instrumental in saving three of that gallant band of Kentuckians, who had marched to the frontier some five months before, with such devoted patriotism and buoyant hopes of military glory, for the first time since he met the news of the disaster, he now felt safe from pursuit, and gratified more than words could express that he had had the nerve to do his duty.

The weather had moderated, and the rain had been falling all day, so that the ice on the river had split near the centre and bulged upwards, rendering it difficult as well as dangerous to cross. But nothing could stop our young adventurer's friends, when he came in sight, from rushing across to meet him. Majors Hardin and Gano conducted him to head-quarters, and introduced him to General Harrison, informing him what he had done. "It was a proud moment for me," writes Mr. Combs, in reference to that sight, "*thus to be presented: and while he complimented me, and said I was worthy of a civic crown, his eyes were moist with tears, and mine were not dry. That tear-drop of the hero of Tippecanoe fell upon my heart; and my untiring support of him in 1840, when he was a candidate for the Presidency, cannot be wondered at, although my first choice then and ever had been HENRY CLAY.*"

"I had no time," he continues, "on my perilous retreat, to seek for my murdered friends and fellow-soldiers at Raisin. My eyes were dry, and my nerves seemed rigid as iron until all personal danger was over, and all under my charge in safety." Of over nine hundred officers and soldiers engaged in the disastrous battle, only thirty-three escaped; all the rest were killed on the field, massacred, or led into captivity. The news filled the whole country with the deepest grief; Kentucky was clad in mourning, and General Harrison himself overwhelmed with sorrow and disappointment. Very soon afterwards, the remnant of the Kentucky regiment engaged in the conflict were discharged; but the subject of this memoir declined to leave for some time, not knowing that the invasion of Upper Canada was abandoned for

the winter, till after Fort Meigs was erected, and General Harrison himself, in a complimentary note, advised him of the fact, and permitted him to return to Kentucky, with the expectation of again joining him in the spring with other volunteers. Thus ended his first campaign.

When he arrived at home, with his clothes

much worn and badly soiled, his mother met him with a tear and a smile, remarking, in jest, that she was surprised to see him so soon, as he had told her he would not return until they had taken Canada. His reply was, "that he had only come home to get a clean shirt." And she very soon found he was in earnest.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PHILOSOPHY.

WHAT is the relation which man sustains to the universe, is the great world-problem whose solution speculative thought has sought through so many ages of restless and persistent inquiry. Upon this thread Philosophy has strung most of its brilliant and bewildering speculations. To discover some pass-way from the personal to the impersonal, some transit from the individual to the universal, Intellect has sounded its profoundest depths, and Genius wandered to its farthest heights. System has succeeded system, and school followed school, leaving the problem still unresolved. Philosophy first appears in the East, puzzling, with its mysteries, the infancy of the race. In the dreamy and speculative character of Oriental mind it finds a ready reception: but not to the Children of the Sun is it given to read "the open secret." An intense and overshadowing sense of the infinite brings such a paralysis upon all active individual consciousness, as to leave little significance to the inquiry; since the total absorption of the individual in the universal, destroys the very conditions of the relation sought to be determined. The personal and the impersonal, the one and the many, are identified as the homogeneous parts of an insoluble whole, bound together by the iron chain of necessity, and committed to the uncertain guidance of some mysterious and unknown power. From such a faith, throwing its fatalistic spell around all life and thought, results that philosophy of profound indifference, which finds so sublime an expression in the Indian Bhagavad-Gita, and the Vedas and Puranas.

Oriental life, throughout its entire development in religion, and art, and literature, and law, was but the flowering and fruitage of that impassive and noxious faith, which teaches the indifference of circumstances, the slumberous immobility of life, and the abandonment of self. The Sphinx, with its look of sad and mute bewilderment, is the expressive symbol of its thought.

Philosophy next appears upon the more congenial soil of Greece, and propounds its problems to the more vigorous, cultured, and discriminative Hellenic mind. A quicker life runs through the veins of that wonderful people; a finer and sprightlier intellect flashes its creations upon no impassive spirits, and plays its fancies round no indifferent hearts.

Here, then, Philosophy may look for some response to its questionings. A thinker of Ionia appears seeking, amid the uncertain light, some traces of a beginning. Amid the shadows of chaotic and primal elements, a first principle is discovered, the process of creation traced, a system founded; and now the long centuries resound with the noise of contentious schools. By what many and diverse lines of inquiry; by what slight but sure gradations of advance, Philosophy travelled from Ionia to Alexandria, through Italian, Eleatic, Socratic, and Academician schools, to the lofty spiritualism and extreme generalizations of the later Platonist, we may not here fully consider. We must pass this most brilliant period in the world's annals, so ripe in its intellectual life, and so fruitful in its fountain thoughts and its great names, with a rapid

indication of the general direction of speculative thought, and the more prominent stages in its line of progressive development.

The first inquiries were ontological. The beginnings of existence were sought, and a science of cosmology attempted. The ultimate principle of things, but crudely conceived, and supposed to exist under a material form, was sought amid physical elements. Thales found the *primum mobile* in water, Anaxamines in air, and Heraclitus in fire. Crude as these speculations of the Ionian school may appear to us, standing in the clearer light, they present a series of slowly advancing conceptions; the material element gradually giving way, until we come to the more spiritualistic philosophy of the mathematicians. This school found the first principle in an abstraction; but it was an abstraction involving the conception of the Infinite, which was an idea far above the plans of Ionian speculation. Pythagoras thought he detected the *Principia* in numbers, and from their combinations he constructed the universe. The absolute and unchangeable existence was one. This numerical unity developed itself phenomenally in multiplicity, and thus comes the world of relative and manifold existence.

The speculations of Pythagoras and his school were lofty and profound, but there was no conception of mind; no recognition of the creative and self-existent *νοῦς* in their severely deductive processes. It is in the succeeding school of the Eleatics that we find the attribute of intelligence given to the Infinite, and a reference of creation to one eternally-existent and self-conscious mind as its cause. This conception of the Eleatics was a great advance upon all previous thinking, and marks an era in the history of Philosophy. But it should be observed that this idea of mind as cause was not very clearly differentiated from creation as effect. The Infinite was One, but it was also All; and hence the phenomenal and the metaphenomenal were but parts of the same flowing life. There was, in truth, a reappearance here of the Indian doctrine of Emanation, and, in this absorption of the finite in the infinite, the integrity of self-consciousness and the individual will seemed likely to be lost in the recurring cycles of Oriental thought. An oppressive and saddening sense of the Infinite began to

develop once more its fatal results of indifference and self-abandonment, and a system of Pantheism—alien to the vigor of Greek thought—became predominant, in which all the tides and forces of individual being were lost in the vaster circulations of the Infinite Energy.

But it was not in the courses of destiny and the law of development that Philosophy should thus relapse into the imbecility of its youth.

A new direction was communicated to speculative thought, and a new spirit awakened, by which its vigor and vitality were conserved.

Thus far the method of inquiry had been ontological, and had resulted, as that method must ever result when exclusively employed, in the establishment, by the Eleatics, of a system of pantheistic fatalism. But with the close of that school a new direction and impulse was given to speculation, by the introduction of the psychological method. Philosophy hitherto had concerned itself with but one term of the relation which it sought to determine. It began to perceive, at last, that a knowledge of the nature and origin of the universe was little likely to be gained without some better acquaintance with those faculties by which such knowledge was to be apprehended. For what confidence could it have in the validity of its conclusions, without some criteria or verification? Supposing a science of ontology possible, it is clear that psychology must determine its legitimacy. With the perception of this fact commenced an inquiry into the nature and capacities of the human mind—an inquiry which Philosophy has so vigorously prosecuted through all the lines of its subsequent history. Is there any ground of certitude and authority in human knowledge? Has the understanding any faculty for the apprehension of absolute truth? were questions whose solution seemed to condition all further advance.

Parmenides, one of the last of the Eleatics, was the first to perceive the difficulty which these preliminary inquiries raised, and he endeavored to meet it by his important distinction between semi-knowledge, which is but *opinion*, and knowledge, given in the reason, which is *truth*. By the former, we have cognizance of a simply relational existence, more or less modified by the conditions of our own subjectivity; while the

latter acquaints us with an existence which is absolute. The distinction thus made in the sources of knowledge, marks an important transition-point in the progress of speculation. It gave a determination to all succeeding inquiry, and laid the foundation of those four great systems of philosophy whose struggles for the supremacy have entered so largely into the biographic history of the world. Parmenides suspicioned the objective validity of the ideas given in sense, and indicated a source of knowledge independent of sensation. His speculations were vague, and abounded with notions extremely fanciful; but they contained the initial developments of a great truth, and served to introduce upon the arena of controversy the system of idealism, around which Plato threw the splendors of his genius, and which modern Germany has enriched with its best and proudest names. The discussion thus commenced by the later Eleatics, regarding the source and authority of ideas, was continued by their successors. Ontological inquiries, however, were still prosecuted, but under psychological scrutiny and tests. Heraclitus, whose ontology identifies him with the Ionian school, maintained the exclusiveness and validity of sense-knowledge, denying to the reason any thing more than a mere regulative function. He then laid the foundation of *sensationalism*, or at least gave to the principles of that system their first philosophical statement. Anaxagoras succeeded, denying with Heraclitus any other than a sensational source of ideas, but at the same time denying their authority, and thus extending his system to a negation of all ground of certitude for the knowledge given in sense. Here, then, *skepticism*, the third great system of philosophy, makes its appearance. It is to be noted, however, that the skepticism of Anaxagoras was of a purely philosophical nature. It questioned the authority of reason, and the validity of its judgments, but did not extend to the denial of an intelligent first cause. On the contrary, his conceptions of Deity were far in advance of all preceding philosophers. They were free from the materialism of the Ionians, the chilling obstructions of the Mathematicians, and the pantheism of the Eleatics. He did not identify the universe with God, nor reduce his infinity to a barren negation; but he conceived him as an independent and designing intelligence, exerting

a directive wisdom in the arrangement of primordial elements, but maintaining an existence entirely distinct from his creations. Upon the immediate successors of Anaxagoras we must not dwell. Empedocles, with his sweeping eclecticism, making earth, air, fire and water the *prima materia*, with love as the combinative and harmoniously disposing agency, (a conception of Deity pointing to a recognition of the moral element,) teaching that knowledge and existence were correlatives, and announcing that principle, so fruitful of fancies in modern speculations, that like can only be known by like; Democritus and his celebrated atomic theory, so ingeniously reproduced in the philosophy of Leibnitz; and his theory of ideas, which may be seen reflected in the sensational system of Locke; these were but the more complete development of those elements of thought we have already indicated.

Philosophy now fell into the hands of the Sophists—those boasting athletes of intellect, who gloried in “making the worse appear the better reason,” and truth and justice but opinion and law. In identifying thought and sensation, and assuming man as the measure of all existence, they struck at the foundations of truth and virtue: making the one a delusion and the other a name. Not long, however, was Philosophy doomed to so degrading a bondage. Her deliverer came in the person of one whose name will live in grateful remembrance as long as truth may claim a disciple or virtue a worshipper. Socrates appeared, stripping from the Sophists their thin guise of rhetorical pretension, and teaching the eternal sanctions of justice and right. He asserted the possibility of truth and the supremacy of virtue, and clothed their beautiful and blending forms in all the loveliness of their own essential and resplendent nature. Socrates’ teachings were altogether ethical in their nature. He laid the foundations of moral science, but established no distinct philosophical system. He was a moralist, but a moralist with a *method* which worked a total revolution in the metaphysical speculations of his time. Under the guidance of that method, Philosophy prosecuted its inquiries upon far higher grounds. Sensationalism gave way before the application of those searching dialectics which disclosed in the innermost depths of consciousness a sanctuary of truth, which the phe-

nomena of sense could never penetrate, nor the caprices of opinion ever disturb. Skepticism expired in the blaze of those sublime truths, which unveiled the mysteries of a spiritual existence, and proclaimed the immutable sanctions of divine law.

The revolution which Socrates began, his illustrious disciple completed. Plato was the most accomplished and imperial intellect of his time. He was the blossoming of Greek culture—"the bright, consummate flower" of Hellenic thought. In his wonderful brain were the fires of genius and the elaborated treasures of toil. "When Plato came, a man who could see two sides of a thing was born." Imbued with the ethical doctrines of his loved and venerated master, and pursuing his method, he built up a philosophical system which has occupied a wider space in the world's thought than the creations of any other single intellect of ancient or modern times. "His sentences contain the culture of nations. They have been the corner-stone of schools and the fountain-head of literatures." With a clear perception of the weakness of the Sensational and Skeptical systems, he adopted the principles of Idealism, and brought to their support all the wealth of his accomplished and cultured mind. In his celebrated theory of Ideas we have his opinion of the sources and authority of knowledge, and the relations of the individual to the universal. He distinguishes between "opinion, of which all men have a share, and reason, which belongs only to the Gods and some small portion of mankind." The incertitude of sense-knowledge is maintained, but a source of knowledge independent of sense is affirmed. There is a sensible world—a world of phenomena and appearance. And there is also a world of Ideas—real, intelligible, and absolute. In this lower and weary kingdom of sense and time, we mourn our exile from a higher estate. Limited to a knowledge of particulars and relative existence, we grope our way amid the shadows and reflected light, but with occasional exaltations of vision which lift us into the higher world of Ideas, where we are admitted to a perception of universal and absolute being. The medium by which we come to a knowledge of this clearer realm of realities and abiding existence is the Reason, or rather, Reminiscence; for the soul, having been once identified with the original sources and higher

forms of being, is awakened, through the suggestions of sensible phenomena, to a recollection of that diviner existence of which it formerly had immediate cognizance and formed a component part. In the Good, the Beautiful, and the True, it recognizes its lost inheritance, which, in plaints and aspirations, it is ever seeking to regain. The poverty and phantom-like nature of sensible phenomena is thus taught; but it finds an equivalent in the wonderful significance which it takes, as the dim reflection of that purer archetypal creation to which it is related by so infinite a suggestiveness. The individual soul thus shares in the life of the Universal. Around every point and particle cluster the universal laws. In the smallest fractional part reappears entire the beauty and splendor of the infinite whole.

Plato's Ideal Theory has long since perished. It was the brilliant but fanciful creation of a great mind, seeking earnestly for the truth. But around it were gathered so many noble and truthful thoughts, and so many just and uplifting conceptions, that it will ever be regarded, by the lover of virtue and thought, as a system grand and beautiful, even though abandoned and in ruins.

In the theology of his system, Plato ranks above all the thinkers of antiquity. His conceptions of Deity were so just and true, that he has been called the Christian Philosopher; and there is much reason to conclude that modern faith is more indebted to Plato for some portions of its creed than it would be ready to admit. Beyond and above the world of fleeting appearance lies, in serene and undimmed light, the world of Ideas. Beyond and above the world of Ideas, in the brightness and perfection of his own nature, dwells the absolute and uncreated God. "In the midst of the sun is the light; in the midst of the light is truth; and in the midst of truth dwells the imperishable Being." The influence of Plato upon his own and succeeding times can never be fully estimated. His genius yet lives, not in recollection alone, but in the finer phrases of our intellectual life. In his union of the *το αγαθον* and the *το καλον*, his ideas of the nature and office of evil, and his identification, in virtue and science and art, of the good, the beautiful, and the true, we may recognize the source of many of the finest conceptions in modern culture and thought.

Philosophy passed her sceptre from

Plato to Aristotle. The renowned Stagyrīte has been called the "Secretary of Nature," and his vast and comprehensive knowledge would seem to entitle him to the appellation. He was as much distinguished for *breadth* of understanding, as Plato for *height*. The disciple succeeded to his master's fame, but he did not inherit his system. Idealism found in Plato its ablest advocate, it met in Aristotle its most powerful foe. That splendid structure which the former had carried to so towering a height, the latter left in ruins. The Ideas to which Plato had given so commanding a position, proved not beyond the range of Aristotle's severe and well-directed logic. He made sad havoc in the realm of the Universals, and showed the objective existence of abstract archetypal Ideas to be exceedingly problematical. As the ideal world of Plato was thus reduced to a purely subjective existence in his own conceptions, it was concluded—though illogically enough—that there could be no source of ideas independent of sensation. Hence *Sensationalism* awoke again into life, and became, under Aristotle, the predominant system. His famous dictum, "*Nihil in intellectu, quod non prius in sensu*," became the great canon of the Sensational school, which has passed to the authority of a *pronunciamento*, and served both as premises and proof with some of his modern followers.

With Sensationalism again enthroned, Skepticism naturally followed. For if we can have no ideas but such as are ultimately given in sensations, and sensation being but an affection of the precipient mind, with no ascertainable correspondence to its phenomenal cause, it follows that there can be no ground of certitude for our knowledge, nor any possibility of absolute science. Truth, therefore, is resolved into opinion, and right and wrong become mere conventional distinctions, adopted for convenience, but founded upon no immutable principles. Skepticism, thus equipped from the armory of the Sensationalists, and under the guidance of Pyrrho, entered upon its crusade of doubt. It succeeded in destroying all confidence in the reports of Reason or Sense, until, in the school of the New Academy, whence it drew its most polished and effective armor, it completed its conquest over Morals, and Science, and Faith.

But Philosophy was not thus destined to

abandon her quest. The doubts and denials of the Academicians might depress, but they could not destroy her hope. Driven from Greece, she fled to Alexandria, and then summoned to her aid a new and powerful ally. Thus far she had relied upon Reason alone for the solution of her enigma. But Reason had failed in every attempt. She now invokes the assistance of *Faith*.

With this alliance a new and fourth great system comes into being. That system is *Mysticism*. In the school of the Neo-Platonists the new philosophy is announced, and Philo, Porphyry, Proclus and Plotinus, become the teachers of its doctrines and its claims. The reports of the senses are deceptive; the conclusions of reason are uncertain; but there is a faculty higher than sense and clearer than reason, which gives absolute truth. That faculty is *Faith*.

Like can be known only by like. Knowledge and existence are correlative. Reason, then, can never give a knowledge of the Absolute, for that is unconditional and infinite, while Reason is limited and finite. But Faith lifts the finite above limitation, identifies the individual and the universal, and blends subject and object in the unity of pure and immediate apperception. Not through toilsome processes of induction, not from close and cautious demonstration comes the hidden truth and the secret law; but in the flashes of *Intuition*, the exaltations of *Vision*, and the rapt and gleaming moments of *Ecstasy*, when the soul loses its personality and mingles with the Universal Soul, and knowledge and being are one.

In the light of these sublime visions, Philosophy sees the unfolding of her mysteries. The wide and wondrous universe of being becomes a transparency, and its hidden laws and relations surrender their well-kept secrets. In "the flight of the alone to the Alone," the Infinite Unity is dissolved, and the process of its triple manifestation traced as with a pencil of light.

Philosophy had thus completed its appointed cycle, and evolved its four great systems of thought. Their further development on the field of modern history, presents a subject too vast for discussion here. The limits of this paper will permit but an outline of the course of speculation.

From the fall of the Alexandrian school and the rise of Christianity to the sixteenth

century, Philosophy was occupied with the bitter contentions of the Nominalists and Realists, and the word-juggleries of Scholastics and Schoolmen.

The arrival of Descartes marks a new era. He was to speculative philosophy what Bacon was to physical science. He established a new *method*, or rather, like Bacon, he recast and perfected the old. Commencing with his famous Enthymeme, "*cogito ergo sum*," as the only unsuspected fact of existence, he proceeded by an *à priori* process of rigid deduction to the construction of a complete system of being. He found in consciousness and the primitive laws of the understanding the elements of thought and the *criteria* of truth, by which he determined the existence of a Deity and the nature of the universe. *Idealism* thus again reappeared, maintained upon more substantial grounds, and prepared to engage in a vigorous contest for the supremacy. Spinoza and Malebranche succeeded, pushing the system of Descartes to its extreme and pantheistical development. The Sensationalists sunk God in Nature. These extreme Idealists merged nature in God. In the line of Cartesian speculation, Leibnitz ranks next, if not above the philosopher of Tourraine. In his doctrine of microcosmal *monads* and their "preëstablished harmony," and in the development of his theory of Optimism, we recognize the creations of a vigorous and profound thinker. We cannot now dwell upon his ingenious and elaborate system; but we may note that, in resolving nature into a collection of *dynamical* self-developing forces, and making it homogeneous with spirit, the two differing only as *conscious and unconscious monads*, he gave a determination to some of the most interesting speculations in modern science.

Idealism was not long permitted an unchallenged supremacy. Extreme development in one direction begat a correspondent movement in another. Sensationalism again appeared, and in the powerful advocacy of Gassendi and Hobbes, it promised a universal dominion. In England, Locke became its distinguished champion, and under his statement and direction it assumed its mildest and most acceptable phase. But in the principles which he established, but which he did not fully unfold, were the

germs of a more gross and noxious development of Sensationalism than the world had yet seen. His successors were not long in pushing his philosophy to its legitimate as well as illegitimate results. Hartley and his "Vibratory Hypothesis," by which all mental phenomena were resolved into nervous vibrations and the relics of sensation; Priestley, identifying thought with sensation, and referring them, with Hobbes, to the motion of material particles in the nerves or brain; Darwin, reducing all mind, including the Infinite, to nature and organic processes, and banishing spirit from the universe—these were but the natural sequents of that system, in whose milder statement by Locke were the elements of that Materialistic and Necessarian school, of which Horne Tooke became the grammarian, Goodwin the moralist, and Jeremy Bentham the politician. It was on the Continent, however, and among the French Ideologists, that this philosophy reached its last and perfected development. It was reserved for Helvetius, Condillac, Cabanis, De Tracy, and d'Holbach, to show the precise process by which sensations become transformed into all the complex mental phenomena of thought, emotion, and will; to demonstrate under the scalpel that the brain secretes thought precisely as the liver secretes bile, and to proclaim a system of morals so gross and selfish, that Voltaire himself pronounced it abominable for its immorality.

When all ideas were thus reduced to physiological processes and the action of bodily functions, a challenge to their validity naturally followed. Without some other criteria of verification than sensible organic impressions, there could be no basis of authority for knowledge. Experience alone never could give necessary truth, for those fundamental momenta of thought, upon which the perception of such truth was conditional, were obviously beyond the range of sensible impressions. The Skepticism of Hume, therefore, was a legitimate product of the Sensual Philosophy. And in striking so boldly at the legitimacy of all knowledge, by his denial of causation and a Creative Intelligence, he was but completing the work which Condillac and his school had begun.

The appearance of Germany upon the field of controversy was the commencement of a new movement. Characterized by a pro-

foundly contemplative and philosophic spirit, she brought to the discussion of the great questions of Philosophy, an affluence of thought and an array of great names unsurpassed in ancient or modern times. To resolve all the great problems of thought, and to throw open the entire arcana of existence, was her ambitious aim. The source and validity of ideas, the essence and origin of being, and all the mysteries connected with the existence of the soul, of nature and God, came within the range of her exhaustive speculations. The constitutional nature of Germanic mind determined the direction of its inquiries. All its native impulses and habits of thought were at war with Sensationalism. Its speculative tendency, its profound reflectiveness, and its lofty enthusiasm, all indicated its affinities with Idealism, as the system most in harmony with its spiritualistic sympathies and faith. Here, then, we may look for a counter-current and corrective to the sensualism of the French and English schools, and a protest against the skeptical doctrine advanced by Hume and his less able coadjutors upon the Continent.

Of Liebnitz, chronologically connected with this period, but philosophically related to the Cartesians, we have already spoken. He controverted the theory of Locke regarding the origin of ideas, adding to the maxium of the Sensationalists, "*Nihil in intellectu, quod non prius in sensu*," his noted "*Præter intellectum ipsum*." We recognize here the germ of that system of "Critical Philosophy" which has placed the name of Kant so high on the roll of philosophic fame. It was the great merit of Kant to have given to the laws and operations of the human mind a more thorough analysis than they had before received. His method was psychological, and he pursued it with rigorous severity until he stood within the very *penetralia* of consciousness. He distinguished between the respective functions of the Sensibility, the Understanding, and the Reason, and indicated the agency of each in the genesis of ideas. He showed that while all knowledge begins *with* experience, it does not all come *from* experience—*post hoc, non propter hoc*—a thought which Cousin has so fully developed in his distinction between the logical and chronological antecedence of ideas. Each of the three great functions of

our intellectual nature are analyzed, and shown to have their *constituent forms* or *primitive laws*, from which all the phenomena coming within their respective spheres take quality and form. By the transmuting process of these *primitive laws* or *categories*, the mind proceeds from simple objective existence, the only thing given in the Sensibility, through sensations, notions, and judgments, to the ultimate ideas of Soul, Nature, and God, the last generalizations of the Reason.

The union of the subjective and the objective in all knowledge is thus determined, and faith in the validity of ideas and the conclusions of science and morals justified, by showing the possibility of an *à priori* knowledge, and the necessity of accepting the original conceptions of the understanding.

The influence of the Transcendental Philosophy upon German thought was immense. It completely extinguished a shallow species of Skepticism, which had begun to make its appearance, and gave birth to a school of Philosophy and a series of speculations, which have given Germany the intellectual empire of the world.

Kant, as we have seen, sought to determine the exact proportions and agency of subject and object, the *me* and the *not-me*, in every act of perception and thought. In this office he had assigned almost the entire agency to the subjective, but yet allowing a bare objective existence, without quality or attribute, to furnish the *unformed material* of knowledge. Here, then, was a tendency to pure subjective Idealism, which nothing was needed to complete but an elimination of the realistic element, already held by so feeble a tenure. To effect this was the work of Fichte. Fixing his eye upon the idealistic side of the Kantian philosophy, he pushed it to its extreme development. Kant had shown that all our *actual* knowledge is limited to the facts of consciousness. Here, then, Fichte takes his position, and maintains the exclusive office and claims of the *Ego*. We can *know* nothing beyond the field of our own consciousness; whatever is given in that, we may accept, but farther we may not go, for the consciousness cannot transcend itself; all our sensations and perceptions are purely subjective; they are nothing more than affections of mind. That they have any corresponding objective reality is

a supposition wholly conjectural. It is an inference which *Faith* may accept, but which *Reason* cannot prove. For it is clear that we can have no knowledge of any thing previous to its coming under the laws and conditions of our own subjectivity; but the imposition of these laws and conditions, it is admitted, determines the entire character, form, and properties of the thing known. Hence it can never be *proved* that the objective fact corresponds with the subjective idea. Neither does such subjective knowledge necessarily correlate simple objective *existence*, as was held by Kant, any more than it does *correspondence*. The fact that the intelligence forces us to believe in an external world, proves nothing; for the intelligence *itself* is a part of that very subjectivity, and is thus necessitated by the imposition of its laws. Mind, therefore, which is defined as the *power of thinking*, is the only real existence. Being an active principle, with impulses to self-development, it projects its activities out of itself; but, meeting with limitations to its free activity, as it must—else it would proceed to infinity—it *objectifies* these limitations, and calls them the external world. Thus the *me* determines the *not-me*, and creates what it beholds. The universe becomes wholly spiritual; “mind precipitated” becomes matter, and all outward being is but the sensized product of thought. Knowledge and existence, therefore, are synonymous, and subject and object identified as one.

The intense *Egoism* which distinguishes these speculations of Fichte marks the idealistic phase of the Kantian philosophy in its highest expression. It had reached its point of culmination in a system of *pure subjective Idealism*.

Closely related to Fichte was Schelling. He was an Idealist, but his Idealism developed itself in another direction. He did not, with Fichte, sink all existence in the *Ego*, but he allowed the reality of objective being. With Fichte, he identified subject and object, but not *upon the same plane*. He carried the union to a higher point, and identified them in the *Absolute*. This absolute, in which exists potentially all phenomenal being, is revealed to us through the *intellectual intuition*, a kind of spiritual vision, which is the great organ of philosophy in the perception of truth. The self-development of the Absolute or Infinite Mind con-

stitutes the universe. To trace the process of this development is the office of Philosophy; an office which becomes possible through the intimacy of relation which the individual mind sustains to the Absolute as one of its modes of manifestation.

This process of self-development is effected through the operation of a law in which Philosophy detects three agencies or movements. The first is the *reflective* movement, or the attempt of the Infinite to embody itself in the finite. This gives *nature*. The second is called the *subsumptive* movement, or the effort of the Absolute, having embodied itself in the finite, to return again to the Infinite. This gives *mind*, which is *nature arrived at consciousness*. The third movement consists in the union of the other two, and is the blending of the subjective and the objective, of mind and matter in the Absolute as *realized*. The development of this original system, which we cannot further pursue, is extended throughout the entire phenomena and relations of being. This same law, in its three-fold movement, is traced through all the realms of nature and mind. It is shown to operate entire in the most subordinate, as well as in the highest ranges and gradations of existence. It is made to resolve all the great problems of Philosophy, and to illumine with new light and meaning the domains of Science and Literature and Religion and Art. Whatever opinion there may be regarding the merits of Schelling's system as a solution of the enigma of the universe, it must be admitted, when viewed in its entire development, as one of the most remarkable examples of original, vigorous and comprehensive thinking that Philosophy and Genius have ever given to the world.

Its development of the affinities and interdependence of all modes and gradations of being, and its unfolding of the secret connections and correspondences of physical, intellectual, and ethical science, was a masterly achievement of intellect, and a rich contribution to the treasury of Philosophy and Thought. We had purposed to speak of the relations of the “Identity-Philosophy” to some of the peculiar phases of modern literature, and of its partial reproduction in the school of New-England Idealism, but this we must, for the present, defer. *The arrival of nature and through nature, of God, to self-consciousness in man*, is an idea which

will be recognized as the pervading thought of that Philosophy, in whose rhythmical utterances we are taught how

—"Past, Present, Future, shoot,
Triple blossoms from one root."

How

"Substances at base divided,
In their summits are united;
Where the holy essence rolls,
One though separated souls,
And the sunny Æon sleeps,
Folding nature in its deeps;"

And how

"The poor grass does plot and plan
What it will do when it is man."

The Idealism of Kant had thus, in diverse directions, consummated its two-fold development. Its subjective phase had reached its highest expression in Fichte, while Schelling had exhausted its objective element. The two divergent lines were now to be united in the *Absolute Idealism* of Hegel. Fichte, starting with the *Ego* as the only real existence, constructed from it the *non-ego*; Schelling, taking the *Absolute* as the last possible generalization, traced its unfolding in the *me* and the *not-me*. Hegel starts with an *Abstract Idea* as his conception of the *Absolute*—and his conception is the *Absolute* itself, since thought and existence are correlative—and by a process of *Logic* resolves it into the various phenomena of the universe. This unresolved *Idea* is not an *Absolute Unity*, for such a unity is impossible. In the last generalizations of the Reason, two elements of thought are always given, which are mutually generative and conditioning. These two elements are *contraries* and correlatives. Every thing is bi-polar. It has its positive and negative side. "An inevitable dualism bisects nature, so that each thing is a half, and suggests another thing to make it whole." The subjective and the objective, the conditioned and the unconditioned meet in every possible conception. Neither is a reality in itself; neither can exist independent of the other. Being and Non-Being, abstractly and separately considered, are the same, for both are unconditioned, and hence exclude each other; but in their reciprocal negation, existence is posited, as two negatives combined give an affirmative. Since, then, nothing exists in itself alone, the only reality lies in the *relation*. Subject and object disconnected are

mere negations. It is only in the "mediation of their antagonism" that real existence appears.

In the *Abstract Idea* of Hegel, as in the *Ego* of Fichte and the *Absolute* of Schelling, the universe potentially exists. The decomposition of this *Idea* gives all the complex phenomena of thought and being. This decomposition is effected through an impulse to activity contained in the *Idea*, and which unfolds itself in the evolution of *contraries*, through a *logical process* of development. In this *logical process* consists the spirit of the *Idea*, the true, substantial existence—the *Absolute God*.

Creation thus becomes synonymous with dialectics, and Hegel's *Logic* a formula of world-development, a programme of procedure for the *Absolute Idea*.

In his Philosophy of Nature, Hegel's speculations are similar to those of Schelling. He holds that nature is inarticulate thought, on its way to consciousness; and when we add his idea, that God comes to full self-consciousness only in Philosophy, there will be no question of Hegel's claim to the paternity of *Absolute Idealism*.

Reason had thus reached its highest possible conceptions. It had pushed its generalizations to a point of abstraction beyond which the boldest thought could never wing its solitary way. But what of the incommunicable Sphinx? Had Reason resolved her curious enigmas? Alas! she had come, bringing her children of sharpest eye and cunning brain, but no *Œdipus* had arrived. The secret which the ages had kept, of

"What subsisteth and what seems,"

was not yet whispered. Some clearer vision must read the mysterious cipher:

"Profounder, profounder,
Man's spirit must dive:
To his aye-rolling orbit
No goal will arrive."

Since Reason had thus exhausted its energies in vain, what remained but to invoke once more the assistance of *Faith*? To her piercing vision, it might be that the secrets of being would unfold their mystical life. This appeal from the discursive to the spiritual faculty, was made by one of the best and purest of Germany's gifted children. Jacobi has been called the German Plato; and in lofty spiritualism and a keenly apprehensive

intellect, he is not unworthy of a memory and mention with the founder of the Academy and the pride of Athens. His devoutly religious spirit could not accept the cold and dreary abstractions of that rationalistic philosophy which had become so prevalent. He did not believe that the Understanding was the only organ of truth, and Logic its sole interpreter. In the depth of his consciousness was implanted the conviction, that "reason is not entire in reasoning, nor is all evidence reducible to that of demonstration." He regarded Reason as something more than a discursive and regulative faculty. He recognized in it an element of *feeling*, a *faith-principle*, which lifted it above all ratiocinative processes of thought, and carried it beyond the limitations of logic. In this synthesis of reason and faith is given an immediate and intuitive perception of truths which transcend all faculties of demonstration, but which are authenticated in the spontaneous and universal consciousness. The existence and attributes of God, the immortality of the soul, and the fundamental principles of morals, are truths without the range of Categories, Predicables, and Syllogism, and verified only in the spontaneous affirmations of the intuition.

A full recognition of the moral attributes of Deity, and a hearty acceptance of Christian Revelation, distinguished Jacobi from most of the philosophers of his time. With him, this universe of being was something more than a reflex of consciousness or the decomposition of an abstract Idea. He recognized it as the fair creation of Infinite Goodness, rather than as the necessitated development of a primordial germ, or the product of unconscious law.

"Deep love lieth under
These pictures of time;
They fade in the light of
Their meaning sublime."

The faith-principle of Jacobi naturally led to *Mysticism*, and to various species of mysticism, as it was connected with the respective systems of Idealism. Of these various classes of mystics, differing, by the slightest gradations of sentiment, from the philosophical faith of Schlegel to the supernatural illuminations of Swedenborg, we have no space to speak. Their mazy speculations are inwrought in all the texture of German letters and life; and to give a full exposition of

their respective forms would be to write the annals of German thought for the last half century.

Philosophy had thus completed another great revolution on the field of modern speculation. In passing through its second eclipse, it had reproduced its four great systems of thought, and again found in Mysticism the limits of its endeavor. And was there nothing gained, then, through so many centuries of intellectual activity? Had Philosophy but repeated its former periods, and could it hope for no higher guerdon than the honors of ancestral thought?

"Jam redit et virgo, redeunt Saturnia regna,
Alter erit tum Tiphys, et ultra quæ vehat Argo
Delectos heroas; erunt quodque ultra bella,
Atque iterum ad Troiam magnus mittetur Achilles."

Nay, not in such fruitless renewals had Philosophy exhausted the energies of Intellect, and wasted the fires of Genius. "Thought is always advancing, but in a *spiral line*," says Goethe. Ancient systems had reappeared, but in larger proportions and upon a higher plane. The elements might be the same, but they had been taken up into fuller developments, and set in higher and brighter constellations of thought. The speculations of the French and English Sensationalists far surpassed, in penetration and vigor, those of Athens or Ionia. Physical Philosophy, at least, has been enriched by their searching empirical inquiries, whatever may have been the value of their contributions to metaphysical science. The Skepticism of Hume, by its acute and discriminative observation of mental phenomena, disclosed laws of our intellectual nature, of whose existence and operation Pyrrho and the Academicians were profoundly ignorant. Idealism, in its palmy days, and as it fell from lips of more than Attic eloquence, in the groves of Academus and on the banks of the Ilissus, could not compare, in affluent and profound speculation, with its latter developments in the systems of Kant and Fichte and Schelling and Hegel. In a thorough and exhaustive analysis of psychological phenomena, and a rigid application of method and logical tests, Germany far excelled Greece. And the mysticism of Alexandria, as represented in the *vision* of Porphyry and the *union* and *ecstasy* of Plotinus and Proclus, was of feeble growth, in comparison with its more luxuriant development in the kindling

aurora, the lofty faith and piercing intuition of Boehme, and Jacobi, and Schlegel. Ontology had traveled, by slight gradations of advance, from the crude materialistic conceptions of Thales, to the refined and towering generalizations of Hegel; and psychological science had gradually pushed its ascending way, from the faint initial distinctions of Parmenides, to the profound analysis and complete classifications of the philosopher of Königsburg.

Not in vain, then, had Philosophy prosecuted her inquiries, through all the mazy speculations of ancient and modern thought. Not in vain, with unfaltering hope, had she sought, of sense, and reason, and faith, some response to her questionings. Not in vain; for though the riddle of the Sphinx remained unsolved, many truthful and significant words had fallen from the lips of those who had essayed to whisper her secret; many illustrious Names, "which the world will not willingly let die," had left her their legacy of imperishable thought; many pure and exalted sentiments had been given to the heart of Virtue; many fruitful and enduring principles in morals and science had been added to the treasury of Truth.

We have thus traced the course of Speculative Philosophy, from its first feeble beginnings in Greece, to the culminated development of each of its respective systems. But the great world-problem was still unresolved, save to the rapt vision of Faith alone. Such solution Philosophy could never accept, for it was beyond the application of all its recognized criteria of verification. What, then, remained to be done? Must Philosophy retrace its steps, or abandon the search?

The former alternative seemed fruitless, the latter inglorious. But one other expedient remained: to bring all existing systems together, and in their combination to discover new principles and truths. Each system is true in part. The error of Philosophy has been to mistake this part for the whole. Truth is always in harmony with itself, and assimilates with its like. Bring together, then, all the various systems and schools, and let their fractional truths unite. Error will thus be eliminated, and truth, complete and without alloy, remain as the happy result.

This expedient, then, is adopted. The warring systems are brought into correspondence, the ancient feud forgot, and *Eclecticism*, like harmony born of discords, the fifth and last great system of Philosophy, appears. Of this system, as founded and developed by the most accomplished and acute Thinker of modern time, we do not now propose to speak. Upon some future occasion we shall resume the consideration of this subject, with an exposition of the Eclectical Philosophy of Cousin, and a discussion of the relations of metaphysical to physical science.

W. L. C.

NOTE.—It may be proper to say, that the omission in the above sketch of any allusion to several important Schools is not from inadvertence, or an under-estimate of their contributions to Philosophical Science. In a full history of Speculative Philosophy, the teachings of the Porch and the Garden, and the later speculations of the Scottish School, would claim a prominent position. But regarding them as only branch-movements in the direct line of development which we have sought to trace, we have omitted their publication.

W. L. C.

KOSSUTH, THE ORATOR AND STATESMAN.

WHAT though Cimmerian Anarchs dare blaspheme
 Freedom and thee? thy shield is as a mirror
 To make their blind slaves see, and with fierce gleam
 To turn his hungry sword upon the wearer.
 Be thou the imperial basilisk,
 Killing thy foes with unapparent wounds!
 Gaze on Oppression, till, at that dead risk,
 Aghast she pass from the earth's disk:
 Fear not, but gaze; for freemen mightier grow,
 And slaves more feeble, gazing on their foe.
 If Hope and Truth and Justice may avail,
 Thou shalt be great. All hail!—SHELLEY.

THERE is scarcely a doubt that Lajos Kossuth is the most remarkable man of the age, the man apparently destined to leave the most enduring mark upon it. The Northern Hercules beat him down; but he is up again, like Anteus, and seemingly with renewed strength from the fall. He shows himself to be a greater man than we thought him, even when animating and directing the war of Hungary against two emperors. He also shows that this war is not over. It is waged, in fact, on the part of Kossuth, as vigorously as before; and what it may want in intensity, it possesses in universality. He is making the cause of Hungary the cause of the free nations of Europe, with better success than before; and, with the loud and commanding tone of a prophet, announces the approaching struggle between the people and their tyrants—the Armageddon of the two principles, Liberty and Despotism.

He has opened the campaign in England with a splendid success—a series of wonderful conquests. Where the moderate middle classes of the land expected a red republican, they found, to their great reassurance and comfort, that it was only, after all, a man fashioned after the dearly remembered models of Sydney and Hampden, and went into ecstasies accordingly. Kossuth made it appear to them that Hungary and England have a mutual resemblance in their municipal institutions; that he only desires to do what England did before. His mission therefore prospered greatly in that “inviolate island of the sage and free,” as the poets call it. If all he has done in England were done in Hungary; if all his successful

efforts of eloquence were produced upon the susceptible feelings of Magyars, by means of their figurative language, it were a thing to wonder at and applaud. But our admiration of him must be increased when we find him overcoming the discouragements of our difficult parts of speech, before strange audiences, and welding at will the *amiable* democracy of England. It is curious to consider the causes which chiefly have led to the influence and renown which Kossuth is at this moment gathering in two hemispheres. When he was thrown into prison at Pesth, in 1837, and kept there for nearly three years, he was not permitted to have any books of national interest, nor to hold any communication by means of pen, ink, and paper. He therefore resolved to study English, and begged for a grammar, a dictionary, and Shakspeare. The Austrians, not thinking he could concoct a conspiracy from such materials, and very unprophectic of the English-speaking Nemesis of to-day, brought him these innocent-looking volumes; and Kossuth was soon making vigorous way through the Tempest. When three years had gone by, he must have been pretty proficient in English; but the business of war and politics very probably drove a good deal of it out of his head; and his future career might have been prevented or greatly limited, but for his other imprisonment at Kutayah, which enabled him to become what he is, a powerful English orator. His schoolmasters were hard and cruel, but the result repays him for all. So strangely, as the Clown in Twelfth-Night says, “does the whirligig of time bring in his revenges!”

Kossuth's study of the English language, which, of course, is still progressing, shows great youth and flexibility of mind, proving, as the chorus in Agamemnon declares, that nobody is too old to learn new things. Nothing, certainly, in modern eloquence, goes beyond the oratory of Kossuth. The man seems to be as full of fervor and elasticity, at the ripe age of forty-six, as the generality of men are at twenty-five. The secret of his moving others appears to be, that he is moved himself; moved to glowing enthusiasm or to tears; justifying the precept of Horace:

Si vis me flere dolendum est
Primum ipsi tibi; tunc tua me infortunia lædent
Telephe vel Peleu.

His reported speeches would do honor to the best speakers in the language, while, in the peculiar *essor* and spirit of them, he transcends all the modern orators, who show tamely in comparison with this impassioned Magyar. Daniel Webster seems the only man who can compete with him in the power of convincing or carrying away an audience. Kossuth belongs to a lofty order of men, beyond those who are merely great politicians or orators. He seem to rank with the grand old Greek *strategoi*; those mighty spirits, who could lead or direct the armaments of a nation, as well as govern the policy of it:

Men who, the state's whole thunder born to wield,
Could shake alike the senate and the field;

such as Alcibiades, Themistocles, Pericles, Cimon, and, in modern times, Chatham and Napoleon; all high-toned characters, with a certain originality and enthusiasm of nature. Kossuth, to be sure, never set a squadron in the field; but he has the brain to organize armies, and to regulate their movements in war. We cannot help perceiving that Kossuth's oratory bears a strong resemblance to that of Pericles, in one feature of it, and also to that of Chatham in the same respect. In ancient times, when the classic diction was extremely simple in its structure, somewhat resembling the Doric order of architecture, the condensed style and vivid imagery of Pericles made such a lively impression on the Greeks, that it has been especially recorded and quoted; while the speeches of Themistocles, Aristides, Ephialtes, Cimon, and so forth, though doubt-

less as sensible and as much to the point, are forgotten. Pericles would speak of "the lowering storm of war from the Peloponnesus," (a figure imitated by Burke, with magnificent effect, in his Impeachment of Hastings, where he speaks of Hyder Ally's armament, hanging like a black cloud above the Carnatic.) The loss of the flower of the Athenian youth, we believe, in the disastrous war against the Persians in Egypt, he termed "the spring taken out of the year;" Greece was "a chariot drawn by two horses," Athens and Sparta; Egina, "the eye-sore of the Piræus;" Athens, "the eye of Greece." Lord Chatham, too, it will be remembered, made his grandest points by the help of similes and metaphors, calling Magna Charta "the Bible of the Constitution," &c. Kossuth has lately made use of a great many fine and memorable figures in his English speeches. He compared the patriotic minority of the Hungarian Komitats or County Committees, resisting the administration and intrigues of Austria, to the Spanish cities of Saragozza and Gerona, still holding out against desperate odds. Again, lifting his hands above his head, in a manner that greatly astonished the reporters, he took the Almighty to witness, that he, an humble son of modest Hungary, had held the existence of the House of Hapsburg "*in these hands*." To express his meaning, that the governments of England and America were respectively very good, and that the best would be proved such by its actions, he told an Eastern apologue of the man who had a ring which made the possessor acceptable to God and man, but who, at his death, not knowing to which of his three sons to leave it, got two others made so exactly like it, that the true one could not be distinguished; and so bequeathed to the children one apiece, bidding each believe himself the possessor of the genuine ring, and telling them that he who should conduct himself best should, by that token, know that his ring was the right one. This was a pat illustration, and a very astute way of bidding for the good offices of both nations in the noble business of European liberty. Again, he exclaimed: "Oh, it is my hope, that the manly sense and manly energy of the people of England will prove the trumpet-call for the regeneration of the world." At Guildhall, speaking of the importance of the British capital, he said:

"London, then, is the heart of the world, which, like the metropolis of the human constitution, cannot fail to feel the least impediment to the circulation in the remotest corner of the globe. It is the place to which the most distant limb must send back the tide of life." Again: "The Orient, which, in so many respects, enters into the dearest interests of England, that it may be almost called its Achilles' heel." Speaking of the danger of delaying to conciliate the peoples, he says: "In the revolutionary movements of discontented nations, arising from disappointment of their just hopes, nobody can answer what fluctuations public excitement may take. It may be illustrated by the ancient Sybilline Books. Three years ago, Hungary would have been contented with laws made by her own parliament under the house of Hapsburg, in 1848. But Austria marched armies against Hungary, and called in the aid of Russia. One book was now remaining. The Magyars were not yet averse from monarchy, but sent to announce they would accept any dynasty recommended by England. They were not listened to; then came the horrors of Arad, and the last of the three books was gone." And how forcible and picturesque is the following, placing instantly before the mind's eye the true relations of Austria with Lombardy and Hungary. "Hungary and Italy are the two wings of one army, drawn up against a common enemy; they must be vanquished or victorious together." The Press is "the mother and guardian of the world's progress." History is "the Book of Human Life." At the Hanover Square rooms, in accounting for being able, with his imperfect English, to awaken such a generous enthusiasm, he said, in what will be considered a very daring figure of speech, that "the Holy Spirit of freedom and liberty had descended on him." He termed commerce, very philosophically and happily, "the locomotive of principle." Along with these, a multitude of slighter similitudes will be found plentifully scattered through his harangues, showing the vivid and forcible manner in which his ideas marshal themselves to his utterance.

Taken altogether, Kossuth's speeches are more splendid and comprehensive than any pronounced in the British islands for the last fifty years; and exceed, in the power of exciting the public mind, the famous mon-

ster speeches of Daniel O'Connell. And equal to this power of arousing the mind is the large understanding grasp and keen glance of statesmanship with which he lays open, as a book, the condition and tendencies of the nations, and the consummate judgment with which he applies his conclusions to the interests and even prejudices of the powerful people he addresses, whether immediately or at a distance. He told a great variety of noble truths in England; but took care to choose those which would sink deepest into the minds of Englishmen; winning them not less by his great intellectual powers, than by the prudent and cautious dignity with which he controlled his warmest enthusiasm. He spoke no word which the *Times* and the other conservative papers of England could, in any way, torture to the prejudice of his cause or himself.

We shall give a few short extracts from his speeches, showing the manner in which he put forth his powers of persuasion. At the public banquet given him, on 30th October, at Guildhall, by the Corporation of London, he formally enumerated the arguments by which he hoped to make an impression in England. After stating that London was the world's centre, he went on:

"I believe that London is, more strongly than any other place in the world, interested in the emancipation of nations from the power of despots. And I would remind the citizens of London that, so as in one family, so as in one community, so as in one country, things and affairs cannot be ruled on two different systems. It is the same with the destinies of mankind; liberty and absolutism cannot subsist much longer together in the present development of the human mind and heart. Free institutions may be established in different manners, in different countries; but the only principle which can be the basis of the material welfare and contentment of the whole world is, under every different form of government, Liberty. Now permit me to apply my argument, and put the question to the metropolis of the world—which will you side with, absolutism or freedom?"

As regards what the despots are so fond of terming social order, he says:

"The next principle I see exemplified in this place is the principle of social order, a word in using which I get most nervous and excited when I think how blasphemously it has been abused. They call it social order when humanity is thrown into prison; they call it social order when they make it the silence of the grave! But this day, 30th October, has presented to me the thing in a

different aspect, which, once seen, I proudly say that no more shall the Russian Czar and Austrian Kaiser proclaim their social order. This day in London I saw hundreds of thousands of people rushing forward in warm enthusiasm: what preserved social order among these mighty masses? Let us see how many policemen were present? I saw four! Now, on such an occasion, the despots—a Czar, a Kaiser, or a President—it is all the same—would have had the streets bristling with bayonets; they would have had the footways crowded with soldiers, and called *that* social order! Against whom would they have made this array? Against the enemy? No, their own people! Now, what, in the opinion of this mighty corporation, is the best safeguard of social order? I believe the answer will be that which they themselves have found the best security of this illustrious city—Liberty."

After showing that despotism is the foe of free trade, and that Austria and Russia, by destroying the nationality of Hungary, had destroyed one of England's best markets, and would destroy them all, and oblige her to go to war to recover them, should their evil rule preponderate on the continent, Kossuth went on to argue on great government loans. He said:

"London is the regulator of the money and credit of the world, and these two words show the importance of the principle to you. Well, if London be the regulator of the public credit of the world, a very considerable quantity of the loan shares of every government must be concentrated in London. Let me ask, where is your security for these loans? May I not say without enthusiasm that there is a very early prospect that the restored nations of Europe will not recognize these loans? When the nations of Europe see the tendencies of absolutism, I do not think they will be inclined to give their money. I am no capitalist; but were I one, I would very much consider these circumstances—consider whether there is a possibility of absolutism being able to pay."

At the conclusion of the great London speech, he wound up with an earnest adjuration of the people of London:

"All we wish is, that the public opinion of England may establish it as a ruling principle to acknowledge the right of every nation to dispose of its own affairs, and not to leave them to the tender mercies of the Czar. This is a principle which, I hope, will prevail in England, and also in the United States. From a most honored native of that country, [Mr. Walker,] I have had the honor to hear principles announced, which, if once carried into effect, would give liberty to the world. I have heard it proclaimed by an honored citizen of the United States, that the younger brother of the English race would join to protect oppressed nations from the oppression of absolutism. I will repeat it again: I will concentrate all my free

sentiments, all the blood of my heart and the energy of my mind to raise these words, high and loud, and solemn, until the almighty echo of public opinion, in repeating it, shall become like a thunder-trumpet, before the sound of which the ramparts of human oppression must fall! And should this feeble form succumb to the longings of my heart to see my fatherland—that heart, which beats like a chained lion against his cage—even the grass that grows upon my grave will cry out to England and America, Do not forget, in your own proud security, the fate of those who are oppressed! Do not grant a charter to the Czar to trample on humanity, or to drown the liberties of Europe in blood!"

The reader will detect the two figurative allusions of the foregoing—one from the biblical siege of Jericho, and the other from the classical story of Midas.

The following forcible passages, so full of generous fraternity and the spirit of indignant prophecy, occur in his speech made at Manchester:

"Shall Freedom die away for centuries, and mankind become nothing more than the blind instruments of the ambition of some few? or shall the print of servitude be wiped out of the brow of humanity, and mankind become noble in itself and a noble instrument in its own forward progress? Wo! a hundred-fold wo, to every nation which, confident of its proud position of to-day, would carelessly regard the all-embracing struggle of these great principles! It is the mythical struggle between Heaven and Hell. To be blest or to be damned is the fate of all—there is no intermedium between Heaven and Hell. Wo! a thousand-fold wo, to every nation which would not embrace within its sorrows and its cares the future, but confine itself to the passing moment of the present time. In the flashing of a moment the future becomes present, and the objects of our present labors have all passed away. As the sun throws up his heliacal light before he rises, so the spirit of the future is seen in the events of the present. Some would fain make believe there is nothing more in these demonstrations than a matter of fashion. But I say, may no nation on earth have reason to repent of having contemptuously disregarded these my words, because it was I who uttered them! I say, the source of these demonstrations is the instinctive feeling of the people; the destiny of mankind has come to the turning-point of centuries; it is the cry of alarm on the ostensible approach of universal danger. . . . I am but the spark which kindles a feeling which has long existed, from the people of the metropolis down to those of the solitary hamlets hidden by neighboring mountains from the business of public life. . . . What have I in my person, in my present, in my future, not to justify, but even to explain this universality of demonstration? Nothing! entirely nothing—only the knowledge that I am a friend of freedom. How can I state that the great struggle is so near! Ladies and gentlemen, I state it because it is! Every man

knows it, feels it, sees it. A philosopher was once asked how he could prove the existence of God. 'Why,' said he, 'by opening my eyes. God is seen every where: in the growth of the grass; the movements of the stars; in the warbling of the lark, and the thunder of heaven.' Even so, I prove that the decisive struggle of mankind's destiny is drawing nigh! How blind are certain men, who have the affectation to assert that it is only certain men who push to revolution the continent of Europe, which, but for their revolutionary arts, would be quiet and contented! Contented! with what? Oppression and servitude? France contented, with her constitution subverted! Germany contented with being but a fold of sheep, pent up to be shorn by some thirty petty tyrants! Switzerland contented with the threatening ambition of encroaching despots! Italy contented with the King of Naples, or the priestly government of Rome—one of the worst of human invention! Austria, Rome, Prussia, Russia, Dalmatia, contented with having been driven to butchery, and having been deceived, plundered, oppressed, and laughed at as fools! Poland contented with being murdered! Hungary, my poor Hungary, contented with being more than murdered—buried alive! For it is *alive*! What I feel is but a weak pulsation of that which fills the breasts of the people of my country. Russia contented with slavery! Vienna, Pesth, Lombardy, Milan, Venice, Prague, contented! contented with having been ignominiously branded, burned, plundered, sacked, and butchered! That is the condition of the continent of Europe!"

The opening of his speech at Birmingham, on the 12th of November, is described by the London *Sun* as almost unparalleled for grandeur of expression, irresistible pathos, and oratorical beauty. Kossuth described the impulsive movement of the Diet, when they rose as one man and granted a levy of 200,000 men for the defense of Hungary, swearing, at the same time, with uplifted hands, to defend her to the last. "Thus," said the orator, with the most impressive solemnity of look and manner, "thus they spoke, and there they swore, in a calm and silent majesty, awaiting what further word might fall from my lips. And for myself, it was my duty to speak, but the grandeur of the moment and the rushing waves of sentiment benumbed my tongue. A burning tear fell from my eyes; a sigh of adoration to the Almighty Lord fluttered on my lips; and, bowing low before the majesty of my people, as I now bow before you, gentlemen, I left the tribune, silently, speechless, mute." Again the short-hand writer interrupts his record to remark that the orator here paused for a few moments, overpowered by his emotion, with which the company

deeply sympathized. Then, resuming—"Pardon my emotions," said he, with a sublime solemnity; "*the shadows of our martyrs passed before my eyes; I heard the millions of my native land once more shouting, Liberty or Death!*" The audience rang with applause in acknowledgment of a passion of oratory so affecting and so sublime. The speaker felt all the glowing emotion he communicated. "The tongue of man," he said, "is powerful enough to render the ideas which the human intellect conceives, but in the realm of true and deep sentiments it is but a weak interpreter."

Thus he speaks of his beloved Hungary:

But it was said it was he [Kossuth] who inspired it. No; it was not he who inspired the Hungarian people; it was they who inspired him! Whatever he thought and felt was but a feeble pulsation of what beat in the breast of his people. The glory of battles was ascribed to the leaders in history, and theirs were the laurels of immortality; they knew they would live for ever on the lips of their people. Very different the light falling on the picture of those thousands of the people's sons, who knew that where they fell, there they would lie, their names unhonored and unsung; and who still, animated by the love of freedom and fatherland, went on calmly against the batteries, whose cross-fire vomited death and destruction on them. Oh, they who fell, falling with the shout, "Hurrah for Hungary!" And so they died by thousands—the unnamed demi-gods!

The man of the coldest blood and faintest heart must, nevertheless, feel that this is thrilling eloquence, unsurpassed by any thing Demosthenes ever uttered!

He thus forcibly states the relations of Austria and Hungary:

Had Austria, in 1848, been just towards the great German nations, she would have had a future. But she deceived every state and every nation, and rendered herself entirely odious to all. The house of Hapsburg had lost all—history, affection, empire. There was one thing still left to it—the belief that it was necessary to Europe to keep the balance of power against Russian preponderance. The idea was a false one; for Europe could never be safe in a family, but only in a nation. It now, however, had become but the vanguard of Russian preponderance; and its existence was not only unnecessary, but dangerous, because it had destroyed the system of equilibrium. What was Austria? Loans, bayonets, the Czar—that was all! . . . The short moral of my long story is this. The Russian intervention in Hungary has put the foot of the Czar on Europe's neck. So long as Italy, so long as Hungary remain unliberated, that foot will rest on Europe's neck. Yea, it will step from the neck upon the head! So

long will there be for Europe neither peace nor tranquillity, but a great boiling-up volcano, and Europe will be a great barrack and a great blood-field!"

Thus does he sum up the fraternal obligations of the human brotherhoods, in a strain of the noblest morality and statesmanship:

"I rely on England. I rely on it, in the name of all who suffer oppression and long for freedom, like my own people and myself—for all are my brethren, whatever tongue they speak, whatever country they call their own—members of the great family of mankind, the tie of blood is strengthened between us by common suffering. To be sure, I have not the pretension to play the part of Anacharsis Clootz before the convention of France. Humble as I am, still I am no Anacharsis Clootz. But my sufferings, and the nameless woes of my native land, as well as the generous reception I enjoy, may, perhaps, entitle me to entreat you, gentlemen, to take the feeble words I raise to you, out of the bottom of my own desolation, for the cry of oppressed humanity, calling out to you, by every stammering tongue, 'People of England, do not forget, in your happiness, our sufferings. Mind, in your freedom, those who are oppressed. Mind, in your proud security, the indignities we endure. Remember that with every down-beaten nation, one rampart of liberty falls. Remember the fickleness of human fate. Remember that those wounds out of which one nation bleeds, are so many wounds inflicted on that principle of liberty which makes your glory and happiness. Remember there is a common tie which binds the destinies of humanity. Be thanked for the tear of compassion you give to our mournful past; but have something more than a tear; have, in our future, a brother's hand to extend to us!'"

The reader is, doubtless, reminded here of the appeal of Adherbal before the Senate of Rome, against the tyranny of Jugurtha. But all the eloquence of Sallust cannot invest the character and cause of the African Prince with any thing of the greatness which belongs to those of the heroic Magyar; while an enlightened audience of Englishmen—or rather the audience of all England—may be pretty fairly taken to equal in dignity the Conscript Fathers of the Capitol.

In all his speeches, Kossuth has proved that his statesmanship is as large and wise as his eloquence is of the finest and most powerful order. Never was oratory more aptly and happily suited to the objects of the orator. While, on the one hand, he spoke to excite the noblest and most generous emotions of our nature, he was careful to conciliate the good-will, and even the prejudices, of his English hearers. But never

basely. Finding that the Peace Society is averse from his views of wresting the freedom of Hungary from the grasp of the northern tyrants, if necessary, he most dexterously turned the flank of that Society, brought it round seemingly to his side, by showing that the best principles of Christianity and peace were involved in the effort to shield the weak and innocent from the bad and the strong. His suggestions concerning the diplomacy of England and other nations, exhibit his profound and far-sighted views of European policy. Lord Palmerston, to whom he recommended the protection of his wife and children, when he went into Turkey, has apparently disappointed him, seeing that (as far as we are aware) his lordship did not see the ex-Governor of Hungary. Palmerston, as the Foreign Minister of England, must feel himself open to the reproach of not having interfered for the protection of Hungary. Kossuth, seemingly distrustful therefore of the ministry of England, advises the people to pay close attention to the management of their foreign affairs, and suggests that the business of the foreign office should be open to the knowledge of the press and parliament, and advises the reformers and all friends of freedom to try and bring this about. He says the diplomacy of tyrants is more to be dreaded than their open war. His powerful and direct mind deals with national principles in that simple manner which belongs to true greatness, and thus brings the philosophy of government to the level of all plain and honest understandings. The fine-drawn and complex diplomacy of the Talleyrands, Metternichs, Palmerstons, and all the arcana of politics, he disdains and puts aside with infinite boldness and scorn.

As regards the mission of Kossuth to this country, it seems to be the conviction of the public that our government will and ought to give him, in future, a little more aid in the diplomatic way than heretofore; that our ambassadors at foreign courts will speak more decidedly the wishes of a great nation of freemen, in behalf of the oppressed European family. America seems to have a destiny before her, from which the stern necessity of human progress will not allow her to swerve. Providence has not placed her—the only free nation on earth—on the highest level of all this world, that

she may trade and grow fat merely, leaving the suffering millions of less fortunate countries to look up to her imploringly, with all the anguish of desire, and beseech her sisterly help, in vain. A nation of twenty-five millions, with the power and resources of fifty millions, need never proceed to very violent extremities, in a case like this. The expression of her will would be enough to influence those to whom she should address it. Her word would be more effective than another nation's blow. The timid may feel consoled in the conviction that a firm tone on the part of our government would be very likely to effect all that Kossuth comes to our thresholds to implore on behalf of Hungary. He desires to unite England and America in the determination to warn the Czar against interfering murderously in Europe any more. If the exile can do this, Hungary will have one more chance. And certainly, neither England nor America can, in any case, lie under the dread reproach of allowing the high-handed injustice of Russia to be renewed.

If the conduct of the European rulers be calculated to depress the hearts of the good, there is also much to rejoice them in the virtuous and fraternal demonstrations of the English and American people. Such demonstrations are more glorious to a nation than all the long emblazoned roll of its victories in battle. When the famous Marshal Haynau went to London, the other day, after his triumphs, the amiable populace rose upon him with a ferocious disgust that made all Europe either cheer loudly or ponder deeply. When the dungeon worn exile lands on their shores, this same people—the sturdy and historical commonalty of England—rush to receive him as if he was a dear brother—though his name comes rather difficult to their Anglo-Saxon tongues—and give him all the tumultuous honors generally paid to royalty! That country sits firmly on its basis, where the populace can thus rebuke the wickedness of men in high places, and do homage to the worth of heroic patriotism in distress. And it is a thing to make one pause, with a feeling of awe and a looking-for of important change, to perceive how the people of our own potent republic are stirred by the coming of this poor exile among them. From the senator sitting in the Capitol, down to the hodman in the street, “is linked the electric chain” of

this generous and enduring sympathy. All this seems to declare a truth as important to the world as that of Copernicus, and to point to the deep and general tendency of the age, under the controlling hand of God. That tendency is towards freedom, as Kossuth truly said; and it is fortunate and of good omen for mankind, that England and America are about to show themselves in the van of it; that the Anglo-Saxon family (we use the term as we use “Magyar” for Hungarian) is steadily pressing on to *its old place*, on the safe and solid pathway to better destinies. Fortunate, we say, for the world, which has been so harassed by the wild attempts of unqualified nations to renovate the conditions of humanity. France has tried to go first; but she has proved herself a bad pioneer, an unsafe guide. At one moment, full of a sweeping philanthropy, approaching to insanity; and the next, flushing into foolish enthusiasms at the feet of insolent homicides, she may be wondered at or pitied, but cannot any longer be followed.

A breath of wind can send an avalanche on its march. The breath of this foreigner promises to give the kindred English-speaking peoples the impulse which shall direct them on a great course to some mighty issue. We should welcome the influence of Kossuth for the sake of liberty and civilization. But we must beware of fanaticism, and leave the grave question of peace or war to that calm legislative deliberation in which our wise Constitution has placed them. It will be remarked that Kossuth is not in favor of any of those impatient theories which have turned the brains of the French topsy-turvy, and sent them deplorably astray. When Kossuth says he would mould the government of Hungary after the model of our own, he may well be relied on, seeing that the polity of that country has always borne a strong resemblance to that of England; and the transition to ours would be the easiest, apparently, and most natural in the world. The freedom of Hungary would, therefore, create in the midst of Europe an influence kindred with the American, which would have the most important results in the history of progress—results which we can only faintly foreshadow, since they would make an Anglo-Celto-Saxon predominance in the heart of the European family.

America must inevitably interfere in the

business of foreign powers; so mighty a member of the human brotherhood cannot live sequestered; but it must be no meddling interference. To maintain the influence which has done so much for the progress of the world, she must not depart from her well-settled principles or policy. Certainly, the true part and glory of America will be, not alone to cover this continent with a prosperous network of railways, all paying noble

dividends; but so to control the growing intelligence of Europe by the manly beneficence of her policy, as well as by the spectacle of her greatness, that the nations may be led to imitate what they must love and respect, and adopt the well-working institutions of our republic, instead of rushing wildly after vain theories of the closet.

In this point of view, the duty of America would seem to be a high and grave one.

W. D.

OUR GENERAL REVIEW.

AN ABSTRACT AND BRIEF CHRONICLE OF THE TIME.

FRANCE—As Louis Napoleon's term of office draws to a close, public expectation grows daily more intense, while the movements of the contending powers, the Assembly and the Executive, are watched with the most painful anxiety. In the Assembly, an attempt was lately made to obtain for the protection of that body the establishment of a distinct military force, under the especial direction of the legislature, and independent of the general supervision of the President, as officially *tête d'armée* of the French Republic. For it was guardians the deliberative body needed, and not jailers. This rather anomalous measure was, however, defeated, leaving the President more firmly seated than before. Indeed, had it been successful, the consequences to the cause of constitutional reform would have been more disastrous than the reflection of the present incumbent; its inevitable consequences being either a *coup d'état* on the part of President Bonaparte, or the military rule of a favorite parliamentary general,—a lord Protector,—or a terrible civil war; not a mere émeute crowded into the space of three days, and confined in its military operations to the bombardment of a part of Paris, and the assault and defense of barricades, but an organized contention of political elements, into which the whole kingdom would have been drawn, and every province, and village, and household divided against itself. In that day, France may well pray for the advent of the Cossack. For she has dealt already too much in blood. Her excesses and national instability have done more harm to the cause of free institutions than a thousand years of despotism. The friends of freedom look at her with distrust, almost with aversion. France must work out her political salvation with other means than the bayonet, and in other scenes than the lamentable array of battling senates and first consuls.

In his message, the French President proposes the revocation of the law restricting the electoral qualification to those who have dwelt for three consecutive years in any one commune. When

this law was passed by the Assembly, and signed by the President, it was aimed at the Socialists and Red Republicans; it was, in fact, a coalition of all the other interests and parties in the country against those two dangerous classes. For Red Republicanism is the vagabondism of society; the Arab element, with its hand against every man; with nothing to gain from order, and all to hope from anarchy. But in France, where labor always presses on the means of subsistence, there is also an immense floating population, that ebbs and flows with the rise and fall of demand, from town to country, from the seaboard to the interior. As, for instance, in the vine-growing districts at the vintage season, there is an excessive demand for labor, which ceases entirely with the harvest-home of the grape. The disbanded armies of working men, thereupon, pour into the adjoining cities and rural districts, filling up the channels of employment, which have adjusted themselves to these periodical drains. The number of those that lose their votes by change of residence, from this and other causes, is 3,000,000, out of the whole number of 10,000,000 voters. By this class, with whom the name Napoleon is still a tower of strength, was the President of the French Republic helped into office. But Louis Napoleon, kicking down the ladder by which he rose, has since thrown himself into the arms of the reactionists, and is now, in sad truth, the leader of the great principle of despotic authority in the west of Europe, as the Czar Nicholas is in the east. In his recent message, the French President speaks of a "vast demagogical conspiracy, now organizing in Europe, which he will use all the means in his power to crush." This demagogical conspiracy, be it known, is the cause in which such men as Kossuth and Mazzini are now laboring. The sublime audacity of this tergiversation has met with only partial success, for in the very market in which Louis Napoleon offers himself for sale, he is checked by the competition of the Legitimists and Orleanists. He now plays the game not unknown on this side

of the Atlantic, of a popular candidate with a set of principles for every party and section; commending himself to the reactionist by putting his foot on the infant liberty of Rome, and by driving from the coasts of France the wandering Hungarian chief, while to the earnest republican he speaks of universal suffrage, and a constitution revised. A muzzled press, with a restricted circulation, renders a manœuvre comparatively easy, which is often successful, even in the United States, in the midst of the full glare of party and political intelligence. It is said that, in casting their votes for Louis Napoleon, thousands of the benighted French peasantry fancied they were voting for the *Emperor Napoleon*!! Be this as it may, the notorious political profligacy of their prominent public men shows a terrible lack in the means of obtaining correct general information among those whose votes hold them up in public station. For in politics, as in trade, the necessity of the case will, doubtless, create a certain factitious standard of honesty, however low the tone of a people's morals may be in other respects, providing always that the masses are not kept in barbarous ignorance by obstacles placed by Government in the way of a free circulation of political intelligence.

By this seeming move of the President in the direction of republicanism, his prospects for reelection are materially brightening, and his partisans have already met with a triumph in the Assembly. After long discussion, a clause has been adopted, making the time of residence necessary to qualify a citizen to vote in the commercial or township elections only two years, instead of three, as it still is in the general electoral law. This is certainly a departure from the rigor of that law, and a step towards universal suffrage.

Postscript.—The long-dreaded collision has at last taken place. The opposition had finally decided to demand the arrest and impeachment of the President, and their leaders were gathered, and in the very act of confirming their decision, when they were themselves arrested, and conveyed to Vincennes. Thiers, Changarnier, and Lamoricière, were among those seized. The Assembly was dissolved, and Paris declared in a state of siege. The temporary building in which the Assembly had held its meetings was pulled down, and whenever any of the members attempted to meet officially, they were ordered to disperse, and arrested if they refused. The preparations of the President for this dashing affair were carried on with the greatest skill and secrecy. On the same morning, proclamations were posted throughout the city, and dispatched to the provinces, restoring universal suffrage, and declaring that the President only held the power thus forcibly attained until the will of the people could be known. The election was to come off during the present month for a presidential term of ten years, Louis Napoleon promising faithfully to bow to the will of the people, even if adverse to himself. This stroke, although long expected, seems at last to have taken all by surprise. No preparations were made for resistance, and but a few barricades were erected, which were soon carried by the troops. Order is, for the time at least, completely restored in Paris.

Thus beginneth the reign of the Emperor Napoleon II.

AUSTRIA.—A conspiracy has been discovered and frustrated in the Austrian army, chiefly among those officers and privates that were forced into the Austrian service out of the disbanded revolutionary troops of Hungary. At the close of the war, numbers of the Hungarian officers were reduced to the ranks, and, together with the private soldiers, over whom they naturally retained their habits of authority, were scattered in large detachments among the forces of their hereditary tyrants. This rash experiment showed how little the Cabinet of Vienna understood the Hungarian temper, and what absolute ignorance of the free nature of man befalls the comprehensions of those who, from birth or position, fancy the servility of caste and court to be the natural growth of the human heart. The Hungarian ranks were filled neither by raking together the dregs of the population, nor yet by conscription—the two ordinary sources of replenishment for standing armies—neither from the nation's misery nor from its vice, whereby kings justify the black proverb, "the worse the man, the better the soldier." But in the rank and file of Hungary flowed the undefiled blood of Asian plains—strong, bold hearts, that are patient under oppression, but not degraded by it. And at this very moment, even in these dark days, they are waiting cheerily for the "hour and the man." Well, it was Germany taught old Oxenstiern the lesson, *quam parva sapientiâ regitur mundus*; and now very shortly will many a sad-faced upholder of the divine right of kings con the same task through his tears, writ in blood.

Of all the autocrats that ride down the liberties of Europe, the young Francis-Joseph of Austria sits the least securely in his seat. In the midst of the half million bayonets that are the only support of his throne, he finds disaffection; his broad empire is an ill-cemented conglomerate of discordant nationalities; and the finances of his kingdom are hopelessly overloaded with debt; for at this very moment the secret revolutionary loans of Mazzini and Kossuth find more success in the enthusiasm of the masses, than does the proposed Austrian loan with the European capitalists.

AMERICAN INTELLIGENCE.

As the American steamer *Prometheus* was leaving the port of San Juan de Nicaragua, on the morning of the 21st November, she was fired upon by the British brig-of-war *Express*. The cause of this occurrence was the refusal of the *Prometheus*, for several successive trips, to pay the usual harbor duties. San Juan is a free port. All articles exported or imported are free of duty, with the exception of the ordinary harbor duties, which are imposed by a city council, consisting of the English Consul as chairman, two Americans, one Scotchman, one native of the coast, and one Frenchman. On the refusal of the owner of the steamer (who was on board at the time) to pay these charges, the commander of the *Express* was applied to for assistance. The brig immediately got under weigh, and, as the *Prometheus* was dropping down towards

the mouth of the harbor, compelled her to return to her anchorage, by firing first a blank cartridge and then a shot across her bow, and another astern. The American vessel thereupon paid, under protest, the demand of the authorities, and was permitted to put to sea. A letter has since appeared in one of our daily papers, from certain American merchants dwelling at San Juan, stating that these are the customary port charges that all vessels are expected to pay, with the exception of the British mail-steamers, which are exempt because they bring and receive a mail to and from San Juan; and further, that the steamers of any other country are offered the same exemption on the same conditions.

However much the avarice of the owners of the *Prometheus* may have placed them in the wrong in this matter, the firing upon the steamer is a question of entirely a different sort. According to the express terms of the Bulwer and Clayton treaty, Great Britain is to hold no protectorate or armed occupation of any kind upon the coasts of Central America. Neither is the fact of any avail, that the assistance of the British commander was requested by a town council composed partly of Americans, since the council had no right to act at all, except as officially citizens of Nicaragua.

Directions have been given by our Government to Commodore Parker, of the home squadron, to proceed in the frigate *Saranac* to San Juan de Nicaragua, for the protection of American commerce on that coast, and to notify the commander of the British naval forces there to that effect. At the same time he is instructed to assure the local authorities of the port that the United States will not justify the non-payment of any lawful port duties on the part of their merchant-vessels, and that they desire the most friendly relations with the Government of Central America, and will faithfully maintain on their part the stipulations of the above-mentioned treaty.

Instructions have also been sent to our Minister in London, which the Government, in the present state of the case, do not deem it proper to make public.

In a dispatch from the Department of State to our representative at Madrid, relating to the imprisonment of John S. Thrasher by the Spanish authorities, Mr. Webster states that it is to be regretted that no communication whatever has been made by Mr. Thrasher to the Department respecting the circumstances of his case, so as to enable the Government to see what are the precise grounds of his complaint. It is stated by the Spanish authorities that Mr. Thrasher had long been a resident in Havana; had become domiciled there, and had taken the oath of allegiance to the Spanish Crown, and therefore, as they suppose, was answerable to the ordinary tribunals of the country for any criminal act committed by him. His friends, on the other hand, insist that on his trial he was deprived of certain privileges secured to citizens of the United States by our treaty with Spain. But it may be doubtful, says Mr. Webster, whether, after having sworn allegiance to the Spanish Government, he can longer claim the privileges and immunities of an American citizen, as the oath of allegiance is the consummation of

the proceedings by which a foreigner born becomes a citizen of this country, and renounces allegiance to any foreign Government. It may be doubtful also whether, if he were to be regarded in all respects as an American citizen, the provisions of the treaty have been violated in his case.

Mr. Webster thinks that probably the most useful course for our Government to pursue in his case is to make the same application for Mr. Thrasher which has been made for the persons connected with the expedition of Lopez, and instructions are in consequence given accordingly.

In Northern Mexico, Carvajal and his co-revolutionists have been repulsed from Matamoras, to which they had laid siege, and are now fast disbanding. Carvajal has retreated along the Rio Grande with a few Mexicans, and is using every effort to draw out to his standard the malcontents in that section. The Texans, however, who had joined him, and were his main reliance, had nearly all deserted him, and at the last accounts, were crossing the river on their way homewards.

Difficulties have occurred in Utah between the Mormons and the United States' officers. Part of the money appropriated by Congress for public buildings has been taken by the Mormons to pay off the debts of the Church, and an attempt was made to get possession of the remainder. The Secretary, in whose hands it still remained, persisted in retaining it, and, in company with the Judges of the United States Courts, was compelled to leave the valley.

In the correspondence between the Secretary of State and the Spanish Minister, Don Calderon says that "apprized of all the facts, her Majesty's Government has ordered the undersigned to persist in asking, as he again asks, in the name of said Government, for full satisfaction for the aggravated insults committed upon the Spanish flag, and upon her Majesty's Consul in New Orleans; and also, that the Spaniards residing in that city shall be indemnified for the losses they have sustained at the hands of an infuriated and licentious mob."

Mr. Webster, in reply, admits the justice of the demand for reparation to the Consul, and promises that he, or his successor, shall be received with honors, but refers the Spanish residents to the laws for indemnification.

The arrival of Kossuth has for the last few weeks driven almost every other topic of merely local interest out of the public mind. His landing at Staten Island, his triumphal entry into New-York, the banquets tendered him by the municipal authorities, the press, and the bar, the deputations from all classes and from all sections of the country, constitute one of the most extraordinary spectacles the new world has ever yet beheld. His remarkable powers of oratory, his delicate tact, his mastery of the English tongue, the wisdom and the earnest purpose of the man, which impress all that behold him, show that Louis Kossuth is the great man brought forth by this era of revolution. And it is not merely the more inflammable portions of the community that feel the strange fascination exerted by the Hungarian chief; not alone those that harness themselves to the cars of operancers, and pay court at the levees of public

stagers; but the very classes that are usually the most conservative, the most skeptical of popular judgment, and the quickest to apply the brake to popular furor, are the foremost in hailing Kossuth as the hero and deliverer of the nineteenth century. But amidst this obstreperous enthusiasm, these breakers of popular delight which no man can directly face, there is an under-tow which at this moment is beginning to make itself felt. This was first visible in the Senate of the United States. The essential constitutional function of this body is to prevent great national questions from being carried by acclamation; and from this quarter, with propriety, first proceeded the caution to the eager nation, not to let their sympathies with the oppressed peoples of the old world hurry them into worse than useless contentions with their despotic rulers.

After having addressed the citizens of Baltimore and Philadelphia, M. Kossuth visits Washington, to receive the high honor offered him by Congress of a national welcome. Thence he proceeds to Cincinnati and the great West.

CONGRESSIONAL SUMMARY.

THERE are few of our readers who have not felt the difficulty of hunting up, from musty files of newspapers, the news of a past day, however notorious at the time it may have been. The unwieldy size of a volume of our mammoth journals, its uncouthness banishing it from book-shelves and reading-rooms; its imperfection, caused by missing numbers; and the time required to sift the general matter sought after from the innumerable items of merely passing note, which it is the chief duty of a newspaper to record, are the source of a vast deal of inaccuracy in the public mind, with respect to the passing political history of the country. Hence popular errors are as frequent concerning the events of two years since, as of twenty; and far more dangerous. For, from this cause demagogues multiply, and quack statesmanship grows fat. Our aim is, consequently, to present, in a succinct shape, a monthly journal of the more important proceedings in Congress, and to give them with the historical accuracy necessary for future reference. We by no means intend to load our pages with the lengthy eloquence with which members astonish their constituents and stupefy Congress; but we wish to chronicle only the acts of our legislative bodies, and the spirit of the more prominent debates, which, from some men and on some occasions, are themselves facts.

The following are the members of the present Congress.

XXXIId CONGRESS.

SENATE.

WILLIAM R. KING, PRESIDENT.

Term expires.

Term expires.

MAINE.

VERMONT.

Jas. W. Bradbury..1853 William Upham..1853
Hannibal Hamlin..1857 Solomon Foot.....1857

NEW-HAMPSHIRE.

MASSACHUSETTS.

John P. Hale.....1853 John Davis.....1853
Moses Norris, jr...1855 Charles Sumner...1857

RHODE ISLAND.

John H. Clarke...1853 Salmon P. Chase..1855
Chas. T. James...1857 Benj. F. Wade...1857

CONNECTICUT.

Truman Smith...1855 Jos. R. Underwood..1853
Vacancy.....1857 Henry Clay.....1855

NEW-YORK.

Hamilton Fish...1857 John Bell.....1853
W. H. Seward.....1855 Jas. C. Jones.....1857

NEW-JERSEY.

Robt. P. Stockton..1857 Jesse D. Bright...1857
Jacob W. Miller...1853 Jas. Whitcomb....1855

PENNSYLVANIA.

R'd Brodhead, jr..1857 Step'n A. Douglass 1853
James Cooper.....1853 James Shields.....1855

DELAWARE.

Presley Spruance..1855 David R. Atchison..1855
James A. Bayard...1857 Henry S. Geyer....1857

MARYLAND.

Jas. A. Pearce....1855 Soland Borland...1855
Thos. G. Pratt....1857 W. K. Sebastian...1853

VIRGINIA.

James M. Mason...1857 Lewis Cass.....1857
Robt. M. T. Hunter.1853 Alpheus Felch....1853

NORTH CAROLINA.

Geo. E. Badger....1855 Step'n R. Mallory..1857
Willie P. Mangum.1853 Jackson Morton...1855

SOUTH CAROLINA.

Andrew P. Butler..1855 Saml. Houston....1753
Robt. B. Rhett....1853 Thos. J. Rusk.....1857

GEORGIA.

Jno. McP. Berrien.1853 Aug. C. Dodge....1855
Wm. C. Dawson...1855 Geo. W. Jones.....1853

MISSISSIPPI.

Vacancy.....1857 Henry Dodge.....1857
Henry S. Foote....1853 Issac P. Walker...1855

LOUISIANA.

Solomon Downs...1853 Wm. M. Gwin....1855
Pierre Soule.....1855 Vacancy.....1857

ALABAMA.

Jerem'h Clemens..1853 Wm. R. King.....1855

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

LINN BOYD, OF KY, SPEAKER.

MAINE.

1 Moses McDonald,
2 John Appleton,
3 Robert Goodenow,
4 Charles Andrews,
5 Ephraim K. Smart,
6 Israel Washburn, jr.,
7 Thomas J. D. Fuller.

2 Ro. Rantoul, jr.,
3 James H. Duncan,
4 Benjamin Thompson,
5 Charles Allen,
6 George T. Davis,
7 John Z. Goodrich,
8 Horace Mann,
9 Orin Fowler,
10 Zeno Scudder.

NEW-HAMPSHIRE.

1 Amos Tuck,
2 Charles H. Peaslee,
3 Jared Perkins,
4 Harry Hibbard.

RHODE ISLAND.
1 George G. King,
2 Benj. H. Thurston.

CONNECTICUT.

1 Ahiman L. Miner,
2 William Hebard,
3 James Meacham,
4 Th. Bartlett, jr.

1 Charles Chapman,
2 C. M. Ingersoll,
3 C. F. Cleveland,
4 O. S. Seymour.

MASSACHUSETTS.

1 William Appleton,

NEW-YORK.
1 John G. Floyd,
2 Obadiah Bowne,

- 3 Emanuel B. Hart,
4 J. H. Hobart Haws,
5 George Briggs,
6 James Brooks,
7 A. P. Stevens,
8 Gilbert Dean,
9 William Murray,
10 Marius Schoonmaker,
11 Josiah Sutherland,
12 David L. Seymour,
13 John L. Schoolcraft,
14 John H. Boyd,
15 Joseph Russell,
16 John Wells,
17 Alex. H. Buell,
18 Preston King,
19 Willard Ives,
20 Timothy Jenkins,
21 William W. Snow,
22 Henry Bennett,
23 Leander Babcock,
24 Daniel T. Jones,
25 Thos. Y. How, jr.,
26 H. S. Walbridge,
27 William A. Sackett,
28 Ab. M. Schermerhorn,
29 Jedediah Horseford,
30 Reuben Robie,
31 Frederick S. Martin,
32 S. G. Haven,
33 Augustus P. Haskell,
34 Lorenzo Burrows.
- NEW-JERSEY.
1 Nathan T. Stratton,
2 Charles Skelton,
3 Isaac Wildrick,
4 George H. Brown,
5 Rodman M. Price.
- PENNSYLVANIA.
1 Thomas B. Florence.
2 Joseph R. Chandler,
3 Henry D. Moore,
4 John Robbins, jr.,
5 John McNair,
6 Thomas Ross,
7 John A. Morrison,
8 Thaddeus Stevens,
9 J. Glancy Jones,
10 Milo M. Dimmick,
11 H. M. Fuller,
12 Galusha A. Grow,
13 James Gamble,
14 T. S. Bibighaus,
15 Wm. H. Kurtz,
16 J. X. McLanahan,
17 Andrew Parker,
18 John L. Dawson,
19 Joseph H. Kuhns,
20 John Allison,
21 Thomas M. Howe,
22 John W. Howe,
23 Carleton B. Curtis,
24 Alfred Gilmore.
- DELAWARE.
1 George R. Riddle.
- MARYLAND.
1 Richard J. Bowie,
2 Wm. T. Hamilton,
- 3 Edward Hammond,
4 Thomas Yates Walsh,
5 Alexander Evans,
6 Joseph S. Cottman.
- VIRGINIA.
1 John S. Millson,
2 Richard K. Meade,
3 Thomas H. Averett,
4 Thomas S. Bocock,
5 Paulus Powell,
6 John S. Caskie,
7 Thomas H. Bayly,
8 Alex. R. Holladay,
9 James F. Strother,
10 Charles J. Faulkner,
11 John Letcher,
12 Henry A. Edmundson,
13 Fayette McMullen,
14 James M. H. Beale,
15 George W. Thompson.
- NORTH CAROLINA.
1 Thomas L. Clingman,
2 Joseph P. Caldwell,
3 Alfred Dockery,
4 James T. Morehead,
5 Abr. W. Venable,
6 John R. J. Daniel,
7 W. S. Ashe,
8 Edward Stanly,
9 David Outlaw.
- SOUTH CAROLINA.
1 Daniel Wallace,
2 James L. Orr,
3 Joseph A. Woodward,
4 John McQueen,
5 Armistead Burt,
6 William Aiken,
7 William Colcock.
- GEORGIA.
1 Joseph W. Jackson,
2 James Johnson,
3 David J. Bailey,
4 Charles Murphy,
5 E. W. Chastain,
6 Junius Hillyer,
7 A. H. Stephens,
8 Robert Toombs.
- ALABAMA.
1 John Bragg,
2 James Abercrombie,
3 Sampson W. Harris,
4 Wm. R. Smith,
5 George S. Houston,
6 W. R. W. Cobb,
7 Alexander White.
- MISSISSIPPI.
1 D. B. Nabors,
2 John A. Wilcox,
3 J. D. Freeman,
4 Albert G. Brown.
- LOUISIANA.
1 Louis St. Martin,
2 J. Aristide Landry,
3 Alexander G. Penn,
4 Isaac E. Morse.
- TEXAS.
1 Volney E. Howard,
2 Richard Scurry.
- ARKANSAS.
1 Robert W. Johnson.
- TENNESSEE.
1 Andrew Johnson,
2 Albert G. Watkins,
3 Geo. W. Churchwell,
4 John H. Savage,
5 George W. Jones,
6 Wm. H. Polk,
7 Meredith P. Gentry,
8 William Cullom,
9 Isham G. Harris,
10 Frederick P. Stanton,
11 Chris. H. Williams.
- FLORIDA.
1 E. Carrington Cabell.
- KENTUCKY.
1 Linn Boyd,
2 Benj. Edward Grey,
3 Presley M. Ewing,
4 Wm. T. Ward,
5 James W. Stone,
6 Addison White,
7 Humphrey Marshall,
8 John C. Breckenridge,
9 John C. Mason,
10 Richard H. Stanton.
- OHIO.
1 David T. Disney,
2 Lewis D. Campbell,
3 Hiram Bell,
4 Benjamin Stanton,
5 Alfred P. Egerton,
6 Frederick W. Green,
7 Nelson Barrere,
8 John L. Taylor,
9 Edson B. Olds,
10 Charles Sweetser,
11 George H. Bushby,
12 John Welch,
13 James M. Gaylord,
14 Alex. Harper,
15 William W. Hunter,
16 John Johnson,
17 Joseph Cable,
18 David K. Cartter,
19 Evan Newton,
20 Joshua R. Giddings,
- 21 Norton S. Townshend.
- MICHIGAN.
1 Ebenezer J. Penniman,
2 C. E. Stuart,
3 James I. Conger.
- INDIANA.
1 James Lockhart,
2 Cyrus L. Dunham,
3 John L. Robinson,
4 Samuel W. Parker,
5 Thos. A. Hendricks,
6 Willis A. Gorman,
7 John G. Davis,
8 Daniel Mace,
9 Graham N. Fitch,
10 Samuel Brenton.
- ILLINOIS.
1 William H. Bissell,
2 Willis Allen,
3 Orlando B. Ficklin,
4 Richard S. Malony,
5 Wm. A. Richardson,
6 Thompson Campbell,
7 Richard Yates.
- MISSOURI.
1 John F. Darby,
2 Gilchrist Porter,
3 John G. Miller,
4 Willard P. Hall,
5 John S. Phelps.
- IOWA.
1 Lincoln L. Clark,
2 Bernhardt Henn.
- WISCONSIN.
1 Charles Durkee,
2 Benj. C. Eastman,
3 James D. Doty.
- CALIFORNIA.
1 Joseph W. McCorkle,
2 Edward C. Marshall.
- OREGON.
1 Jos. Lane, (delegate.)
- MINNESOTA.
1 H. H. Sibley, (delegate.)
- UTAH TERRITORY.
1 J. M. Bernhisel, (del.)
- NEW MEXICO.
1 R. W. Weightman, (del.)

The Standing Committees are composed as follows:

SENATE.

FOREIGN RELATIONS—Messrs. Mason, Douglass, Norris, Mangum, and Underwood.

FINANCE—Messrs. Hunter, Bright, Gwin, Pierce, and Mallory.

COMMERCE—Messrs. Hamlin, Soule, Dodge, of Wisconsin, John Davis, and Seward.

MANUFACTURES—Messrs. Sebastian, Bayard, Clarke, Stockton, and James.

AGRICULTURE—Messrs. Soule, Walker, Atchinson, Spruance, and Wade.

MILITARY AFFAIRS—Messrs. Shields, Clemens, Borland, Baldwin, Dawson, (Tenn.) and Jones.

MILITIA—Messrs. Houston, Dodge, of Wisconsin, Borland, Baldwin, Morton, and Spruance.

NAVAL AFFAIRS—Messrs. Gwin, Stockton, Mallory Badger, and Fish.

PUBLIC LANDS—Messrs. Felch, Shields, Dodge, of Iowa, Underwood, and Pratt.

PRIVATE LAND CLAIMS—Messrs. Downs, Whitcomb, Clemens, John Davis, and Hale.

INDIAN AFFAIRS—Messrs. Atchison, Sebastian, Rusk, Bell, and Cooper.

CLAIMS—Messrs. Brodhead, Whitcomb, Bayard, Pratt, and Wade.

REVOLUTIONARY CLAIMS—Messrs. Walker, Chase, James, Foote, and Sumner.

JUDICIARY—Messrs. Butler, Downs, Bradbury, Berrien, and Geyer.

POST OFFICE AND POST ROADS—Messrs. Rusk, Soule, Upham, Morton, and Hamlin.

ROADS AND CANALS—Messrs. Bright, Rhett, Douglass, Spruance, and Sumner.

PENSIONS—Messrs. Jones, of Iowa, Borland, Stockton, Foote, of Vermont, and Geyer.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA—Messrs. Shields, Bradbury, Norris, Berrien, and Clarke.

PATENTS AND PATENT OFFICE—Messrs. Norris, James, Whitcomb, Dawson, and Smith.

PUBLIC BUILDINGS—Messrs. Whitcomb, Hunter, and Clark.

PRINTING—Messrs. Borland, Hamlin, and Smith.

RETRENCHMENT—Messrs. Bradbury, Bright, Felch, Mangum, and Fish.

TERRITORIES—Messrs. Douglass, Houston, Gwin, Cooper, and Jones, (Tenn.)

ENGROSSED BILLS—Messrs. Bayard, Mallory, and Hale.

LIBRARY—Messrs. Pierce, Clemens, and Dodge, (Iowa.)

ENROLLED BILLS—Messrs. Jones (Iowa) and Badger.

TO AUDIT AND CONTROL CONTINGENT EXPENDITURES OF THE SENATE—Messrs. Dodge, (Iowa,) Walker, and Bell.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

ON ELECTIONS—Messrs. Disney, Williams, Hamilton, Schermerhorn, Caskie, Ewing, Davis, (Mass,) and Gamble.

ON WAYS AND MEANS—Messrs. Houston, Jones, (Tenn,) Stanly, Hibbard, Brooks, Jones, (Penn,) Appleton, (Mass,) Dunham, and Phelps.

ON CLAIMS—Messrs. Daniel, Edgerton, Bowie, Seymour, (Conn,) Rantoul, Sackett, Curtis, Smith, (Ala,) and Porter.

ON COMMERCE—Messrs. Seymour, (N. Y,) Johnson, (Tenn,) Stephens, (Ga,) Fuller, (Maine,) Duncan, Robbins, St. Martin, Aiken, and Walsh.

ON PUBLIC LANDS—Messrs. Hall, Cobb, Bennett, Orr, Watkins, Freeman, Moore, Henn, and McCorkle.

POST OFFICE—Messrs. Olds, A. G. Penn, Fowler, Powell, Schoolcraft, Scurry, Grey, Marshall, (Cal,) and Clark.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA—Messrs. Ficklin, Averett, Hammond, Allen, (Mass,) Hillyer, Bell, Buell, and Mace.

JUDICIARY—Messrs. McLanahan, Meade, Marshall, (Ky,) Venable, Harris, (Tenn,) Meacham, Bragg, Parker, (Ind,) and King, (N. Y.)

REVOLUTIONARY CLAIMS—Messrs. McDonald, Stanton, (Ky,) Strother, Gaylord, Fuller, (Pa,) Rantoul, Murphy, Yates, and Dean.

PUBLIC EXPENDITURES—Messrs. Johnson, (Tenn,) Sweetser, Schoonmaker, Stratton, Letcher, Thomas

M. Howe, Morehead, Babcock, and Campbell, (Ill.)

PRIVATE LAND CLAIMS—Messrs. Jenkins, Thompson, (Va,) Abercrombie, Dawson, Campbell, (Ohio,) Nabors, Landry, Snow, and Miller.

MANUFACTURES—Messrs. Beale, Florence, Thompson, (Mass,) Cleveland, White, (Ky,) Murray, Perkins, Green, and Hart.

AGRICULTURE—Messrs. Floyd, Dockery, Skelton, Newton, McMullin, Cable, (Ohio,) Brenton, Doty, and McNair.

INDIAN AFFAIRS—Messrs. Johnson, (Ark,) Howard, Briggs, Jackson, Conger, Fitch, Caldwell, Marshall, (Cal,) and Durkee.

MILITARY AFFAIRS—Messrs. Burt, Bissell, Gentry, Gorman, Evans, Smart, Stevens, (Pa,) Wilcox, and Haven.

MILITIA—Peaslee, Savage, King, (R. I,) Davis, (Ind,) Hunter, Andrews, Hebard, (Vt,) Chastain, Ward.

NAVAL AFFAIRS—Messrs. Stanton, (Tenn,) Boock, Burrows, Harris, (Ala,) Cabell, (Fla,) Roas, Penniman, Wildrick, and Goodenow.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS—Messrs. Bayly, (Va,) Woodward, Toombs, Polk, Taylor, Appleton, (Me,) Ingersoll, Chandler, and Breckenridge.

TERRITORIES—Messrs. Richardson, Holliday, Clingman, Stone, Giddings, Bailey, (Ga,) Scudder, Stuart, and Lockhart.

REVOLUTIONARY PENSIONS—Messrs. Millson, Russell, Tuck, Townshend, Brown, (N. J,) Churchwell, Cottman, Goodrich, and Allen, (Ill.)

INVALID PENSIONS—Messrs. Harris, (Tenn,) Price, Martin, Molony, Eastman, Johnson, (Ohio,) Kuhne, Jones, (N. Y,) and Chapman.

ROADS AND CANALS—Messrs. Robinson, Colcock, J. W. Howe, Mason, Stanton, (Ohio,) Hart, Faulkner, Sutherland, and Johnson, (Ga.)

PATENTS—Messrs. Cartter, Dimmick, Ward, Thurston, and White, (Ala.)

PUBLIC BUILDINGS AND GROUNDS—Messrs. Stanton, (Ky,) Edmondson, Bowie, Doty, and Boyd.

REVISAL AND UNFINISHED BUSINESS—Messrs. Cable, Thomas Y. How, Bibbighaus, Busby, and Washburn.

ACCOUNTS—Messrs. Mason, Morrison, Welch, Robie, and Duncan.

MILEAGE—Hendricks, Freeman, Haws, Letcher, and Allison.

ENGRAVING—Messrs. Hammond, Riddle, and Miner.

LIBRARY—Chandler, Woodward, and Mann, (Mass.)

ENROLLED BILLS—Messrs. Wildrick and Barrere.

EXPENDITURES STATE DEPARTMENT—Messrs. Stuart, Ashe, Wells, Campbell, (Ill.)

EXPENDITURES TREASURY DEPARTMENT—Messrs. Thurston, Hendricks, Walbridge, Grow, Allison.

EXPENDITURES OF WAR DEPARTMENT—Messrs. Dimmick, Ives, Bowne, Parker, (Ind,) Chastain.

EXPENDITURES OF NAVY DEPARTMENT—Messrs. McMullen, Harris, (Ala,) Horsford, Florence, Cabell, (Fla.)

EXPENDITURES OF POST-OFFICE DEPARTMENT—Messrs. Penn, Kurtz, Davis, (Mass,) Hascall, and Savage.

EXPENDITURES ON PUBLIC BUILDINGS—Messrs. Bartlett, Haws, Davis, (Ind,) Outlaw, Churchwell, and Taylor.

The annual Message of President Fillmore commences with a brief account of the Lopez Expedition, and a review of the course pursued by the Government with reference to it. It declares the individuals actually engaged in this Expedition to have forfeited all claim to the protection of their country, but states that the Government would nevertheless spare no effort to procure the release of such as were now in confinement in Spain. The President alludes severely to the instigators of this unhappy affair, who, better informed themselves, have yet led away the ardor of youth and an ill-directed love of political liberty into the hazardous and criminal attempt. The peculiar policy of the United States is neutrality, or non-intervention. Friendly relations with all, but entangling alliances with no foreign power, has long been a maxim in the conduct of our external relations. The invasion of Cuba was therefore not only an offense against general international law, but it was a departure from those principles upon which has been founded the policy of our Government since the days of Washington.

But, the President adds with emphasis, while we avow and maintain this neutral policy ourselves, we are anxious to see the same forbearance on the part of other nations, whose forms of government are different from our own. The deep interest which we feel in the spread of liberal principles and the establishment of free governments, and the sympathy with which we witness every struggle against oppression, forbid that we should be indifferent to a case in which the strong arm of a foreign power is invoked to stifle public sentiment and repress the spirit of freedom in any country. The Governments of Great Britain and France have given orders to their naval commanders on the West India station, to prevent by force the landing of adventurers from any nation on the island of Cuba with hostile intent. Assurances have been received from both Governments that, in these orders, express instructions have been given that no interference take place with the lawful commerce of this country. Still, the President apprehends that such interposition, if carried into effect, might lead to abuses in derogation of the maritime rights of the United States.

Under all circumstances, says President Fillmore, will this Government adhere to the principle that, in every documented merchant vessel, the crew who navigate it and those on board of it will find their protection in the flag which is over it. No American ship can be allowed to be visited or searched for the purpose of ascertaining the character of individuals on board, nor can there be allowed any watch by the vessels of any foreign nation over American vessels on the coasts of the United States or the seas adjacent thereto.

The President speaks with mortification and regret of the mobbing of the Spanish Consul at New-Orleans, and the destruction of his property, and has directed inquiries into the extent of his losses, with the purpose of laying them before Congress for indemnity. The attention of Congress is also drawn to the deficiency of our laws in not providing sufficiently for either the protection or the punishment of Consuls.

The President notices the subject of reciprocal trade with Canada, and the overtures made by the British Minister in this matter, and the stringent measures the British Government are inclined to adopt, if some mutually beneficial arrangement cannot be made.

A convention for the adjustment of claims of citizen against Portugal has been concluded, and the first instalment, which has already fallen due, has been paid, according to the provisions of the convention. The President of the French Republic has been selected arbiter, and has accepted the trust.

Mr. Fillmore refers to the resolution of Congress authorizing the President to employ a public vessel to convey to this country Louis Kossuth and his associates. Governor Kossuth has expressed to the Department of State his grateful acknowledgments for the interposition of this Government.

The differences between the Government of the Sandwich Islands and the French Republic are mentioned, and hopes expressed of their speedy adjustment so as to secure the independence of those islands. The importance of the islands to the whale-fishery, and their position in the direct path of the great trade that must some day be carried on between the western coast of this country and Asia, render it necessary that they should not pass under the control of any other great maritime state, but that they should remain accessible and useful to the commerce of all nations. The policy heretofore adopted with regard to the independence of these islands will consequently be steadily pursued.

The funds available to the Treasury for the year ending June 30, 1851, were \$58,917,524 36, and the expenditures \$48,005,578 68. The imports were \$215,725,995, including \$4,967,901 in specie. The exports were \$217,517,130, of which \$178,546,555 were domestic products, \$9,738,695 foreign products, and \$29,231,880 specie. Since December 1, 1851, \$7,501,456 56 have been paid on the public debt; that debt now amounts to \$62,560,395 26, exclusive of that issued for Texas. The available funds for the present year will be \$63,258,743 09, and the expenditures \$42,892,299 19; of this, \$9,549,101 11 will be on account of the new territories; and it is estimated that on June 30, 1853, there will be a balance of \$20,366,443 90 to pay off the debt then due and for other purposes.

Our domestic exports have increased \$43,646,322 over the previous year; this is due mainly to the high price of cotton during the first half of the year. The value of our exports of breadstuffs has fallen from \$68,701,921, as it was in 1847, to \$21,948,653; rice and tobacco have also fallen off \$1,156,751.

Information had been received by the Government that persons from the United States had taken part in the insurrection in the northern provinces of Mexico, and orders have consequently been issued for the purpose of preventing any hostile expeditions against that country from being set on foot, in violation of the laws of the United States.

The numerous frauds which continue to be prac-

tised upon the revenue, by false invoices and valuations, constitute an unanswerable reason for adopting specific instead of ad valorem duties in all cases where the nature of the commodity does not forbid it. The practical evasion of the present law, combined with the languishing condition of some of the great interests of the country, caused by over-importations and consequently depressed prices, together with the failure in obtaining a foreign market for our increasing surplus of bread-stuffs and provisions, has induced the President again to recommend a modification of the existing tariff.

The establishment of an Agricultural Bureau is suggested, to be charged with the duty of collecting and spreading correct information as to the best mode of cultivation, and of the most effectual means of preserving and restoring the fertility of the soil, and of procuring and distributing seeds and plants, with instructions in regard to the soil, climate, and treatment best adapted to their growth.

About one hundred thousand persons have already made application for the benefit of the Bounty Land Law of September 28, 1850.

Congress is urged to make appropriations for River and Harbor improvement.

An increase of the army is recommended for the protection of our south-western frontier against Indian depredations.

Among the other recommendations offered by the President, we find one, that extra pay be extended to the officers and men of the Arctic Expedition in search of Sir John Franklin; that some mode be fixed upon, providing for promotion to the higher grades of the navy, having reference to merit or capacity rather than seniority in the service, and for retiring from the effective list, upon reduced pay, those who are incompetent for active duty; that the questions of relative rank between the sea officers and the civil officers of the navy be determined, as well as between officers of the army and navy in the various grades of each; and that some mode of punishment for offenses in the navy be provided in the place of the abolished corporal punishment.

The country is congratulated upon the general acquiescence throughout the Republic in the compromise measures passed by the last Congress, and upon the spirit of conciliation which has been manifested in all sections, and which has removed

doubts in the minds of thousands concerning the durability of our popular institutions.

Our summary of this admirable document precludes the necessity of any further historic statement from us of the state of the country.

Little of interest has as yet transpired in Congress, with the exception of the debates respecting the welcome to be extended to Kossuth, and the resolutions brought forward by Mr. Foote, making the compromise measures a national platform. On this latter subject the embers of last year's fires have been raked over, and much unexpected warmth has been manifested. Some regret was expressed, even by those members who had voted for the compromise, that so exciting a subject should have been revived. They thought it would have the effect of increasing the discord and of widening the jarring interests that the compromise had partially quieted. Mr. Foote, however, defended his resolution with his usual impetuosity, asserting that these discords were still unsilenced, that the old wounds were only half healed, and that the weight of the solemn decree of the national legislature was still needed to quiet the yet agitated country.

The joint resolution presented by Mr. Seward, proffering Louis Kossuth a welcome to the Capitol and Congress of the United States, was adopted after much discussion by a large vote. The objections urged against this resolution were, that no foreigner but Lafayette had ever received so exalted an honor as a national welcome, and that he had peculiar claims on this nation, which were wanting in the case of Kossuth; that this measure was against all international precedent; that it would embroil us with several of the European powers, with whom we were now on peaceful terms; and that non-interference with the transatlantic dissensions was the fundamental principle of our national policy, solemnly established by precedents in the administration of Washington and Madison. It was further contended that the cause of free institutions abroad was more truly fostered by the growth and prosperity of the United States than it could ever be by the most successful war. The friends of the resolution urged that the Government had committed the country in this matter, by placing a national vessel at the service of Kossuth, and the welcome was but the consummation of the invitation. The measure finally passed both houses by large majorities.

NOTE TO PORTRAIT.

THE biographical sketch intended to accompany the portrait of the late Mr. Terry, which we give in this number, has not been received in time for the present issue.

We have to express our regrets that the portrait of a distinguished member of the Cabinet, which we had hoped to present to our subscribers, as an additional embellishment to the January number, will be necessarily postponed for a similar cause.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

Dream Life. A Fable of the Seasons. By IR MARVEL. New-York: Charles Scribner. 1851.

Another beautiful book in the same vein, by the author of "Reveries of a Bachelor." The immense popularity achieved by Mr. Mitchell through his "Reveries," will not, we predict, suffer by this new work. It is pervaded by the same charm that fascinates us in his last. Thoughts, feelings, and fancies, such as spontaneously flow from the warm life of a true mind and heart, he blends with exquisite descriptions of nature and touching incidents of life; carrying us on through youth, manhood, and old age, and setting his dreams and pictures of life in the frame-work of their appropriate emblematic seasons of the year. There is an elegance and simplicity in Mr. Mitchell's style that must perpetuate his name. He has very appropriately dedicated this book to Washington Irving, with whom, we think, he will be hereafter permanently associated in the minds of all lovers of literature.

Companions of my Solitude. By the Author of Friends in Council, &c. Boston and Cambridge: James Munroe and Company. 1852. Reprinted from the English edition.

We are constrained to add our opinion to the consenting current, we believe of all the critics, as to the unquestionable genius of the author of this book. Full of original and earnest thoughtfulness, pervaded by a most delicate and pure humor, his speculations and fancies charm and interest us by their profound originality, and the meditative depth from whence they proceed. This book will be the favorite companion of the solitary hours of many a congenial spirit.

The Island Home; or the Young Cast-a-ways. Edited by CHRISTOPHER ROMAUNT, Esq. Boston: Gould and Lincoln, 59 Washington street.

The boys may safely name this very pleasant and well-written imaginary narrative as one of the Christmas books which they would desire to have.

Clovernook; or, Recollections of our Neighborhood in the West. By ALICE CAREY. New-York: Redfield, Clinton Hall.

The fair authoress of this book is so well known to the public from the beautiful poems, so full of thought and depth of feeling, which she now and then contributes to the floating literature of the day, that this, we believe, first book of hers may already be supposed to have its audience, without any critic's commendation. We must say, notwithstanding, that it is a work well worthy of perusal, whether the author were known or unknown. "The short and simple annals of the poor," inasmuch as they exhibit the very ground-

work of our nature, have a value infinitely beyond those narratives of conventional life which in our modern literature so constantly obtrude themselves upon our notice, and so feebly awaken our sympathies. Of the former is this book of Miss Carey, and from the life—life among the original settlers of our western world.

The Imperial Guard of Napoleon, from Marengo to Waterloo. By J. T. HEADLEY. New-York: Charles Scribner.

The admirers of Mr. Headley will eagerly welcome this fresh work upon the author's favorite theme. The genius of the great captain of modern warfare exhibited its gigantic proportions in many ways, but probably in none more than in his knowledge of men, and the motives and principles which actuate them to the performance of heroic deeds. In the organization and training of his celebrated "Guard," this was probably exhibited in the most remarkable degree; and that also which was spontaneous and personal in the character of that wonderful man as a leader, was probably more palpably illustrated in the life of this his chosen band, than in any thing else connected with his military career. There is therefore undoubtedly a valuable meaning in the selection of this theme by our author. If he has not all the philosophic spirit to elucidate this, he has at least a most unquestionably popular graphic power, that will furnish the materials to his readers, or at least interest them in graphic narratives of heroic characters and deeds of "high renown."

Manual of the Common Council for 1852.

Mr. S. D. Valentine has published another edition of this valuable work, for the year 1852. As a book of reference for business men, it is indispensable. Besides a list of the various departments and officers belonging to the Municipal Government, it contains a great deal of interesting reading matter relative to the history and progress of the city, from the date of its settlement by the Dutch to the present time.

The Golden Legend. By HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW. Boston: Ticknor, Reed & Fields.

A strange performance this. It is a Middle Age legend, quaintly and graphically told. There are certainly some passages of beautiful poetry in it. The plot is too obscure, and the supernatural but clumsily brought in. The author introduces an imitation of one of the old religious mysteries, which certainly has a very strange sound to modern "ears polite." It gives us, however, a very "realizing sense" of mediæval absurdities.

We have read the book with a sort of unsatisfied fascination; but not yet deliberately enough to pronounce upon its artistic merits as a poem.

Adrian; or, the Clouds of the Mind. A Romance. By G. P. R. JAMES, Esq., and MAUNSELL B. FIELD, Esq. New-York: D. Appleton and Company.

Mr. James has performed many literary feats of agility, celebrated horseman as he is. The rapidity of the motions of his Pegasus (or does he keep a stud of them, and shall we say Pegasi) have been the wonder and admiration of the reading public for a long time past. He has, probably, written two or more books at once, say one with each hand, and dictated a third; thus, as it were, striding three of the aforesaid Pegasi at the same time, and yet always coming round his circle at the proper point to bow to the spectators. In the above-named work he demands our admiration for a feat of an opposite character. We behold his steed coming forward, and lo! two riders so ingeniously blended together that our senses are cheated, and our wonder secured. But, banter aside, the story, we must say, is very well written, and has some admirable delineations of character and scenery.

Novelties of the New World; or, the Adventures and Discoveries of the first Explorers of North America. By JOSEPH BANYARD. With illustrations. Boston: Gould and Lincoln, 59 Washington street.

A series for youth, very pleasantly relating the interesting adventures and discoveries of the early pioneer of America, in course of publication by this enterprising house, of which this is one, will contribute not a little to their entertainment and instruction. We can conceive of nothing more appropriate for all school or children's libraries.

The Theory of Human Progression, and Natural Probability of a Reign of Justice. Boston: Benjamin B. Mussey & Co., 29 Cornhill.

The attempt made in this work is to show that politics may be reduced to a science. The author says, that the truth he endeavors to inculcate is, that *credence*, by which he means knowledge, rules the world, determines and fixes the destiny of nations. In this he has undoubtedly stated the first requisite of all freedom, justice, stability, and ultimate progress. The author is a clear thinker and a logical writer. We cannot consider him profound, although the work brings out many points into a clearer light than they have before been presented. The work is well designed, and will well repay a more attentive study than we have yet been able to give to it.

Elements of Logic, comprising the substance of the Article in the Encyclopædia Metropolitana, with additions, &c. By RICHARD WHATELEY, D. D., Archbishop of Dublin. New Edition, revised by the Author. Boston and Cambridge: James Munroe & Co.

So famous a work as this requires no special commendation. The simple announcement of a revised edition by the celebrated author, will be sufficient for the purpose. Our language has no

work on the subject so profound, clear, and complete. It should be familiar to every one.

Dream Land by Daylight. A Panorama of Romance. By CAROLINE CHESBRO. New-York: J. S. Redfield, Clinton Hall.

Miss Chesbro's contributions to the various Magazines are here presented in most elegant book form by Mr. Redfield.

This lady's writings are marked by great delicacy and beauty of sentiment, and her style is worthy to convey her thoughts.

It will be a favorite volume among the "ladies of the land."

The Camel Hunt; A Narrative of Personal Adventure. By JOSEPH W. FABENS. Boston and Cambridge: James Munroe & Co.

Although evidently written carelessly and in haste, this book evinces as much genius as any thing of the kind that has lately fallen into our hands. It is full of wit, pathos, and character-painting, such as is rarely to be met with.

There is a want of consistency in the story which we constantly regret in the perusal, so exquisite are individual scenes. We predict more and better from this writer. If we should be correct, Mr. Melville will have to take care of his laurels.

The American Matron; or, Practical and Scientific Cookery. By a Housekeeper. Boston and Cambridge: James Munroe and Company.

A good cookery book is a book not to be despised. This one has the great merit of having regard to economy in all its recommendations. We consider it the best that has come under our observation.

The Excellent Woman, as described in the Book of Proverbs. With an introduction by WILLIAM B. SPRAGUE, D.D. Boston: Gould and Lincoln, 59 Washington street.

This elegant little volume may well claim our commendation. In the language of Dr. Sprague, "it is a work that will bear to be read more than once, and each successive reading will be likely to reveal some new gem of thought, which, in the general mass of excellence, had been overlooked before. It is a book suitable for the husband to present to his wife, the mother to her daughter, and the brother to his sister; and the more widely it is circulated, the better for the country and the world."

Young Americans Abroad; or, Vacation in Europe. Travels in England, France, Holland, Belgium, Prussia, and Switzerland. With illustrations. Boston: Gould and Lincoln, 59 Washington street.

These boy letters are genuine, and will both amuse and instruct the juveniles for whom the book is intended. It must be the most interesting of the books of the season to all intelligent lads.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

WITH the present number we enter upon the Eighth Year and Fifteenth Volume of the American Review. We embrace the opportunity of this usual announcement to offer a word of explanation to our friends, which certain circumstances seem to make necessary. The conductors of the Review, at the beginning of the present year, differed as to the propriety of a certain manner and tone, and the introduction of certain ideas into its discussions, more especially in reference to the foreign policy of the Government. Not being able *in time* to reconcile those differences, the party who introduced them resigned his position, and it will accordingly be perceived by an examination of the numbers since April last, that the old and standard ideas of the party, those on which the Review had heretofore obtained its wide celebrity and circulation, have been *resumed*. We may refer to the twelve previous volumes of the Review, *all* of which the present editor has been intimately associated with, for those principles of a sound Nationality, which, in accordance with the Whig interpretation of Constitutional Republicanism, shall continue to animate its pages. Our friends, we believe, are fully alive to the importance of a journal such as this to their cause; especially on the eve of a contest that is to establish our present calm and prosperous condition, or throw us again into the political Maelstrom of quack Democracy, where the nation has so often been made the victim of theories, generally adopted from foreign politicians or economists, who are as disinterested in the feeding of our Democracy with them as an angler, when he professes to contribute to the subsistence of his prey. This journal, however, has not been and does not mean to be merely or principally political, but from the basis of a sound political system, whilst it will always maintain and defend the Whig doctrines, will endeavor to contribute to the advancement of literature, sound philosophy, and a true national culture in learning and taste.

That we have not reached the height at which we aimed in this respect, so far even as we had hoped, we must candidly confess. But then we did not anticipate the odds against which we would have to contend—an unexampled influx of foreign pirate literature, stolen from those who do encourage their own by paying for it. We do not shrink from a comparison with any single work of the same period, taking our whole volumes through; but how can we expect to maintain a rivalry with the picked papers from all the English Reviews and Magazines made into one, unless patriotism and self-respect, and a desire to place this important organ of our national thought in a position to rank with the rest of the world, should more animate the mind and action of the country? This may suggest the inquiry:—Have we not a large enough subscription list to support the work? In one sense we have. Our subscription numbers about 5000, but it has to be maintained by too expensive a process of solicitation and collections. And thus the means that would make each number brilliant, and foster letters and education, has to be spent too much otherwise than in paying for the fruits of genius and mental labor. The remedy for this is so simple, and the result to be expected so important, that we have concluded to state our case thus candidly to each one of our friends, and to beg, for the sake of their country's most vital interest, their individual coöperation with us to the very small extent that we ask—which is simply that they should obviate the necessity and great expense to us of personal application for the amount of their dues, by remitting through the mail at our risk; and endeavor if possible to call the attention of some one neighbor or friend to the necessity of subscribing to the work, and so keeping our list up to its *necessary* point, and our payments available for a rich return to themselves. We would solicit this rally of our friends to our defense, particularly at this juncture, that we may be able triumphantly to resist both our political enemies and literary rivals.

To those who will remit us the amount of four subscriptions, we will send a copy of the work free, and the postage for the year may be deducted from all payments in advance. With this we offer all the inducements we can think of, to stimulate our friends to coöperate with us in placing this journal in such a position as will enable it to exercise a powerful influence for the good of the party and the country. The requests that we

here make of our friends are all that is necessary. They are so simple that we cannot permit ourselves to believe that there are any who will not be sufficiently interested or patriotic to comply with them, and so place us out of the reach of embarrassment in the good we are endeavoring to do, and out of the power of a system of literary piracy that is destroying our national literature. From those who are in arrears we earnestly solicit immediate remittances. A prompt compliance with this request is absolutely necessary for us, and will essentially assist and oblige

Your Obedient Servants,

THE PROPRIETORS.

For the numerous and kind notices of the press, (*especially during the last six months*;) we have to express our warmest thanks. We hope in future to better deserve their commendation. We beg to call attention to a few, selected from those last received, as they kindly say for us what modesty forbids we should say ourselves:

From "*Parker's Journal*," NEW-YORK, October 18th, 1851.—We are more pleased with this magazine every month. Either it grows better, or we grow more appreciative. The number for October takes rank with the best English magazines. Occupying a kind of middle ground between the heavy philosophic quarterly and the more romantic tale-telling monthly, it blends enough of the dignity and force of the one with the grace and amusement of the other, to make it at once popular and instructive. Our known neutrality on all questions of mere politics will protect us from any misconception as to the motive of our strong praise. Its politics we have nothing to do with. Its *American* merits we have every thing to do with. We never see a thoroughly good American magazine, novel, poem, book, picture, statue, or intellectual creation of any sort, that we do not feel as if we were enjoying a personal success or reaping a personal benefit. The *Whig Review*, for October, reflects credit upon American magazine literature, and seems to point strongly to the time when we shall produce here, at home, within ourselves, enough, in quality as well as quantity, to satisfy the largest possible demand. A little international honesty, in the way of international copyright, would soon bring out our "Yankee" workmen, and put upon the literary sea "faster craft" than ever Uncle John's philosophy dreamed of; for, with all his strength, Uncle John is shockingly "slow."

From "*The Freeman*," FREMONT, OHIO, November 22d, 1851. This valuable magazine will enter upon the eighth year of its existence in January next. The leading objects of the *Review* are, of course, political. It is designed to set forth and defend the *principles*, the *measures*, and the *men* of the United Whig party of the Union; but at the same time every attention is paid to the literary department of the work, making it one of the most desirable and useful publications in the country. An engraved portrait of some distinguished person will be found in every number of the *Review*.

"*The North Carolina Argus*," September 20th, 1851.—The American Whig Review.—This is a work of great merit, and deserves extensive patronage throughout the broad range of the United States. The great object at which it aims—an unbroken history of political parties and of the leading events of the times—are considerations which should entitle it to the patronage of every

politician and statesman in our land. In another column we publish the prospectus to this work, to which we call the attention of our readers.

From the "*Northern Tribune*," Sept. 23d, 1851.—The American Whig Review. The September number of this valuable organ of the Whig party in this country is before us. We wish the whole contents of the number, and especially the leading article, entitled "Unity of the Whigs," could be brought under the observation of every member of the party throughout the length and breadth of the entire country. We imagine that an article written with so much candor and ability, and published in a periodical so well entitled to be recognized as the standard of the party, will not fail to meet the approbation of all who hereafter shall claim to be Whigs.

From the "*Danville Herald*," Nov. 5, 1851.—The American Whig Review for this month has been received, but we have been so busy we have not had time to even look at it. That it is a good number, the past excellence and present prosperity of the Review effectually guarantee.

From "*The Democrat*," FELLOWSVILLE, VA., Aug. 9th, 1851.—It is truly a national work. The political and literary matter are of the very highest order; and for the benefit of the Whig cause and the due encouragement of sound principles, we hope to see it circulate extensively in Western Virginia.

From the "*Herald*," NORFOLK, Aug. 6, 1851.—The work is one which should be taken and read by every Whig, containing as it does not only political treatises from the ablest pens, but also interesting productions on general subjects, in prose and poetry, by the best authors.

From the "*Binghamton Republican*," Oct. 30th.—The October No. of this staunch champion of Whig principles and able vehicle of literature is unusually interesting. * * * We are glad to see the prosperity of this able magazine.

From the "*Truth Teller*," New-York, Nov. 8th, 1851.—This Review is steadily improving, and at present holds the highest rank in its peculiar department.

From the "*Medina Citizen*," October 23d, 1851.—This work commends itself not only by the literary merit of its articles, but especially by its high tone of morality.

From the "*Star*," RALEIGH, Sept. 24, 1851.—The American Whig Review. We have received the August and September numbers of this able and interesting magazine. They contain portraits of Seargeant Prentiss and D. A. Bokee, and a rich variety of valuable matter, prepared in the most elegant and agreeable style. No intelligent reader should be without this work.

"*The Independent*," TROY, Ohio.—The American Whig Review.—The November number of this monthly is before us. It has a beautiful portrait of Leslie Combs. The Review, as its name indicates, is a Whig periodical. In addition to general literature, it aims at the prevalence of Whig principles. It is an able and well-conducted journal, well adapted to promote general intelligence and the particular interests of the party it labors to serve. Those who wish to arm themselves with the best weapons for Whig attack and defense, will find it to their advantage to obtain this Review. And those who wish to acquaint themselves with the position, strength and tactics of their foe, will also find it a great help. The number before us has about 100 pages of well-written matter, exhibiting a high order of native and cultivated talent, and is very suitable to embellish the study of any professional man, as well as the cases of the industrial part of our population. Why should not more give their patronage to the more substantial periodical works? Many a five dollars is put to a far less profitable use, even in the purchase of reading matter. Where one man does not feel able to pay for the work alone, several might unite, and have each number to peruse during the month. Four might take an able Review, and in the four weeks all have an opportunity for its perusal.

From "*The Old North State*," NORTH CAROLINA, November 25th, 1851.—The American Whig Review for September and October has been received. The "*Reminiscences of S. S. Prentiss*," in the September number, is worth the whole year's subscription. The Review stands *deservedly high* with the party whose principles it advocates.

"*The Dansville Herald*," DANSVILLE, N. Y., 1851.—American Whig Review.—We have received this able and valuable Review for August, and take occasion to express the high opinion we entertain of the work. Since its establishment by Mr. Colton, its first Editor and Proprietor, we believe it has uniformly commanded the respect and enjoyed the confidence of the Whig party generally, many of the most distinguished and ablest members of the party having from time to time contributed to its pages. While we pin our political faith to nobody's sleeve, we gladly bear witness to the Review's general soundness and catholicity of opinion: its marked ability cannot be questioned. The literary character of the work is *deservedly high*, and each number is embellished with a portrait, on steel, of some distinguished person.

From "*The Expositor*," SHELBYVILLE, TENN.—The American Whig Review.—We have upon our table the September number of this valuable work. It is embellished with a splendid engraved likeness of the lamented Seargeant S. Prentiss, of Mississippi. It contains much choice reading matter, as usual. The "*Reminiscences of S. S. Prentiss*," by

T. B. Thorpe, of La., is very interesting, and written in fine style. The Political Department, which is conducted with great ability, contains much valuable political information. The Literary Department presents some choice reading from the pens of some of the first writers in the country. The finest magazine literature that we have, is found in the Whig Review. To the Political Department some of the first statesmen of the nation contribute frequently. The Whig Review is a work that should be in the house of every Whig in the Union. It is a great national, conservative work—the organ of the Whig party. That party should extend to it an extensive patronage. It is worthy of being the organ of any party whose aim is for the good of the whole country. The articles in its columns bear the mark of the statesman. We would be glad to see it more extensively circulated throughout Tennessee as well as the whole Union. It is a duty every good Whig owes his party to support such enterprises. Especially should every leader in the ranks of the Whig party patronize the Review. The great conservative principles of his party are discussed, advocated, and defended, through its columns. Is it not all-important that every man who engages in political warfare should be armed with such a shield?

From "*The Carroll Free Press*," November 7th, 1851.—We have received the October number of the above-named excellent periodical. To those who desire to keep posted in the politics and literature of the country, it is an invaluable treasure.

From "*The Fredonian*," November 19th, 1851.—American Whig Review. This Review for November is an excellent number, and its contents will deeply interest the many subscribers which it possesses. The articles are varied in tone, and are of a character to demand attention and perusal. We have the continuation of the life of Santa Rosa, Louis Kossuth and his country, Journalism in New-York, and other articles which are liberal and consistent in their tone, and written with much vigor and force. We cheerfully commend this work to the patronage of our Whig friends.

From "*The Washtenaw Whig*," ANN ARBOR, October 22d, 1851.—American Whig Review. The October number of this popular magazine contains its usual quantity of excellent matter. This is one of the best publications of the kind in this country, and should be read by all. It is thoroughly American in its predilections, and on all points of political interest in the history of the times, is standard authority. It is conducted with much ability, dignity, and discrimination.

"*The Chenango News*," September 3d, 1851.—The American Whig Review, for August, we have received. As respects originality and variety of matter, purity of style, and high-toned sentiment, we regard it as one of the first publications of the kind on the continent.

"*The Express*," ST. ANTHONY'S FALLS, Sept. 27th, 1851.—The American Whig Review for September has been received, and we welcome it with great pleasure. Every Whig should take this sterling monthly, even if he is obliged to deny himself some of the necessities of life to pay for it.

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